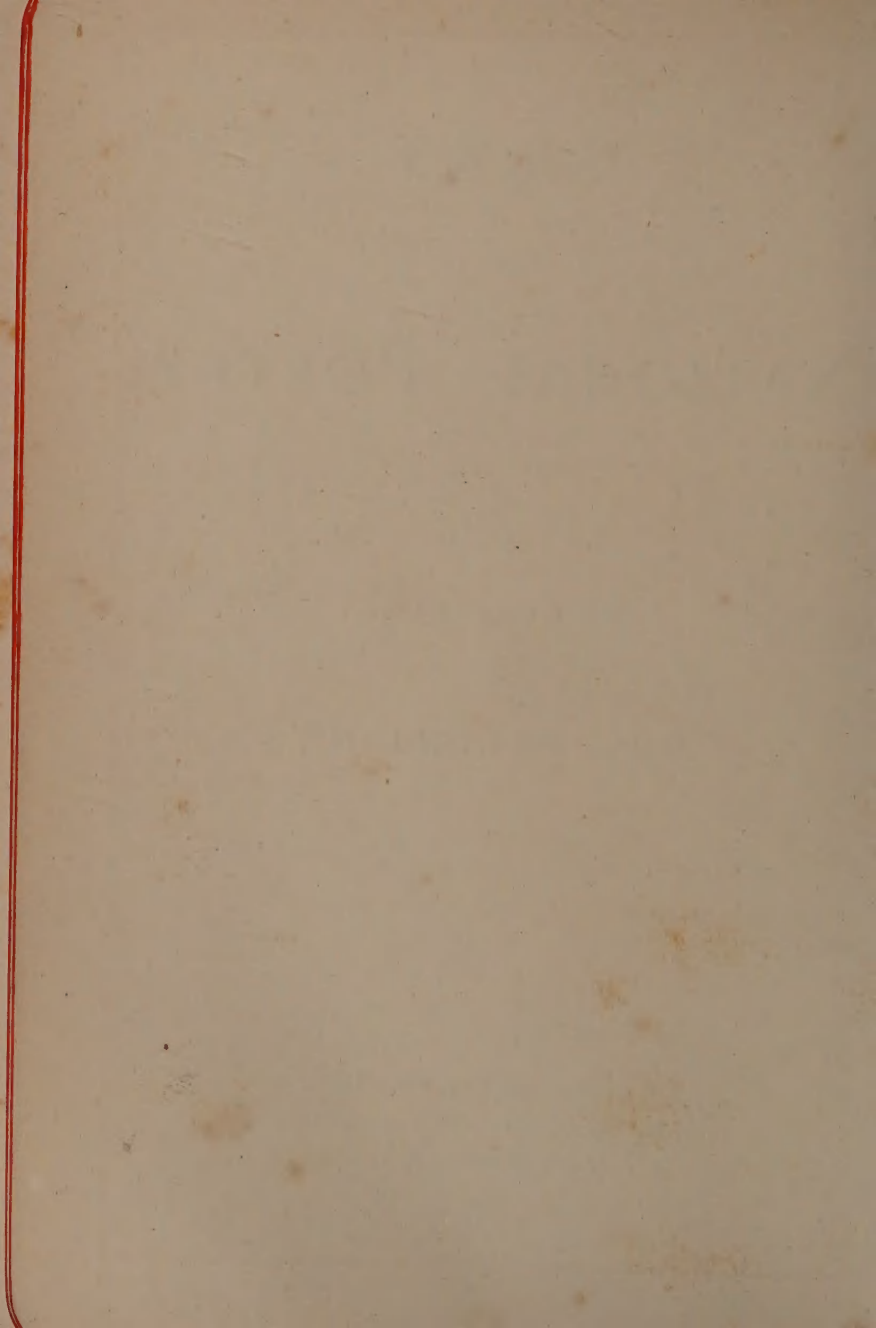


G E M S
OF
NATIONAL POETRY

COMPILED AND EDITED
BY
MRS. VALENTINE

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PREFACE.

THE Editor of the following Volume has, in compliance with the wishes of the Publishers, endeavoured to present her readers with "Gems" selected from all our chief National Poets. In doing this, she has tried to avoid as much as possible, without serious loss, the most hackneyed passages of our elder bards; and has asked and obtained permission from our living poets to add to her "Gems from the Past" "Gems from the Present." Of course there is a difference of value between these jewels of thought. The Koh-i-noor has few, if any, equals; but, though differing in value, the diamond, ruby, emerald, sapphire, topaz, or opal are all gems, and are all precious; and we thankfully accept them as they are presented to us.

To the Poets and Publishers who have given her permission to choose from their "jewels," the Editor now offers her sincere thanks; and her apologies, if by any possible chance a poem has been taken without permission, or a poet omitted from want of his address.



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GEMS OF NATIONAL POETRY.

DESCRIPTIVE AND NARRATIVE POETRY.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

1328—1400.

A PICTURE OF A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

From "The Knight's Tale."

THE knights had been long in captivity, when they saw from their tower a beautiful woman doing observance to May Day.

THUS passeth yere by yere, and day by day,
Till it fel ones in a morwe* of May
That Emelie, that fairer was to sene
Than is the lilie on hire stalkè grene,
And fresher than the May with flowres newe—

For with the rose's colour strof† hire hewe:‡
I n'ot|| which was the fynere of hem two—
Er it was day, as she was wont to do,
She was arisen, and al redy digh ; §
For May wole have no sloggardie¶ a night.
The sesoun priketh every gentil herte,
And maketh him out of his sleep to sterte,
And seith, "Arys, and do thin** observance."

This maked Emelie han†† remembrance
To don honour to May, and for to ryse.
Y-clothed was she fresh for to devyse.
Hire yelwe here‡‡ was broided in a tresse
Byhynde hire bak, a yerdè long, I gesse.
And in the gardyn at the sonne upriste!||
She walketh up and doun wher as hire list;
[rede,
She gathereth flowres, partye whyte and
To make a sotel§§ gerland for hire hede:
And as an aungel hevenlich¶¶ she song.

—o—

* Morn. † Strove, i.e., contended.
‡ Her hue. || I know not. § Dressed.
¶ Sloggardize. ** Thine. †† Haven. ¶¶ Heavenly.
‡‡ Yellow hair. ||| At sunrise.
§§ Cunningly arranged.

A PICTURE OF FAIR WOMEN.

AND as I sat, the birdis herk'ning thus,
Methought that I heard voicis sodainely,
The most swetist and most delicious
That evir any wight, I trowe trewly,
Heardin in ther life, for the armony
And swete accord was in so gode musike,
That the voicis to angels most were like.

At the last, out of a grove evin by,
That was right godely and pleasaunt to sight,
I se where there came, singing lustily,
A world of ladies ; but, to telle aright
Their beauty grete, it lieth not in my might,
Ne ther array ; nevirthelasse I shall
Tell you a part, tho' I speke not of all.

The surcotes white, of velvet wele sittinge,
They werin cladde, and the semis ech one,
As it werin a mannir garnishinge,
Was set with emeraudis, one and one,
By and by ; but many a richè stone
Was set on the purfilis, out of doute,
Of collours, sleeves, and trainis round aboute.

As of grete perlis rounde and orient,
And diamondis fine, and rubys redde,
And many othir stone, of which I went
The namis now ; and everich on her hede
A rich fret of gold, which, withoutin dread,
Was ful of stately riche stonys set ;
And every lady had a chapelet

On ther hedis of branches freshe and grene
So wele wrought and so marvelously,
That it was a right noble sight to sene ;
Some of laurir, and some ful pleasantly
Had chapelets of wodebind, and sadly
Some of agnus castus werin also,
Chapelets freshe ; but there were many
of tho

That dauncid and eke songe ful sobirly,
 And alle they yede* in maner of compace;
 But one there yede in mid the company,
 Sole by herself; but alle followed the pace
 That she kepte, whose hevinly figured face
 So pleasaunt was, and her wele shape
 person,
 That of beauty she past them everichone.†

And more richly beseene, by manyfolde,
 She was also in every manir thing:
 Upon her hede, full pleasaunt to beholde,
 A coron of golde, rich for any king:
 A branch of agnus castus eke bering
 In her hand; and to my sight trewily
 She lady was of all the company.

"*The Floure and the Lease.*"

—:O:—

EDMUND SPENSER.

1553—1598-9.

ST. GEORGE AND UNA LOST IN THE WOOD OF ERROR.

AGENTLE knight was pricking on the plain,
 Yclad in mighty arms and silver shield,
 Wherein old dints of deep wounds did remain,

The cruel marks of many a bloody field;
 Yet arms till that time did he never wield:
 His angry steed did chide his foaming bit,
 As much disdainful to the curb to yield:
 Full jolly knight he seemed, and fair did sit,
 As one for knightly jousts and fierce encounters fit.

And on his breast a bloody cross he bore,
 The dear remembrance of his dying Lord,
 For whose sweet sake that glorious badge
 he wore,

And dead, as living, ever Him adored;
 Upon his shield the like was also scored,
 For sovereign hope, which in His help he
 had. [word;
 Right, faithful, true he was in deed and
 But of his cheer did seem too solemn sad;
 Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was
 ydrad.

Upon a great adventure he was bound,
 That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
 (That greatest glorious Queen of Fairy-
 land)

* Went. The line means "danced in a circle."
 † Every one.

To win him worship, and her grace to have,
 Which of all earthly things he most did
 crave.

And ever as he rode his heart did yearn
 To prove his puissance in battle brave
 Upon his foe, and his new force to learn;
 Upon his foe, a dragon horrible and stern,

A lovely lady rode him fair beside,
 Upon a lowly ass more white than snow;
 Yet she much whiter; but the same did
 hide

Under a veil, that wimpled was full low;
 And over all a black stole she did throw,
 As one that inly mourned; so was she sad,
 And heavy sate upon her palfrey slow;
 Seemed in heart some hidden care she had;
 And by her in a line a milk-white lamb she
 lad.

So pure and innocent, as that same lamb,
 She was in life and every virtuous lore,
 And by descent from royal lineage came
 Of ancient kings and queens, that had of
 yore

Their sceptre stretched from east to west-
 ern shore.

And all the world in their subjection held;
 Till that infernal fiend with foul uproar
 Forwasted all their land, and them expelled;
 Whom to avenge, she had this knight from
 far compelled.

Behind her far away a dwarf did lag,
 That lazy seemed, in being ever last,
 Or wearied with bearing of her bag
 Of needments at his back. Thus as they
 past,

The day with clouds was sudden overcast,
 And angry Jove an hideous storm of rain
 Did pour into his leman's lap so fast,
 That every wight to shroud it did constrain;
 And this fair couple eke to shroud them-
 selves were fain.

Enforced to seek some covert nigh at hand,
 A shady grove not far away they spied,
 That promised aid the tempest to with-
 stand;

Whose lofty trees, yclad with summer's
 pride,

Did spread so broad, that heaven's light
 did hide,

Not pierceable with power of any star;
 And all within were paths and alleys wide,
 With footing worn and leading inward far;
 Fair harbour that them seems; so in they
 entered are.

And forth they pass, with pleasure forward
led,
Joying to hear the birds' sweet harmony,
Which therein shrouded from the tempest
dread, [sky]
Seemed in their song to scorn the cruel
Much can they praise the trees so straight
and high,—
The sailing pine; the cedar proud and tall;
The vine-prop elm; the poplar never dry;
The builder oak, sole king of forests all;
The aspen good for staves, the cypress
funeral;

The laurel, meed of mighty conquerors
And poets sage; the fir that weepeth still;
The willow, worn of fõrlorn paramours;
The yew, obedient to the bender's will;
The birch for shafts; the sallow for the
mill; [wound;
The myrrh sweet-bleeding in the bitter
The warlike beech; the ash for nothing ill;
The fruitful olive; and the platane round;
The carver holm; the maple, seldom in-
ward sound.

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
Until the blustering storm is overblown;
When, weening to return whence they did
stray, [shown,
They cannot find that path which first was
But wander to and fro in ways unknown,
Farthest from end then when they nearest
ween, [their own;
That makes them doubt their wits be not
So many paths, so many turnings seen,
That which of them to take in diverse
doubt they been.

At last resolving forward still to fare,
Till that some end they find, or in or out,
That path they take that beaten seemed
most bare,
And like to lead the labyrinth about;
Which when by tract they hunted had
throughout,
At length it brought them to a hollow cave
Amid the thickest woods. The champion
stout [brave,
Eftsoones dismounted from his courser
And to the dwarf awhile his needless spear
he gave.

"Be well aware," quoth then that lady
mild, [voke:
'Lest sudden mischief ye too rash pro-
The danger hid, the place unknown and
wild,

Breeds dreadful doubts: oft fire is without
smoke,
And peril without show; therefore your
stroke,
Sir Knight, withhold, till further trial
made."
"Ah, Lady," said he, "shame were to
revoke
The forward footing for an hidden shade:
Virtue gives herself light through darkness
for to wade."



THE HOUSE OF SLEEP.

HE making speedy way through 'spersèd
air,
And through the world of waters, wide
and deep,
To Morpheus' house doth hastily repair.
Amid the bowels of the earth full steep,
And low, where dawning day doth never
peep,
His dwelling is; there Thetis his wet bed
Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth
steep
In silver dew his ever-drooping head,
Whiles sad Night over him her mantle
black doth spread.

Whose double gates he findeth lockèd fast,
The one, fair framed of burnished ivory,
The other, all with silver overcast;
And wakeful dogs before them far do lie,
Watching to banish Care, their enemy,
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle Sleep.
By them the sprite doth pass in quietly,
And unto Morpheus comes, whom drownèd
deep
In drowsy fits he finds; of nothing he takes
keep.

And more to lull him in his slumber soft,
A trickling stream, from high rock tumbling
down,
And ever drizzling rain upon the loft,
Mixed with a murmuring wind, much like
the sounè
Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swoon.
No other noise, nor peoples' troublous cries,
As still are wont t' annoy the wallèd town,
Might there be heard; but careless Quiet
lies
Wrapped in eternal silence, far from
enemies.



UNA AND THE LION.

NOUGHT is there under heaven's wide
 hollowness, [mind,
 That moves more dear compassion of
 Than beauty brought t' unworthy wretch-
 edness [unkind.
 Through envy's snares, or fortune's freaks
 I, whether lately through her brightness
 blind,
 Or through allegiance and fast fealty,
 Which I do owe unto all womankind,
 Feel my heart pierced with so great agony
 When such I see, that all for pity I could
 die.

And now it is impassioned so deep
 For fairest Una's sake, of whom I sing,
 That my frail eyes these lines with tears do
 steep, [ling,
 To think how she through guileful hande-
 Though true as touch, though daughter
 of a king,
 Though fair as ever living wight was fair,
 Though nor in word nor deed ill meriting,
 Is from her knight divorcèd in despair,
 And her due loves derived to that vile
 witch's share.

Yet she, most faithful lady, all this while
 Forsaken, woful, solitary maid,
 Far from all people's press, as in exile,
 In wilderness and wasteful deserts strayed
 To seek her knight; who, subtly betrayed
 Through that late vision which th' en-
 chanter wrought,
 Had her abandoned; she, of nought afraid,
 Through woods and wastnes wide him
 daily sought,
 Yet wishèd tidings none of him unto her
 brought.

One day, nigh weary of the irksome way,
 From her unhasty beast she did alight,
 And on the grass her dainty limbs did lay
 In secret shadow, far from all men's sight;
 From her fair head her fillet she undight,
 And laid her stole aside. Her angel's face,
 As the great eye of heaven shined bright,
 And made a sunshine in the shady place;
 Did never mortal eye behold such heavenly
 grace.

It fortunèd, out of the thickest wood
 A ramping lion rushèd suddenly,
 Hunting full greedy after savage blood.
 Soon as the royal virgin he did spy,
 With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,

To have at once devoured her tender corse;
 But to the prey when as he drew more nigh,
 His bloody rage assuagèd with remorse,
 And, with the sight amazed, forgot his
 furious force.

Instead thereof, he kissed her weary feet,
 And licked her lily hands with fawning
 tongue,
 As he her wrongèd innocence did weet.
 O how can beauty master the most strong,
 And simple truth subdue avenging wrong!
 Whose yielded pride and proud submis-
 sion,
 Still dreading death, when she had markèd
 long,
 Her heart gan melt in great compassion,
 And drizzling tears did shed for pure
 affection.

"The lion, lord of every beast in field,"
 Quoth she, "his princely puissance does
 abate,
 And mighty proud to humble weak doth
 yield,
 Forgetful of the hungry rage which late
 Him pricked, in pity of my sad estate:
 But he, my lion and my noble lord,
 How does he find in cruel heart to hate
 Her that him loved, and ever most adored
 As the god of my life?—why hath he me
 abhorred?"

Redounding tears did choke th' end of her
 plaint,
 Which softly echoed from the neighbour
 wood;
 And, sad to see her sorrowful constraint,
 The kingly beast upon her gazing stood;
 With pity calmed, down fell his angry
 mood.
 At last, in close heart shutting up her pain,
 Arose the virgin, born of heavenly brood,
 And to her snowy palfrey got again,
 To seek her strayed champion if she might
 attain.

The lion would not leave her desolate,
 But with her went along, as a strong guard
 Of her chaste person, and a faithiul mate
 Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard;
 Still, when she slept, he kept both watch
 and ward;
 And, when she waked, he waited diligent,
 With humble service to her will prepared:
 From her fair eyes he took commandement,
 And ever by her looks conceivèd her intent.

THE MARRIAGE OF UNA TO ST. GEORGE.

His own two hands the holy knots did knit,
That none but death for ever can divide ;
His own two hands, for such a turn most
fit,

The housling fire did kindle and provide,
And holy water thereon sprinkled wide ;
At which the bushy teade a groom did light,
And sacred lamp in secret chamber hide,
Where it should not be quenched day nor
night, [bright.
For fear of evil fates, but burnen ever

Then gan they sprinkle all the posts with
wine, [day :
And made great feast to solemnize that
They all perfumed with frankincense divine,
And precious odours fetched from far away,
That all the house did sweat with great
array.

And all the while sweet music did apply
Her curious skill the warbling notes to play,
To drive away the dull melancholy ;
The whiles one sang a song of love and
jollity.

During the which there was an heavenly
noise [santly,
Heard sound through all the palace plea-
Like as it had been many an angel's voice
Singing before th' Eternal Majesty,
In their trinal triplicities on high :
Yet wist no creature whence that heavenly
sweet
Proceeded, yet each one felt secretly
Himself thereby reft of his senses meet,
And ravished with rare impression in his
sprite.

—o—

THE BOWER OF BLISS.

THENCE passing forth, they shortly do
arrive

Whereas the Bower of Bliss was situate ;
A place picked out by choice of best alive
That nature's work by art can imitate :
In which whatever in this worldly state
Is sweet and pleasing unto living sense,
Or that may daintiest fantasy aggrate,
Was poured forth with plentiful dispense,
And made there to abound with lavish
affluence.

Goodly it was enclosed round about,
As well their entered guests to keep within,

As those unruly beasts to hold without ;
Yet was the fence thereof but weak and
thin ;
Nought feared their force, that fortalice to
win, [might,
But Wisdom's power, and Temperance's
By which the mightiest things efforded bin :
And eke the gate was wrought of substance
light, [fight.
Rather for pleasure than for battery or

It framed was of precious ivory,
That seemed a work of admirable wit ;
And therein all the famous history
Of Jason and Medæa was ywrit ;
Her mighty charms, her furious loving fit ;
His goodly conquest of the golden fleece,
His falsed faith, and love too lightly flit ;
The wond' red Argo, which in venturous
piece [flow'r of Greece.
First through the Euxine seas bore all the

Ye might have seen the frothy billows fry
Under the ship as thorough them she went,
That seemed the waves were into ivory,
Or ivory into the waves were sent ;
And otherwhere the snowy substance sprent
With vermeil, like the boy's blood therein
shed,
A piteous spectacle did represent ;
And otherwhiles with gold besprinkelèd
It seemed th' enchanted flame, which did
Creusa wed.

All this and more might in that goodly gate
Be read, that ever open stood to all
Which thither came ; but in the porch there
sate

A comely personage of stature tall,
And semblance pleasing, more than na-
tural,

That travell'rs to him seemèd to entice :
His looser garment to the ground did fall,
And flew about his heels in wanton wise,
Nor fit for speedy pace or manly exercise.

They in that place him Genius did call :
Not that celestial Pow'r, to whom the care
Of life, and generation of all
That lives, pertains in charge particular,
Who wondrous things concerning our
welfare

And strange phantoms, doth let us oft
foresee,

And oft of secret ills bids us beware :
That is our Self, whom though we do not
see, [be :

Yet each doth in himself it well perceive to

Therefore a god him sage Antiquity
 Did wisely make, and good Agdistes call ;
 But this same was to that quite contrary,
 The foe of life, that good envies to all,
 That secretly doth us procure to fall
 Through guileful semblants which he
 makes us see :
 He of this garden had the govenal,
 And Pleasure's porter was devised to be,
 Holding a staff in hand for more formality.

With diverse flowers he daintily was
 decked,
 And strowed round about ; and by his
 side
 A mighty mazer* bowl of wine was set,
 As if it had to him been sacrificed ;
 Wherewith all new-come guests he grati-
 fied :
 So did he eke Sir Guyon passing by ,
 But he his idle courtesy defied,
 And overthrew his bowl disdainfully,
 And broke his staff, with which he charmed
 semblants sly.

Thus being entered, they behold around
 A large and spacious plain on every side
 Strowed with pleasure ; whose fair
 grassy ground
 Mantled with green, and goodly beautified
 With all the ornaments of Flora's pride,
 Wherewith her mother Art, as half in
 scorn
 Of niggard Nature, like a pompous bride
 Did deck her, and too lavishly adorn,
 When forth from virgin bow'r she comes in
 th' early morn.

Thereto the heavens always jovial
 Looked on them lovely, still in steadfast
 state,
 Ne suffered storm nor frost on them to
 fall,
 Their tender buds or leaves to violate :
 Nor scorching heat, nor cold intemperate,
 T' afflict the creatures which therein did
 dwell ;
 But the mild air with season moderate
 Gently attempered and disposed so well,
 That still it breathed forth sweet spirit and
 wholesome smell.

More sweet and wholesome than the plea-
 sant hill
 Of Rhodope, on which the nymph, that
 A giant babe, herself for grief did kill ;

* A carved bowl of maple wood.

Or the Thessalian Tempe, where of yore
 Fair Daphne Phœbus' heart with love did
 gore ;
 Or Ida, where the gods loved to repair,
 Whenever they their heavenly bowers for-
 lore ;
 Or sweet Parnasse, the haunt of Muses
 fair ;
 Or Eden self, if aught with Eden mote
 compare.

Much wondered Guyon at the fair aspect
 Of that sweet place, yet suffered no del-
 light
 To sink into his sense, nor mind affect ;
 But passed forth, and looked still forward
 right,
 Bridling his will and mastering his might.
 Till that he came unto another gate ;
 No gate, but like one, being goodly dight
 With boughs and branches, which did
 broad dilate
 Their clasping arms in wanton wreathings
 intricate.

So fashionèd a porch with rare device,
 Arched overhead with an embracing vine,
 Whose bunches hanging down seemed to
 entice
 All passers-by to taste their luscious wine,
 And did themselves into their hands in-
 cline,
 As freely offering to be gatherèd ;
 Some deep empurpled as the hyacine,
 Some as the ruby laughing sweetly red,
 Some like fair emeralds, not yet well
 ripenèd :

And them amongst some were of burnished
 gold,
 So made by art to beautify the rest,
 Which did themselves amongst the leaves
 enfold,
 As lurking from the view of covetous guest,
 That the weak boughs with so rich load
 opprest
 Did bow down as overburdenèd.
 Under that porch a comely dame did rest
 Clad in fair weeds but foul disorderèd,
 And garments loose that seemed unmeet
 for womanhead :

In her left hand a cup of gold she held,
 And with her right the riper fruit did reach,
 Whose sappy liquor, that with fulness
 swelled,
 Into her cup she scrused with dainty breach
 Of her fine fingers, without foul empeach,

That so fair winepress made the wine more sweet.

Thereof she used to give to drink to each
Whom passing by she happened to meet:
It was her guise all strangers goodly so to greet.

So she to Guyon offered it to taste,
Who, taking it out of her tender hond,
The cup to ground did violently cast,
That all in pieces it was broken fond,
And with the liquor stained all the lond:
Whereat Excess exceedingly was wroth,
Yet no'te the same amend, ne yet with-
stond,

But suffered him to pass, all were she loth:
Who, nought regarding her displeasure,
forward goth.

There the most dainty paradise on ground
Itself doth offer to his sober eye,
In which all pleasures plenteously abound,
And none does other's happiness envy;
The painted flowers; the trees upshooting
high;

The dales for shade; the hills for breath-
ing space;

The trembling groves; the crystal running
by;

And, that which all fair works doth most
aggrace,

The art. which all that wrought, appeared
in no place.

One would have thought (so cunningly
the rude

And scorned parts were mingled with the
fine),

That Nature had for wantonness ensued
Art, and that Art of Nature did repine;
So striving each th' other to undermine,
Each did the other's work more beautify;
So differing both in wills agreed in fine:
So all agreed, through sweet diversity,
This garden to adorn with all variety.

And in the midst of all a fountain stood,
Of richest substance that on earth might be,
So pure and shiny that the silver flood
Through every channel running one might
see;

Most goodly it with curious imagery
Was overwrought, and shapes of naked
boys,

Of which some seemed of lively jollity
To fly about, playing their wanton toys,
Whilst others did themselves embay in
liquid joys.

And over all of purest gold was spread
A trail of ivy in his native hue;
For the rich metal was so coloured,
That wight, who did not well avised it view,
Would surely deem it to be ivy true.
Low his lascivious arms adown did creep
That themselves dipping in the silver dew
Their fleecy flowers they fearfully did steep.
Which drops of crystal seemed for wan-
tonness to weep.

Infinite streams continually did well
Out of this fountain, sweet and fair to see,
The which into an ample laver fell,
And shortly grew to so great quantity,
That like a little lake it seemed to be;
Whose depth exceeded not three cubits
height,

That through the waves one might the
bottom see,

All paved beneath with jasper shining
bright, [sail upright.

That seemed the fountain in that sea did

* * * * *
Eftsoones they heard a most melodious
sound

Of all that mote delight a dainty ear,
Such as at once might not on living ground,
Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere:
Right hard it was for wight which did it
hear

To read what manner music that mote be;
For all that pleasing is to living ear
Was there consorted in one harmony;
Birds, voices, instruments, winds, waters,
all agree:

The joyous birds, shrouded in cheerful
shade, [sweet;

Their notes unto the voice attempered
The angelical soft trembling voices made
To th' instruments divine response
meet;

The silver-sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmur of the waters' fall;
The waters fall with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did
call; [all.

The gentle warbling wind low answered to

The whiles some one did chant this lovely
lay:

*Ah! see, whoso fair thing dost fain to see,
In springing flower the image of thy day!
Ah! see the virgin rose, how sweetly she
Doth first peep forth with bashful modesty;
That fairer seems the less ye see her may!
Lo! see soon after how more bold and free*

*Her bare bosom she doth broad display ;
Lo ! see soon after how she fades and falls
away !*

*So passeth, in the passing of a day,
Of mortal life the leaf, the bud, the flower ;
No more doth flourish after first decay,
That erst was sought to deck both bed and
bower*

*Of many a lady and many a paramour.
Gather therefore the rose whilst yet is
prime, [deflower ;
For soon comes age that will her pride
Gather the rose of love whilst yet is time,
Whilst loving thou mayst loved be with
equal crime.*

—o—

BELPHŒBE.

A GOODLY lady clad in hunter's weed,
That seemed to be a woman of great worth,
And by her stately portance born of heavenly birth.

Her face so fair, as flesh it seemèd not,
But heavenly portrait of bright angel's hue,
Clear as the sky, withouten blame or blot,
Through goodly mixture of complexions
due ;

And in her cheeks the vermeil red did shew
Like roses in a bed of lilies shed,
The which ambrosial odours from them
threw ;

And gazers' sense with double pleasure fed ;
Able to heal the sick and to revive the dead.

In her fair eyes two living lamps did flame,
Kindled above at th' heavenly Maker's
light,

And darted fiery beams out of the same,
So passing persaunt and so wondrous
bright, [sight:
That quite bereaved the rash beholder's
In them the blinded god his lustful fire
To kindle oft assayed, but had no might ;
For, with dread majesty and awful ire,
She broke his wanton darts, and quenched
base desire.

Her ivory forehead full of bounty brave,
Like a broad table did itself dispread,
For Love his lofty triumphs to engrave,
And write the battles of his great godhead :
All good and honour might therein be read ;
For there their dwelling was. And, when
she spake, [shed ;
Sweet words like dropping honey she did

And twixt the pearls and rubies softly brake
A silver sound, that heavenly music seemed
to make.

Upon her eyelids many graces sate,
Under the shadow of her even brows,
Working belgarden and amorous retrace ;
And every one her with a grace endows,
And every one with meekness to her bows :
So glorious mirror of celestial grace,
And sovereign moniment of mortal vows,
How shall frail pen describe her heavenly
face, [to disgrace !
For fear, through want of skill, her beauty

So fair, and thousand thousand times more
fair, [sight ;
She seemed, when she presented was to
And was yclad for heat of scorching air,
All in a silken Camus, lily white,
Purpled upon with many a folded plight,
Which all above besprinkled was through-
out

With golden aygulets that glistered bright,
Like twinkling stars ; and all the skirt about
Was hemmed with golden fringe.

Below her ham her weed did somewhat
train, [embayled
And her straight legs most bravely were
In gilden buskins of costly cordwayne,
All barred with golden bends, which were
entayled [mayled
With curious antiques, and full fair au-
Before they fastened were under her knee
In a rich jewel, and therein entrayled
The ends of all the knots, that none might
see [enwrapped be :
How they within their foldings close

Like two fair marble pillars they were seen,
Which do the temple of the gods support,
Whom all the people deck with garlands
green,

And honour in their festival resort ;
Those same with stately grace and princely
port

She taught to tread, when she herself would
grace, [play,
But with the woody nymphs when she did
Or when the flying libbard she did chase,
She could then nimbly move, and after fly
apace.

[held,
And in her hand a sharp boar-spear she
And at her back a bow and quiver gay,
Stuffed with steel-headed darts, wherewith
she quelled

The savage beasts in her victorious play,
Knit with a golden baldric which forelay
Athwart her snowy breast, and did divide
Her dainty paps; which, like young fruit
in May,
Now little gan to swell, and being tied,
Through her thin weed their places only
signified.

Her yellow locks crispèd like golden wire,
About her shoulders weren loosely shed,
And when the wind amongst them did
inspire,

They waved like a pennon wide dispread,
And low behind her back were scatterèd;
And, whether art it were or heedless hap,
As through the flowering forest rash she
fled,
In her rude hair sweet flowers themselves
did lap, [did enwrap.
And flourishing fresh leaves and blossoms

Such as Diana, by the sandy shore
Of swift Eurotas, or on Cynthus green,
Where all the nymphs have her unware
forlore, [keen,
Wand'reth alone, with bow and arrows
To seek her game; or, as that famous
queen
Of Amazons, whom Pyrrhus did destroy,
The day the first of Priam she was seen,
Did show herself in great triumphant joy,
To succour the weak state of sad afflicted
Troy.

—o—

ANGELS.

And is there care in heaven? And is there
love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
That may compassion of their evils move?
There is: else much more wretched were
the case
Of men than beasts: but, oh! th' exceed-
ing grace
Of Highest God, that loved His creatures
so, [brace,
And all His works with mercy doth em-
That blessèd angels He sends to and fro,
To serve to wicked men, to serve His wicked
foe!

How oft do they their silver bowers leave
To come to succour us that succour want!
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
Against foul fiends to aid us militant!

They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about
us plant;
And all for love and nothing for reward:
Oh, why should heavenly God to men have
such regard!

—:o:—

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

1563—1631.

THE SONG OF BIRDS.

WHEN Phœbus lifts his head out of the
winter's wave,
No sooner does the earth her flowery
bosom brave, [pleasant spring,
At such time as the year brings on the
But "hunt's up" to the morn the feathered
sylvans sing; [knoll,
And in the lower grove, as on the rising
Upon the highest spray of every mounting
pole [speckled breast.
Those choristers are perched, with many a
Then from her burnished gate the goodly
glittering east [merous night
Gilds every lofty top, which late the nu-
Bespangled had with pearl to please the
morning's sight:
On which the mirthful choirs, with their
clear open throats, [ling notes,
Unto the joyful morn so strain their warb-
That hills and valleys ring, and even the
echoing air [everywhere.
Seems all composed of sounds, about them
The thrush with shrill sharps, as pur-
posely he song [so long
T' awake the lustless sun, or chiding that
He was in coming forth, that should the
thickets thrill: [bill,
The woodcock near at hand, that hath a golden
As nature him had marked of purpose to
let see [different be,
That from all other birds his tunes should
For with their vocal sounds they sing to
pleasant May: [play;
Upon this dulcet pipe the merle doth only
When, in the lower brake, the nightingale
hard by [doth ply,
In such lamenting strains the joyful hours
As though the other birds she to her tunes
would draw; [ing law]
And, but that Nature (by her all-constrain-
Each bird to her own kind this season doth
invite, [the night,
They else, alone to hear that charmer of

(The more to use their ears) their voices
 sure would spare
 That moduleth her tunes so admirably rare,
 As man to set in parts at first had learned
 of her.
 To Philomel, the next the linnet we prefer,
 And by that warbling bird, the wood-lark,
 place we then [and the wren.
 The reed-sparrow, the nope, the redbreast,
 The yellow-pate, which, though she hurt
 the blooming tree, [she.
 Yet scarce hath any bird a finer pipe than
 And of these chaunting fowls, the goldfinch
 not behind, [her kind.
 That hath so many sorts descending from
 The tydy from her notes as delicate as they,
 The laughing hecco, then the counterfeiting
 jay; [the leaves,
 The softer with the shrill (some hid among
 Some in the taller trees, some in the lower
 greaves) [tain sun
 Thus sing away the morn, until the moun-
 Through thick exhalèd fogs his golden
 head hath run, [covert creeps,
 And through the twisted tops of our close
 To kiss the gentle shade, the while that
 sweetly sleeps.

—:O:—

BEN JONSON.

1573—1637.

THE GROVE.

MILD-BREATHING Zephyr, father of the
 Spring, [king,
 Who in the verdant meads doth reign sole
 Who, sheltered here, shrunk from the
 wintry day,
 And careless slept the stormy hours away,
 Hath roused himself, and shook his feathers
 wet
 With purple-swelling odours, and hath let
 The sweet and fruitful dew fall on this
 ground, [found.
 To force out all the flowers that might be

The gaudy peacock boasts not in his train
 So many lights and shadows, nor the rain
 Heaven-painted bow, when that the sun
 doth court her, [sport her
 Nor purple pheasant, while her mate doth
 To hear him crow, and with a beauteous
 pride
 Wave his discoloured neck and purple side.

I have not seen the place could more sur-
 prise,
 More beautiful in nature's varied dyes.
 Lo! the blue bind-weed doth itself infold
 With honeysuckle, and both these entwine
 Themselves with briony and jessamine
 To cast a kind and odoriferous shade:
 The balmy West-wind blows, and every
 sense [their heads,
 Is soothed and courted:—trees have got
 The fields their coats, the dewy shining
 meads
 Do boast the pansy, lily, and the rose,
 And every flower doth laugh as Zephyr
 blows.
 The seas are now more even than the earth,
 Or gently swell as curled by Zephyr's
 breath;
 The rivers run as smoothèd by his hand;
 The wanton heifer through the grassy land
 Plays wildly free, her horns scarce budding
 yet; [lambs
 While in the sunny fields the new-dropped
 Gambol, rejoicing round their milky dams.
 Hark! how each bough a several music
 yields;
 The lusty throstle, early nightingale,
 Accord in tune, though vary in their tale.
 The chirping swallow, called forth by the
 sun,
 And crested lark doth her division run.
 The yellow bees the air with music fill,
 The finches carol, and the turtles bill.

—:O:—

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

1564—1616.

CLEOPATRA.

THE barge she sat in, like a burnished
 throne, [gold;
 Burned on the water: the poop was beaten
 Purple the sails, and so perfumèd, that
 The winds were love-sick with them; the
 oars were silver, [made
 Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and
 The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
 As amorous of their strokes. For her own
 person,
 It beggared all description: she did lie
 In her pavilion (cloth-of-gold of tissue),
 O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see
 The fancy outwork nature. On each side
 her

Stood pretty-dimpled boys, like smiling
 Cupids,
 With divers coloured fans, whose wind
 did seem [did cool,
 To glow the delicate cheeks which they
 And what they undid, did.
 Her gentlewomen, like the Nereids,
 So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
 And made their bends adornings : at the
 helm
 A seeming mermaid steers : the silken tackle
 Swell with the touches of those flower-soft
 hands, [barge
 That yarely frame the office. From the
 A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
 Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
 Her people out upon her ; and Antony,
 Enthroned i' the market-place, did sit alone,
 Whistling to the air ; which, but for
 vacancy,
 Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
 And made a gap in nature.

—:o:—

THOMAS CAREW.

1589—1639.

THE SPRING.

Now that the winter's gone, the earth has
 lost [the frost
 Her snow-white robes ; and now no more
 Candies the grass, or casts an icy cream
 Upon the silver lake or crystal stream.

[earth,
 But the warm sun thaws the benumbed
 And makes it tender ; gives a second birth
 To the dead swallows ; wakes in hollow tree
 The drowsy cuckoo and the humble bee.

Now do a choir of chirping minstrels bring
 In triumph to the world the youthful spring :
 The valleys, hills, and woods in rich array,
 Welcome the coming of the longed-for
 May.

—:o:—

JOHN MILTON.

1608—1674.

THE EARTHLY PARADISE.

EDEN stretched her line
 From Auran eastward to the royal towers
 Of great Seleucia, built by Grecian kings,

Or where the sons of Eden long before
 Dwelt in Telasar. In this pleasant soil
 His far more pleasant garden God or
 dained ;
 Out of the fertile ground He caused to grow
 All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell,
 taste ;
 And all amid them stood the Tree of Life,
 High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
 Of vegetable gold ; and next to Life
 Our death, the Tree of Knowledge, grew
 fast by, [ing ill.
 Knowledge of good bought dear by know-
 Southward through Eden went a river large,
 Nor changed his course, but through the
 shaggy hill [thrown
 Passed underneath ingulfed ; for God had
 That mountain as His garden mound, high
 raised [veins
 Upon the rapid current, which, through
 Of porous earth with kindly thirst up drawn,
 Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
 Watered the garden ; thence united fell
 Down the steep glade, and met the nether
 flood, [appears ;
 Which from his darksome passage now
 And now divided into four main streams
 Runs diverse, wandering many a famous
 realm [account ;
 And country, whereof here needs no
 But rather to tell how, if art could tell,
 How from that sapphire fount the crisped
 brooks,
 Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
 With mazy error under pendent shades
 Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
 Flowers worthy of Paradise, which not
 nice art
 In beds and curious knots, but nature boon
 Poured forth profuse on hill, and dale,
 and plain, [smote
 Both where the morning sun first warmly
 The open field, and where the unpierced
 shade [was this place
 Imbrowned the noontide bowers. Thus
 A happy rural seat of various view :
 Groves whose rich trees wept odorous
 gums and balm, [rind
 Others whose fruit burnished with golden
 Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,
 If true, here only, and of delicious taste.
 Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and
 flocks
 Grazing the tender herb, were interposed,
 Or palmy hillock, or the flowery lap
 Of some irriguous valley spread her store,
 Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the
 rose.

Another side, umbrageous grots and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently
 creeps [fall
Luxuriant : meanwhile murmuring waters
Down the slope hills, dispersed, or in a
lake, [crown'd
That to the fringed bank with myrtle
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their
streams. [airs,
The birds their choir apply ; airs, vernal
Breathing the smell of field and grove,
attune
The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in
dance, [field
Led on th' eternal spring. Not that fair
Of Enna, where Proserpine gathering
flowers,
Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis
Was gathered, which cost Ceres all that
pain [sweet grove
To seek her through the world , nor that
Of Daphne by Orontes and the inspired
Castalian spring might with this Paradise
Of Eden strive nor that Nyseian isle
Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham,
Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Libyan
Jove,
Hid Amalthea and her florid son [eye ;
Young Bacchus from his stepdame Rhea's
Nor where Abassin kings their issue guard,
Mount Amara, though this by some
supposed
True Paradise, under the Ethiop line
By Nilus' head, enclosed with shining rock,
A whole day's journey high, but wide remote
From this Assyrian garden, where the fiend
Saw undelighted, all delight, all kind
Of living creatures new to sight and strange.

—O—

ADAM AND EVE.

Two of far nobler shape erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with native honour clad
In native majesty, seemed lords of all,
And worthy seemed; for in their looks
divine
The image of their glorious Maker shone,
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,
Severe, but in true filial freedom placed,
Whence true authority in men: though both
Not equal, as their sex not equal, seemed.
For contemplation he and valour formed,
For softness she and sweet attractive grace;
He for God only, she for God in him.

His fair large front and eye sublime declared
Absolute rule ; and hyacinthin locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clust'ring, but not beneath his shoulders
broad :
She as a veil down to the slender waist
Her unadorn'd golden tresses wore
Dishevelled, but in wanton ringlets waved
As the vine curls her tendrils, which implied
Subjection, but required with gentle sway,
And by her yielded, by him best received,
Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
And sweet reluctant amorous delay.

* * * *

So hand in hand they passed, the loveliest
pair

That ever since in love's embraces met ;
Adam the goodliest man of men since born
His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.
Under a tuft of shade, that on a green
Stood whisp'ring soft, by a fresh fountain
side

They sat them down ; and after no more toil
Of their sweet gard'ning labour than sufficed
To recommend cool Zephyr, and made ease
More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite
More grateful, to their supper fruits they
fell. [bought]

Nectarine fruits, which the compliant
Yielded them, side-long as they sat reclined
On the soft downy bank damasked with
flow'rs.

The savoury pulp they chew, and in the
Still as they thirsted, scoop the brimming
stream.

* * * *

About them frisking played
All beasts of th' earth, since wild, and of
all chase

In wood or wilderness, forest or den ;
Sporting the lion ramped, and in his paw
Dandled the kid ; bears, tigers, ounces,
pards,
Gambolled before them ; th' unwieldy
elephant

To make them mirth used all his might,
and wreathed

His lithe proboscis ; close the serpent sly
Insinuating wove with Gordian twine
His braided train, and of his fatal guile
Gave proof unheeded ; others on the grass
Couched, and now filled with pasture
gazing sat,

Or bedward ruminating : for the sun
Declined was hasting now with prone career
To th' ocean isles, and in th' ascending scale
Of heav'n the stars that usher evening rose.

THE DESCENT OF RAPHAEL.

Down thither prone in flight
 He speeds, and through the vast ethereal
 sky
 Sails between worlds and worlds, with
 steady wing,
 Now on the polar winds, then with quick
 fan
 Winnows the buxom air; till within soar
 Of tow'ring eagles, to all the fowls he
 seems

A phoenix, gazed by all, as that sole bird,
 When, to inshrine his reliques in the sun's
 Bright temple, to Egyptian Thebes he flies,
 At once on th' eastern cliff of Paradise
 He lights, and to his proper shape returns
 A seraph winged: six wings he wore, to
 shade

His lineaments divine; the pair that clad
 Each shoulder broad came mantling o'er
 his breast

With regal ornament; the middle pair
 Girt like a starry zone his waist, and round
 Skirted his loins and thighs with downy
 gold [his feet

And colours dipped in heav'n; the third
 Shadowed from either heel with feathered
 mail [stood,

Sky-tinctured grain. Like Maia's son he
 And shook his plumes, that heavenly fra-
 grance filled [the bands

The circuit wide. Straight knew him all
 Of angels under watch; and to his state,
 And to his message high, in honour rise;
 For on some message high they guessed
 him bound.

Their glittering tents he passed, and now
 is come [myrrh,

Into the blissful field, through groves of
 And flow'ring odours, cassia, nard, and
 balm,

A wilderness of sweets; for nature here
 Wanted as in her prime, and played at
 will [sweet,

Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more
 Wild above rule or art; enormous bliss.



THE EXILES FROM EDEN.

Now too high
 Th' Archangel stood, and from the other
 hill

To their fixed station all in bright array
 The Cherubim descended; on the ground
 Gilding meteorous, as ev'ning mist

Ris'n from a river o'er the marish glides,
 And gathers ground fast at the labourer's
 heel

Homeward returning. High in front
 advanced

The brandished sword of GOD before them
 blazed

Fierce as a comet; which with torrid heat,
 And vapour as the Libyan air adust,
 Began to parch that temperate clime:
 whereat

In either hand the hast'ning angel caught
 Our ling'ring parents, and to the eastern
 gate

Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
 To the subjected plain; then disappeared.
 They looking back all th' eastern side beheld
 Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
 Waved over by that flaming brand, the gate
 With dreadful faces thronged and fiery
 arms:

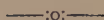
Some natural tears they dropped, but
 wiped them soon;

The world was all before them, where to
 choose

Their place of rest, and Providence their
 guide.

They, hand in hand with wand'ring steps
 and slow,

Through Eden took their solitary way.



SIR JOHN DENHAM.

1615—1668.

THE THAMES FROM COOPER'S
HILL.

My eye descending from the hill surveys
 Where Thames from the wanton valleys
 strays;

Thames! the most-loved of all the Ocean's
 sons

By his old sire, to his embraces runs,
 Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
 Like mortal life to meet eternity.

Though with those streams he no resem-
 blance hold

Whose foam is amber and their grave gold,
 His genuine and less guilty wealth to
 explore,

Search not his bottom, but survey his shore,
 O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious
 wing.

And hatches plenty for the ensuing spring.

* * * * *

For, letting down the golden chain from high,
He drew his audience upward to the sky ;
And oft with holy hymns he charmed their ears,

(A music more melodious than the spheres) ;
For David left him, when he went to rest,
His lyre ; and after him he sung the best.
He bore his great commission in his look ;
But sweetly tempered awe, and softened all he spoke.

He preached the joys of heaven and pains of hell,

And warned the sinner with becoming zeal ;
But on eternal mercy loved to dwell.

He taught the Gospel rather than the Law :
And forced himself to drive ; but loved to draw.

For fear but freezes minds : but love, like heat,
Exhales the soul sublime, to seek her native seat.

To threats the stubborn sinner oft is hard,
Wrapped in his crimes, against the storm prepared ;

But, when the milder beams of mercy play,
He melts, and throws his cumbrous cloak away.

Lightning and thunder (heaven's artillery)
As harbingers before th' Almighty fly .

Those but proclaim His style, and disappear ;
[there]

The stiller sound succeeds, and God is

The tithes his parish freely paid he took ;
But never sued, or cursed with bell or book .
With patience bearing wrong, but offering none,

Since every man is free to lose his own.
The country churls, according to their kind

(Who grudge their dues, and love to be behind),

The less he sought his offerings, pinched the more,

And praised a priest contented to be poor.

Yet of his little he had some to spare,
To feed the famished and to clothe the bare ;
For mortified he was to that degree,
A poorer than himself he would not see.
" True priests," he said, " and preachers of the Word,

Were only stewards of their sovereign Lord ;

Nothing was theirs, but all the public store ;

Intrusted riches, to relieve the poor.

Who, should they steal for want of his relief,

He judged himself accomplice with the [thief."

Wide was his parish : not contracted close [house ;

In streets, but here and there a straggling

Yet still he was at hand, without request,
To serve the sick, to succour the distressed ;
Tempting on foot, alone, without affright,
The dangers of a dark tempestuous night.

All this the good old man performed alone, [none ;

Nor spared his pains ; for curate he had
Nor durst he trust another with his care ;
Nor rode himself to Paul's, the public fair,
To chaffer for preferment with his gold,
Where bishoprics and sinecures are sold ;
But duly watched his flock by night and day,

And from the prowling wolf redeemed the prey,

And hungry sent the wily fox away.

The proud he tamed, the penitent he cheered,

Nor to rebuke the rich offender feared.
His preaching much, but more his practice wrought,—

(A living sermon of the truths he taught) ;
For this by rules severe his life he squared,
That all might see the doctrine which they heard ;

For priests, he said, are patterns for the rest,

(The gold of heaven, who bear the God impressed) :

For, when the precious coin is kept unclean,
The sovereign's image is no longer seen.

If they be foul on whom the people trust,
Well may the baser brass contract a rust.

The prelate for his holy life he prized ;
The worldly pomp of prelacy despised.
His Saviour came not with a gaudy show,
Nor was His kingdom of the world below.
Patience in want, and poverty of mind,
These marks of church and churchmen he designed,

And living taught, and dying left behind.
The crown he wore was of the pointed thorn ;

In purple he was crucified, not born.
They who contend for place and high degree

Are not his sons, but those of Zebedee.

Not but he knew the signs of earthly
power
Might well become Saint Peter's successor;
The holy father holds a double reign,
The prince may keep his pomp, the fisher
must be plain. [grace,
Such was the saint, who shone with every
Reflecting, Moses-like, his Maker's face.
God saw his image lively was expressed,
And His own work as in creation blessed.

The tempter saw him too with envious
eye,
And, as on Job, demanded leave to try.
He took the time when Richard was de-
posed,
And high and low with happy Harry closed.
This prince, though great in arms, the
priest withstood;
Near though he was, yet not the next in
blood.
Had Richard unconstrained resigned the
throne,
A king can give no more than is his own:
The title stood entailed had Richard had
a son.

Conquest, an odious name, was laid
aside,—
Where all submitted, none the battle tried.
The senseless plea of right by Providence
Was, by a flattering priest, invented since,
And lasts no longer than the present sway,
But justifies the next who comes in place.

The people's right remains; let those
who dare [are.
Dispute their power, when they the judges

He joined not in their choice, because
he knew [ensue.
Worse might, and often did, from change
Much to himself he thought, but little
spoke,
And, undeprived, his benefice forsook.

Now, through the land, his care of souls
he stretched,
And like a primitive apostle preached.
Still cheerful; ever constant to his call;
By many followed; loved by most, ad-
mired by all;
With what he begged, his brethren he
relieved,
And gave the charities himself received.
Gave, while he taught; and edified the
more, [to be poor.
Because he showed by proof, 'twas easy

He went not with the crowd to see a
shrine;
But fed us by the way with food divine.

In deference to his virtues, I forbear
To show you what the rest in orders were:
This brilliant is so spotless and so bright,
He needs no foil, but shines by his own
proper light.

—:O:—

WILLIAM SOMERVILLE.

1692—1742.

THE CHASE.

Now, my brave youths,
Now give a loose to the clean generous
steed, [spur,
Flourish the whip, nor spare the galling
But in the madness of delight forget
Your fears. Far o'er the rocky hills we
range, [brave
And dangerous our course; but in the
True courage never fails. In vain the
stream [ditch
In foaming eddies whirls: in vain the
Wide gaping threatens death,—the craggy
steep [with care,
Where the poor dizzy shepherd crawls
And clings to every twig, gives us no pain,
But down we sweep, as stoops the falcon
bold [hill,
To pounce his prey. Then up the opponent
By the swift motion slung we mount aloft:
So ships in winter seas, now sliding sink
Adown the steepy wave, then tossed on
high,
Ride on the billows and defy the storm.

What lengths we pass! where will the
wandering chase [skim
Lead us bewildered? Smooth as swallows
The new-shorn mead, and far more swift
we fly. [press
See my brave pack; now to the head they
Jostling in close array, then more diffuse,
Obliquely wheel, while from their opening
mouths [the cranes
The volleyed thunder breaks. So when
Their annual voyage steer, with wanton
wing [loud clang
Their figure oft they change, and their
From cloud to cloud rebounds.

—:O:—

JAMES THOMSON.

1700—1748.

INVOCATION TO SPRING.

COME, gentle Spring! ethereal mildness,
 come,
 And from the bosom of yon dropping
 cloud,
 While music wakes around, veiled in a
 shower
 Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.



SPRING FLOWERS.

ALONG these blushing borders, bright with
 dew,
 And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers,
 Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace;
 Throws out the snowdrop and the crocus
 first;
 The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,
 And polyanthus of unnumbered dyes;
 The yellow wallflower, stained with iron-
 brown,
 And lavish stock that scents the garden
 round;
 From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed
 Anemones; auriculas, enriched
 With shining meal o'er all their velvet
 leaves;
 And full ranunculas of glowing red.
 Then comes the tulip race, where Beauty
 plays
 Her idle freaks; from family diffused
 To family, as flies the father-dust,
 The varied colours run; and, while they
 break
 On the charmed eye, th' exulting florist
 With secret pride the wonders of his hand.
 No gradual bloom is wanting; from the
 bud,
 Firstborn of Spring, to Summer's musky
 Nor hyacinths, of purest virgin white,
 Low bent, and blushing inward; nor
 jonquils
 Of potent fragrance; nor Narcissus fair,
 As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still;
 Nor broad carnations, nor gay-spotted
 pinks;
 Nor, showered from every bush, the
 Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells,
 With hues on hues expression cannot paint,
 The breath of Nature, and her endless
 bloom.



SPRING SHOWERS.

THE north-east spends his rage; he now
 Within his iron cave, the effusive south
 Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of
 heaven
 Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers
 At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
 Scarce staining ether; but, by swift degrees,
 In heaps on heaps the doubling vapour
 sails
 Along the loaded sky, and mingling deep,
 Sits on the horizon round, a settled gloom:
 Not such as wintry storms on mortals shed,
 Oppressing life; but lovely, gentle, kind,
 And full of every hope and every joy,
 The wish of Nature. Gradual sinks the
 breeze
 Into a perfect calm, that not a breath
 Is heard to quiver through the closing
 woods,
 Or rustling turn the many-twinkling leaves
 Of aspen tall. The uncurling floods,
 diffused
 In glassy breadth, seem through delusive
 Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,
 And pleasing expectation. Herds and
 flocks
 Drop the dry sprig, and mute-imploing
 The falling verdure. Hushed in short
 suspense,
 The plummy people streak their wings with
 To throw the lucid moisture trickling off;
 And wait the approaching sign to strike,
 at once,
 Into the general choir. Even mountains,
 And forests seem, impatient, to demand
 The promised sweetness. Man superior
 walks
 Amid the glad creation, musing praise,
 And looking lively gratitude. At last
 The clouds consign their treasures to the
 fields,
 And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
 Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow
 In large effusion o'er the freshened world.
 The stealing shower is scarce to patter
 heard,
 By such as wander through the forest walks,
 Beneath th' umbrageous multitude of
 leaves.
 But who can hold the shade while Heaven
 In universal bounty, shedding herbs
 And fruits and flowers on Nature's ample
 lap?
 Swift Fancy fired anticipates their growth;
 And, while the milky nutriment distils,
 Beholds the kindling country colour round.

Thus all day long the full-distended
clouds [showered earth
Indulge their genial stores, and well-
Is deep enriched with vegetable life ;
Till, in the western sky, the downward sun
Looks out, effulgent, from amid the flush
Of broken clouds, gay shifting to his beam.
The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes
The illumined mountain, through the forest
streams,

Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow mist,
Far smoking o'er the interminable plain,
In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.
Moist, bright, and green, the landscape
laughs around. [wakes,
Full swell the woods ; their every music
Mixed in wild concert with the warbling
brooks.

Increased, the distant bleatings of the hills,
And hollow lows responsive from the vales,
Whence, blending all, the sweetened zephyr
springs. [cloud,
Meantime, refracted from yon eastern
Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal bow
Shoots up immense, and every hue unfolds,
In fair proportion running from the red
To where the violet fades into the sky.
Here, awful Newton, the dissolving clouds
Form, fronting on the sun, thy showery
prism ;

And to the sage-instructed eye unfold
The various twine of light, by thee disclosed
From the white mingling maze. Not so
the boy ; [ment bend,
He wondering views the bright enchant-
Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs
To catch the falling glory ; but amazed
Beholds the amusive arch before him fly,
Then vanish quite away. Still night
succeeds,

A softened shade, and saturated earth
Awaits the morning beam, to give to light,
Raised through ten thousand different
plastic tubes,
The balmy treasures of the former day.



A WINTER PICTURE.

[gods,
THE Redbreast, sacred to the household
Wisely regardful of th' embroiling sky,
In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted
man
His annual visit. Half afraid, he first
Against the window beats ; then brisk
alights

On the warm hearth ; then, hopping o'er
the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where
he is ;
Till more familiar grown, the table crumbs
Attract his slender feet.



THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground,
And there a season atween June and May,
Half pranked with spring, with summer half
imbrowned, [say,
A listless climate made, where, sooth to
No living wight could work, ne cared even
for play.

Was nought around but images of rest,
Sleep-soothing groves and quiet lawns
between, [kest
And flowery beds that slumbrous influence
From poppies breathed ; and beds of plea-
sant green

Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
Meantime unnumbered glittering stream-
lets played,
And hurried everywhere these waters sheen,
That as they bickered through the sunny
glade
Though restless still themselves, a lulling
murmur made.

Joined to the prattle of the purling rills
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
And flocks loud bleating from the distant
hills,

And vacant shepherds piping in the dale ;
And now and then sweet Philomel would
wail,
Or stockdoves 'plain amid the forest deep,
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale ;
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep,
Yet all these sounds ybent inclined all
to sleep.

Full in the passage of the vale above,
A sable, silent, solemn forest stood,
Where nought but shadowy forms was
seen to move,
As Idless fancied in her dreaming mood ;
And tip the hills, on either side, a wood
Of blackening pines, aye waving to and fro,
Sent forth a sleepy horror through the
blood.



WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

1714—1763.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS'S
GARDEN.

HERBS too she knew, and well of each
could speak,
That in her garden sipped the silvery dew,
Where no vain flow'r disclosed a gaudy
streak,
But herbs for use and physic ; not a few
Of gay renown within those borders grew.
The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,
Fresh balm, and marigold of cheerful hue,
The lowly gill, that never dares to climb,
And more I fain would sing, disdaining
here to rhyme.

Yet euphrasy may not be left unsung,
That gives dim eyes to wander leagues
around,
And pungent radish biting infant's tongue,
And plantain ribbed that heals the reaper's
wound ; [found,
And marjoram sweet, in shepherd's posie
And lavender, whose spikes of azure bloom
Shall be erewhile in arid bundles bound,
To lurk amidst the labours of her loom,
And crown her kerchiefs clean with mickle
rare perfume.

[crowned
And here trim rosemarine that whilome
The daintiest garden of the proudest peer,
Ere, driven from its envied site, it found
A sacred shelter for its branches here,
Where edged with gold its glittering skirts
appear. [well!
Oh, wassail days ! oh, customs meet and
Ere this was banished from its lofty sphere !
Simplicity then sought this humble cell,
Nor ever would she more with thane and
lordling dwell.

—:O:—

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

1709—1784.

WOLSEY.

IN full-blown dignity see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand :
To him the Church, the realm, their powers
consign, [shine,
Through him the rays of regal bounty
Turned by his nod the stream of honour
flows.

His smile alone security bestows :
Still to new heights his restless wishes
tower ; [power ;
Claim leads to claim, and power advances
Till conquest unresisted ceased to please,
And rights subverted left him none to seize.
At length his sovereign frowns—the train
of state [to hate :
Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign
Where'er he turns he meets a stranger's
eye, [lowers fly.
His suppliants scorn him, and his fol-
Now drops at once the pride of awful state,
The golden canopy, the glittering plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liveried army, and the menial lord.
With age, with cares, with maladies op-
pressed,
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.
Grief aids disease, remembered folly stings,
And his last sighs reproach the faith of
kings.

Speak thou, whose thoughts at humble
peace repine, [be thine ?
Shall Wolsey's wealth with Wolsey's end
Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,
The wisest justice on the banks of Trent ?
For why did Wolsey, near the steeps of fate,
On weak foundations raise th' enormous
weight ? [blow,
Why, but to sink beneath misfortune's
With louder ruin to the gulfs below ?

[knife,
What gave great Villiers to the assassin's
And fixed disease on Harley's closing life ?
What murdered Wentworth, and what
exiled Hyde,
By kings protected, and to kings allied ?
What but their wish indulged in courts to
shine,
And power too great to keep or to resign ?

When first the college rolls receive his
name, [fame :
The young enthusiast quits his ease for
Resistless burns the fever of renown,
Caught from the strong contagion of the
gown : [spread,
O'er Bodley's dome his future labours
And Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his
head. [youth,
Are these thy views ? proceed, illustrious
And virtue guard thee to the throne of
truth !
Yet should thy soul indulge the generous
heat,
Till captive science yields her last retreat ;

Should reason guide thee with her brightest
ray,
And pour on misty doubt resistless day;
Should no false kindness lure to loose de-
light,

Nor praise relax, nor difficulty fright;
Should tempting novelty thy cell refrain,
And sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain;
Should beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
Nor claim the triumph of a lettered heart;
Should no disease thy torpid veins invade,
Nor melancholy's phantom haunt thy
shade;

Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
Nor think the doom of man reversed for
thee:

[eyes,
Deign on the passing world to turn thine
And pause a while from learning, to be wise:
There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.
See nations slowly wise, and, meanly just,
To buried merit raise the tardy bust.
If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
Hear Lydiat's life, and Galileo's end.

Nor deem, when Learning her last prize
bestows,

The glittering eminence exempt from foes;
See when the vulgar 'scapes, despised or
awed,

Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Laud;
From meaner minds though smaller fines
content,

The plundered palace or sequestered rent,
Marked out by dangerous parts he meets
the shock,

And fatal learning leads him to the block:
Around his tomb let art and genius weep,
But hear his death, ye blockheads, hear
and sleep.

—o—

SHAKESPEARE AND BEN JONSON.

WHEN Learning's triumph o'er her bar-
barous foes, [speare rose.

First reared the stage, immortal Shake-
Each change of many-coloured life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new;
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toiled after him in vain;
His powerful strokes presiding Truth im-
pressed,

And unresisted Passion stormed the breast.
Then Jonson came, instructed from the
school

To please in method, and invent by rule,

His studious patience and laborious art
By regular approach essayed the heart;
Cold approbation gave the lingering bays,
For those who durst not censure scarce
could praise.

A mortal born, he met the general doom,
But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.

—:o:—

JAMES BEATTIE.

1735—1803.

THE MELODIES OF MORNING.

BUT who the melodies of morn can tell?
The wild brook babbling down the moun-
tain side; [bell;
The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple
The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
In the lone valley; echoing far and wide
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;
The hollow murmur of the ocean tide;
The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal
grove.

The cottage curs at early pilgrim bark;
Crowned with her pail the tripping milk-
maid sings;
The whistling ploughman stalks afield;
and, hark!
Down the rough slope the ponderous
waggon rings, [springs;
Through rustling corn the hare astonished
Slow tolls the village clock the drowsy hour;
The partridge bursts away on whirring
wings; [bower,
Deep mourns the turtle in sequestered
And shrill lark carols clear from her aerial
tour.

—:o:—

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

1728—1774.

ITALY.

FAR to the right where Apennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's
side,

Woods over woods in gay theatric pride,
While oft some temple's mouldering tops
between

With venerable grandeur mark the scene.

Could nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.

Whatever fruits in different climes are
found, [ground—

That proudly rise, or humbly court the
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
While bright succession decks the varied
year—

Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die—
These, here disporting, own the kindred
soil,

Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings
expand [land.

To winnow fragrance round the smiling

But small the bliss that sense alone
bestows,

And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles
here. [reign;

Contrasted faults through all his manners
Though poor, luxurious; though submis-
sive, vain; [untrue;

Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet
And even in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs—not far removed
the date

When commerce proudly flourished
through the state.

At her command the palace learned to
rise, [skies;

Again the long-fall'n column sought the
The canvas glowed beyond e'en nature
warm, [form;

The pregnant quarry teemed with human
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores displayed her
sail, [gave

While nought remained of all that riches
But towns unmanned, and lords without
a slave; [skill,

And late the nation found, with fruitless
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet still the loss of wealth is here
supplied [pride;

By arts, the splendid wrecks of former
From these the feeble heart and long-fall'n
mind

An easy compensation seem to find.

Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp
arrayed,

The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade;

Processions formed for piety and love—
A mistress or a saint in every grove.

By sports like these are all their cares
beguiled;

The sports of children satisfy the child.
Each nobler aim, repressed by long control,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
While low delights succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind.

As in those domes where Cæsars once
bore sway,

Defaced by time and tottering in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his
shed; [pile,

And, wondering man could want the larger
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

—o—

SWITZERLAND.

My soul, turn from them! turn we to
survey [display—

Where rougher climes a nobler race
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy man-
sion tread.

And force a churlish soil for scanty bread.
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his
sword.

No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's
breast, [invest.

But meteors glare, and stormy glooms

Yet still, e'en here, content can spread a
charm,

Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feast
though small,

He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head
To shame the meanness of his humble
shed;

No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal
To make him loathe his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short
repose,

Breasts the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his vent'rous ploughshare to the
steep; [the way,

Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark
And drags the struggling savage into day.

At night returning, every labour sped,
 He sits him down the monarch of a shed;
 Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round
 surveys [blaze,
 His children's looks that brighten at the
 While his loved partner, boastful of her
 board,
 Displays her cleanly platter on the board;
 And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
 With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart
 Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
 And e'en those ills that round his mansion
 rise
 Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
 Dear is that shed to which his soul con-
 forms, [storms;
 And dear that hill which lifts him to the
 And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
 Clings close and closer to the mother's
 breast, [roar,
 So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's
 But bind him to his native mountains more.



FRANCE.

TO KINDER skies, where gentler manners
 reign, [domain.
 I turn; and France displays her bright
 Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
 Pleased with thyself, whom all the world
 can please,
 How often have I led thy sportive choir,
 With tuneless pipe beside the murmuring
 Loire, [grew,
 Where shading elms along the margin
 And freshened from the wave the zephyr
 flew! falt'ring still,
 And haply—though my harsh touch,
 But mocked all tune, and marred the
 dancer's skill— [power,
 Yet would the village praise my wondrous
 And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour.
 Alike all ages: dames of ancient days
 Have led their children through the mirth-
 ful maze;
 And the gay grandsire, skilled in gesticlore,
 Has frisked beneath the burden of three-
 score.
 [display;
 So blest a life these thoughtless realms
 Thus idly busy rolls their world away.
 Theirs are those arts that mind to mind
 endear,
 For honour forms the social temper here:

Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
 Or e'en imaginary worth obtains, [hand,
 Here passes current—paid from hand to
 It shifts, in splendid traffic, round the land;
 From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,
 And all are taught an avarice of praise:
 They please, are pleased; they give to get
 esteem, [seem.
 Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they

But while this softer art their bliss sup-
 plies,
 It gives their follies also room to rise;
 For praise too dearly loved or warmly
 sought,
 Enfeebles all internal strength of thought,
 And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
 Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
 Hence, ostentation here, with tawdry art,
 Pants for the vulgar praise which fools
 impart;
 Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
 And trims her robes of frieze with copper
 lace;
 Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
 To boast one splendid banquet once a year:
 The mind still turns where shifting fashion
 draws,
 Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.



HOLLAND.

TO MEN of other minds my fancy flies,
 Embosomed in the deep where Holland
 lies.
 Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
 Where the broad ocean leans against the
 land,
 And sedulous to stop the coming tide,
 Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
 Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
 The firm connected bulwark seems to grow,
 Spreads its long arms amidst the watery
 roar, [shore;
 Scoops out an empire, and usurps the
 While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
 Sees an amphibious world beneath him
 smile;
 The slow canal, the yellow-blossomed vale,
 The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
 The crowded mart, the cultivated plain—
 A new creation rescued from his reign.
 Thus, while around the wave-subjected
 soil
 Impels the native to repeated toil,

Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
 And industry begets a love of gain.
 Hence all the good from opulence that
 springs, [brings,
 With all those ills superfluous treasure
 Are here displayed.

—:o:—

ERASMUS DARWIN.

1731—1802.

ELIZA.

Now stood Eliza on the wood-crowned
 height [fight;
 O'er Minden's plains, spectatress of the
 Sought with bold eye amid the bloody strife
 Her dearer self, the partner of her life;
 From hill to hill the rushing host pursued,
 And viewed his banner, or believed she
 viewed. [tread,
 Pleased with the distant roar, with quicker
 Fast by his hand one lisp'ing boy she led;
 And one fair girl, amid the loud alarm,
 Slept on her kerchief, cradled on her arm;
 While round her brows bright beams of
 honour dart, [heart.
 And love's warm eddies circle round her
 —Near and more near th' intrepid beauty
 pressed, [crest,
 Saw through the driving smoke his dancing
 Heard the exulting shout, "They run!—
 they run!" [battle's won!"
 "He's safe!" she cried, "he's safe! the
 —A ball now hisses through the airy tides
 (Some Fury wings it, and some demon
 guides), [deck,
 Parts the fine locks her graceful head that
 Wounds her fair ear, and sinks into her
 neck; [veins
 The red stream issuing from her azure
 Dyes her white veil, her ivory bosom stains.
 —"Ah me!" she cried, and sinking on the
 ground, [wound:
 Kissed her dear babes, regardless of the
 "Oh, cease not yet to beat, thou vital urn,
 Wait, gushing life, oh! wait my love's
 return!"— [from far,
 Hoarse barks the wolf, the vulture screams
 The angel, Pity, shuns the walks of war;—
 "Oh, spare, ye war-hounds, spare their
 tender age! [rage!"
 On me, on me," she cried, "exhaust your
 Then, with weak arms, her weeping babes
 caressed, [vest.
 And sighing, hid them in her blood-stained

From tent to tent th' impatient warrior
 flies,
 Fear in his heart, and frenzy in his eyes:
 Eliza's name along the camp he calls,
 "Eliza" echoes through the canvas walls;
 Quick through the murmuring gloom hi'
 footsteps tread, [dead,
 O'er groaning heaps, the dying and the
 Vault o'er the plain,—and in the tangled
 wood,—
 Lo! dead Eliza—weltering in her blood!
 Soon hears his listening son the welcome
 sounds, [bounds:
 With open arms and sparkling eyes he
 "Speak low," he cries, and gives his little
 hand,
 "Mamma's asleep upon the dew-cold sand,
 Alas! we both with cold and hunger
 quake— [awake."
 Why do you weep? Mamma will soon
 —"She'll wake no more!" the hopeless
 mourner cried, [and sighed;
 Upturned his eyes, and clasped his hands,
 Stretched on the ground, awhile entranced
 he lay, [clay;
 And pressed warm kisses on the lifeless
 And then upsprung with wild convulsive
 start,
 And all the father kindled in his heart.
 "O Heaven!" he cried, "my first rash
 vow forgive!
 These bind to earth, for these I pray to
 live!" [crimson vest,
 Round his chill babes he wrapped his
 And clasped them, sobbing, to his aching
 breast.

—:o:—

WILLIAM COWPER.

1731—1800.

DESCRIPTION OF A WINTER EVENING IN THE COUNTRY.

HARK! 'tis the twanging horn! O'er
 yonder bridge,
 That with its wearisome but needful length
 Bestrides the wintry flood, in which the
 moon
 Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright,
 He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
 With spattered boots, strapped waist, and
 frozen locks, [back.
 News from all nations lumbering at his
 True to his charge the close-packed load
 behind,

Yet careless what he brings, his one concern
Is to conduct it to the destined inn,
And having dropped the expected bag—
pass on. [wretch]

He whistles as he goes, light-hearted
Cold and yet cheerful: messenger of grief
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some,
To him indifferent whether grief or joy.
Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,
Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet
With tears that trickled down the writer's
cheeks

Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,
Or charged with amorous sighs of absent
swains,

Or nymphs responsive, equally affect
His horse and him, unconscious of them
all.

But oh the important budget! ushered in
With such heart-shaking music, who can
say [awaked?

What are its tidings? Have our troops
Or do they still, as if with opium drugged,
Snore to the murmurs of the Atlantic
wave? * [plumed]

Is India free? and does she wear her
And jewelled turban with a smile of peace,
Or do we grind her still? The grand
debate,

The popular harangue, the tart reply,
The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,
And the loud laugh—I long to know them
all;

I burn to set the imprisoned wranglers free,
And give them voice and utterance once
again. [fast]

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud-hissing
urn

Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.

* * * *

'Tis pleasant through the loopholes of re-
treat

To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd;
To hear the roar she sends through all her
gates,

At a safe distance, where the dying sound
Falls a soft murmur on the uninjured ear.
Thus sitting, and surveying thus at ease
The globe and its concerns, I seem ad-
vanced [height,

To some secure and more than mortal

That liberates and exempts me from them
all.

It turns submitted to my view, turns round
With all its generations; I behold [wait
The tumult, and am still. The sound of
Has lost its terrors ere it reaches me;
Grieves, but alarms me not. I mourn the
pride

And avarice that make man a wolf to man,
Hear the faint echo of those brazen throats,
By which he speaks the language of his
heart,

And sigh, but never tremble at the sound.
He travels, and expatiates, as the bee
From flower to flower, so he from land to
land;

The manners, customs, policy of all
Pay contribution to the store he gleans;
He sucks intelligence in every clime,
And spreads the honey of his deep research
At his return, a rich repast for me.

He travels, and I too. I tread his deck,
Ascend his topmast, through his peering
eyes

Discover countries with a kindred heart,
Suffer his woes, and share in his escapes;
While fancy, like the finger of a clock,
Runs the great circuit, and is still at home.



WINTER.

O WINTER! ruler of the inverted year,
Thy scattered hair with sleet like ashes
filled, [cheeks]

Thy breath congealed upon thy lips, thy
Fringed with a beard made white with other
snows [in clouds,

Than those of age, thy forehead wrapped
A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy
throne

A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,
But urged by storms along its slippery way;
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art. Thou hold'st
the sun

A prisoner in the yet undawning east,
Shortening his journey between morn and
noon,

And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
Down to the rosy west; but kindly still
Compensating his loss with added hours
Of social converse and instructive ease,
And gathering, at short notice, in one
group

The family dispersed, and fixing thought,
Not less dispersed by daylight and its cares,

* The American War was then taking place.

I crown thee king of intimate delights,
 Fireside enjoyments, homeborn happiness,
 And all the comforts that the lowly roof
 Of undisturbed retirement, and the hours
 Of long uninterrupted evening know.

No rattling wheels stop short before these
 gates;

No powdered pert, proficient in the art
 Of sounding an alarm, assaults these doors
 Till the street rings; no stationary steeds
 Cough their own knell, while, heedless of
 the sound,

The silent circle fan themselves, and quake:
 But here the needle plies its busy task,
 The pattern grows, the well-depicted
 flower,

Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn,
 Unfolds its bosom; buds, and leaves, and
 sprigs,

And curling tendrils, gracefully disposed,
 Follow the nimble fingers of the fair;
 A wreath that cannot fade, of flowers that
 blow

With most success when all besides decay.
 The poet's or historian's page, by one
 Made vocal for the amusement of the rest;
 The sprightly lyre, whose treasure of sweet
 sounds

The touch from many a trembling chord
 shakes out,

And the clear voice symphonious, yet dis-
 tinct,

And in the charming strife triumphant still,
 Beguile the night, and set a keener edge
 On female industry: the threaded steel
 Flies swiftly, and unfelt the task proceeds.
 The volume closed, the customary rites
 Of the last meal commence. A Roman
 meal, [found

Such as the mistress of the world once
 Delicious, when her patriots of high note,
 Perhaps by moonlight, at their humble
 doors,

And under an old oak's domestic shade,
 Enjoyed, spare feast! a radish and an egg.
 Discourse ensues, not trivial, yet not dull,
 Nor such as with a frown forbids the play
 Of fancy, or proscribes the sound of mirth;
 Nor do we madly, like an impious world,
 Who deem religion frenzy, and the God
 That made them an intruder on their joys,
 Start at His awful name, or deem His
 praise

A jarring note. Themes of a graver tone
 Exciting oft our gratitude and love,
 While we retrace with memory's pointing
 wand,

That calls the past to our exact review,

The dangers we have 'scaped, the broken
 snare,

The disappointed foe, deliverance found
 Unlooked for, life preserved and peace
 restored,

Fruits of omnipotent eternal love.

O evenings worthy of the gods! exclaimed
 The Sabine bard. O evenings, I reply,
 More to be prized and coveted than yours,
 As more illumined, and with nobler truths,
 That I and mine, and those we love, enjoy.
 Is winter hideous in a garb like this?

—o—

EVENING.

[peace
 COME, Evening, once again, season of
 Return, sweet Evening, and continue long!
 Methinks I see thee in the streaky west,
 With matron step slow moving, while the
 night [employed

Treads on thy sweeping train; one hand
 In letting fall the curtain of repose
 On bird and beast, the other charged for
 man

With sweet oblivion of the cares of day;
 Not sumptuously adorned, nor needing aid,
 Like homely-featured Night, of clustering
 gems:

A star or two just twinkling on thy brow
 Suffices thee; save that the moon is thine
 No less than hers: not worn indeed on high
 With ostentatious pageantry, but set
 With modest grandeur in thy purple zone,
 Resplendent less, but of an ampler round.
 Come, then, and thou shalt find thy votary
 calm,

Or make me so. Composure is thy gift:
 And whether I devote thy gentle hours
 To books, to music, or the poet's toil,
 To weaving nets for bird-alluring fruit,
 Or twining silken threads round ivory reels,
 When they command whom man was born
 to please, [still.

I slight thee not, but make thee welcome

—:o:—

JAMES GRAHAME.

1765—1811.

THE DAY OF REST.

How still the morning of the hallowed day!
 Mute is the voice of rural labour, hushed
 The ploughboy's whistle and the milk-
 maid's song.

The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath

Of tedded grass, mingled with faded flowers, [breeze;

That yester morn bloomed waving in the Sounds the most faint attract the ear,—the hum

Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
The distant bleating midway up the hill.
Calmness sits throned on yon unmoving cloud.

To him who wanders o'er the upland leas
The blackbird's note comes mellow from the dale,

And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
Warbles his heaven-tuned song; the lulling brook [glen;

Murmurs more gently down the deep-worn
While from yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke

O'er mounts the mist, is heard at intervals
The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise. [broods;

With dovelike wings peace o'er yon village
The dizzying mill-wheel rests; the anvil's din

Hath ceased; all, all around is quietness.
Less fearful on this day, the limping hare
Stops and looks back, and stops, and looks on man [set free,

Her deadliest foe. The toil-worn horse
Unheedful of the pasture, roams at large;
And, as his stiff unwieldy bulk he rolls,
His iron-armed hoofs gleam in the morning ray.

But, chiefly man the day of rest enjoys.
Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail the poor man's day;

On other days the man of toil is doomed
To eat his joyless bread, lonely; the ground
Both seat and board; screened from the winter's cold, or tree;

And summer's heat, by neighbouring hedge
But on this day, embosomed in his home,
He shares the frugal meal with those he loves; [felt joy

With those he loves he shares the heart-
Of giving thanks to God—not thanks of form,

A word and a grimace, but reverently
With covered face, and upward earnest eyes.

Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail the poor man's day.

The pale mechanic now has leave to breathe
The morning air, pure from the city's smoke;

While wandering slowly up the river's side,

He meditates on Him whose power he marks [bough,

In each green tree that proudly spreads the
As in the tiny dew-bent flowers that bloom
Around its root: and while he thus surveys
With elevated joy each rural charm,

He hopes, yet fears presumption in the hope,

That heaven may be one Sabbath without end.

—:O:—

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

1766—1823.

BIRDS SINGING.

THE blackbird strove with emulation sweet,
And Echo answered from her close retreat.

The sporting whitethroat, on some twig's end borne, [morn;

Poured hymns to freedom and the noisy
Stopped in her song, perchance, the start-
ing thrush [bush,

Shook a white shower from the blackthorn
Where dewdrops thick as early blossoms hung,

And trembled as the minstrel sweetly sung.

—O—

LAMBS AT PLAY.

AWAY they scour, impetuous, ardent, strong, [along,

The green turf trembling as they bound
Adown the slope, then up the hillock climb,
Where every molehill is a bed of thyme;
There panting stop, yet scarcely can re-
frain,—

A bird, a leaf, will set them off again;
Or if a gale with strength unusual blow,
Scattering the wild briar roses into snow,
Their little limbs, increasing efforts try;
Like the torn flower the fair assemblage fly.

—O—

THE PLOUGHBOY'S PLEASURES.

JUST where the parting bough's light shadows play, [day,

Scarce in the shade, nor in the scorching
Stretched on the turf he lies, a peopled bed,
Where swarming insects creep around his head.

The small dust-coloured beetle climbs with
 pain
 O'er the smooth plantain-leaf, a spacious
 plain! [conveyed,
 Thence higher still, by countless steps
 He gains the summit of a shivering blade,
 And flirts his filmy wings, and looks
 around,
 Exulting in his distance from the ground.
 The tender speckled moth here dancing
 seen,
 The vaulting grasshopper of glossy green,
 And all prolific Summer's sporting train,
 Their little lives by various powers sustain.
 But what can unassisted vision do? [sue?
 What, but recoil where most it would pur-
 His patient gaze but finish with a sigh,
 When music waking speaks the skylark
 nigh! [sings,
 Just starting from the corn she cheerly
 And trusts with conscious pride her downy
 wings;
 Still louder breathes, and in the face of day
 Mounts up, and calls on Giles to mark
 her way.
 Close to his eyes his hat he instant bends,
 And forms a friendly telescope, that lends
 Just aid enough to dull the glaring light,
 And place the wandering bird before his
 sight;
 Yet oft beneath a cloud she sweeps along,
 Lost for awhile, yet pours her varied song.
 He views the spot, and as the cloud moves
 by,
 Again she stretches up the clear blue sky;
 Her form, her motion, undistinguished
 quite, [to light:
 Save when she wheels direct from shade
 The fluttering songstress a mere speck be-
 came,
 Like fancy's floating bubbles in a dream.
 He sees her yet, but yielding to repose,
 Unwittingly his jaded eyelids close.

—:O:—

SAMUEL ROGERS.

1762—1855.

THE OLD HOME.

From Pleasures of Memory.

TWILIGHT's soft dews steal o'er the village
 green,
 With magic tints to harmonize the scene;
 Stilled is the hum that thro' the hamlet
 broke,

When round the ruins of their ancient oak
 The peasants flocked to hear the minstrel
 play,
 And games and carols closed the busy day.
 Her wheel at rest, the matron thrills no
 more
 With treasured tales and legendary lore.
 All, all are fled; nor mirth nor music flows
 To chase the dreams of innocent repose.
 All, all are fled; yet still I linger here:
 What secret charms this silent spot endear!
 Mark yon old Mansion, frowning through
 the trees, [breeze.
 Whose hollow turret woos the whistling
 That casement, arched with ivy's brownest
 shade, [conveyed.
 First to these eyes the light of heaven
 The mouldering gateway shows the grass-
 grown court, [sport;
 Once the calm scene of many a simple
 When nature pleased, for life itself was new,
 And the heart promised what the fancy drew.
 See, thro' the fractured pediment revealed,
 Where moss inlays the rudely sculptured
 shield,
 The martin's old hereditary nest. [guest!
 Long may the ruin spare its hallowed
 As jars the hinge, what sullen echoes call!
 Oh, haste, unfold the hospitable hall!
 That hall where once, in antiquated state
 The chair of justice held the grave debate.
 Now stained with dew, with cobwebs
 darkly hung,
 Oft has its roof with peals of rapture rung;
 When round yon ample board, in due
 degree,
 We sweetened every meal with social glee;
 The heart's light laugh pursued the circling
 jest,
 And all was sunshine in each little breast.
 'Twas here we chased the slipper by the
 sound, [round;
 And turned the blindfold hero round and
 'Twas here, at eve, we formed our fairy ring,
 And Fancy fluttered on her wildest wing:
 Giants and genii claimed each wondering
 ear,
 And orphan sorrows drew the ready tear;
 Oft with the Babes we wandered in the
 wood,
 Or viewed the forest feats of Robin Hood;
 Oft, fancy led, at midnight's fearful hour,
 With startling steps we scaled the lonely
 tower,
 O'er infant innocence to hang and weep,
 Murdered by ruffian hands when smiling
 its sleep.

* * * * *

As o'er the dusky furniture I bend,
Each chair awakes the feelings of a friend.
The storied arras, source of fond delight,
With old achievement charms the 'wildered sight;

And still with heraldry's rich hues impressed
On the dim window glows the pictured crest.

The screen unfolds its many-coloured chart;
The clock still points its moral to the heart,
The faithful monitor 't was heaven to hear,
When soft it spoke a promised pleasure near.

And has its sober hand, its simple chime,
Forgot to trace the feathered feet of Time?
That massive beam, with curious carvings wrought,

Whence the caged linnet soothed my pen-
Those muskets, cased with venerable rust,
Those once-loved forms, still breathing thro' their dust,

Still from the frame, in mould gigantic cast,
Starting to life—all whisper of the Past!

—o—

THE GARDEN.

As through the garden's desert paths I rove,
What fond illusions swarm in every grove!
How oft, when purple evening tinged the west,

We watched the emmet to her grainy nest;
Welcomed the wild bee home on weary wing,

Laden with sweets, the choicest of the spring.

How oft inscribed, with Friendship's votive
The bark now silvered by the touch of Time;

Soared in the swing, half pleased, and half
Thro' sister elms that waved their summer shade;

Or strewn with crumbs yon root-inwoven
To lure the redbreast from his lone retreat.

Childhood's loved group revisits every scene,—

The tangled wood-walk and the tufted
Indulgent Memory wakes, and lo, they live!
Clothed with far softer hues than Light can give.

Thou still, best friend, that Heaven assigns
To soothe and sweeten all the cares we know;

Whose glad suggestions still each vain
When nature fades, and life forgets to charm;

Thee would the Muse invoke!—to thee belong

The sage's precept and the poet's song.
What softened views thy magic glass reveals,

When o'er the landscape Time's meek
As when in ocean sinks the orb of dawn,
Long on the wave reflected lustres play,
Thy tempered gleams of happiness resigned

Glance on the darkened mirror of the mind.

The school's lone porch, with reverend
mosses grey,

Just tells the pensive pilgrim where it lay.
Mute is the bell that rung at peep of dawn,
Quickening my truant feet across the lawn,
Unheard the shout that rent the noontide air,

When the slow dial gave a pause to care.
Up springs at every step, to claim a tear,
Some little friendship formed and cherished here;

And not the lightest leaf but trembling
With golden visions and romantic dreams.

—o—

THE GIPSIES.

Down by yon hazel copse at evening blazed
The gipsy's fagot: there we stood and gazed—

Gazed on her sunburnt face with silent awe,
Her tattered mantle and her hood of straw,
Her moving lips, her caldron brimming o'er,

The drowsy brood that on her back she
Imps, in the barn with mousing owl bred,
From rifled roost at nightly revel fed;

Whose dark eyes flashed through locks of
blackest shade,

When in the breeze the distant watch-dog
And heroes fled the sibyl's muttered call,
Whose elfin prowess scaled the orchard wall.

As o'er my palm the silver piece she drew,
And traced the line of life with searching view,

How throbbed my fluttering pulse with
To learn the colour of my future years!

Ah! then what honest triumph flushed my
breast:

This truth once known—to bless is to be
We led the bending beggar on his way
(Bare were his feet, his tresses silver-grey,
Soothed the keen pangs his aged spirit felt)
And on his tale with mute attention dwelt.

As in his scrip we dropt our little store,
And sighed to think that little was no more,
He breathed his prayer, "Long may such
goodness live!"—

'Twas all he gave, 'twas all he had to give.
Angels, when Mercy's mandate winged
their flight, [sight,

Had stopt to dwell with pleasure on the

—o—

MEMORY.

HAIL, Memory, hail! in thy exhaustless
mine, [shine!

From age to age unnumbered treasures
Thought and her shadowy brood thy call
obey, [sway.

And Place and Time are subject to thy
Thy pleasures most we feel when most alone,
The only pleasure we can call our own.

Lighter than air, Hope's summervisions die
If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky ;

If but a beam of sober Reason play,
Lo! Fancy's fairy frost-work melts away ;

But can the wiles of Art, the grasp of Power,
Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour?

These, when the trembling spirit wings her
flight,

Pour round her path a stream of living light,
And gild those pure and perfect realms of
rest. [blest.

Where Virtue triumphs and her sons are

—o—

THE BOY OF EGREMOND.

"SAY, what remains when Hope is fled?"
She answered, "Endless weeping,"

For in the herdsman's eye she read

Who in his shroud lay sleeping.

At Embsay rang the matin-bell,

The stag was roused on Barden-fell,

The mingled sounds were swelling, dying,

And down the Wharfe a hern was flying ;

When near the cabin in the wood,

In tartan clad and forest green,

With hound in leash and hawk in hood,

The Boy of Egremond was seen.

Blithe was his song—a song of yore ;

But where the rock is rent in two

And the river rushes through,

His voice was heard no more.*

'Twas but a step! the gulf he passed,

But that step,—it was his last!

* The slid over the river Wharfe

As through the mist he winged his way
(A cloud that hovers night and day),
The hound hung back, and back he drew
The master and his merlin too,
That narrow place of noise and strife
Received their little all of life.

There now the matin-bell is rung,

The "Miserere" duly sung ;

And holy men in cowl and hood

Are wandering up and down the wood,

But what avail they, ruthless lord?

Thou didst not shudder when the sword

Here on the young its fury spent,

The helpless, and the innocent.

Sit now, and answer groan for groan,—

The child before thee is thine own!

And she who wildly wanders there

The mother in her long despair,

Shall oft remind thee, waking, sleeping,

Of those who by the Wharfe are weeping :

Of those who would not be consoled

When red with blood the river rolled.

—o—

GINEVRA.

If thou shouldst ever come to Modena,

Stop at a palace near the Reggio Gate

Dwelt in of old by one of the Orsini.

Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,

And numerous fountains, statues, cypresses,

Will long detain thee ; but before thou go,

Enter the house—prithce, forget it not—

And look awhile upon a picture there.

'Tis of a lady in her earliest youth ;—

She sits inclining forward as to speak,

Her lips half open, and her finger up,

As though she said "Beware!"—her vest

of gold [head to foot—

Brodered with flowers, and clasped from

An emerald stone in every golden clasp ;

And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,

A coronet of pearls. But then her face,

So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,

The overflowings of an innocent heart—

It haunts me still, though many a year has
fled,

Like some wild melody!—Alone it hangs

Over a mouldering heirloom, its companion,

An oaken chest, half eaten by the worm.

She was an only child ; from infancy

The joy the pride of an indulgent sire.

Her mother dying of the gift she gave,

That precious gift, what else remained to
him?

The young Ginevra was his all in life,
Still as she grew, for ever in his sight.
She was all gentleness, all gaiety,
Her pranks the favourite theme of every
tongue. [hour ;

But now the day was come, the day, the
And in the lustre of her youth she gave
Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.

Great was the joy ; but at the bridal feast,
When all sat down, the bride was wanting
there—

Nor was she to be found ! Her father cried,
" 'Tis but to make a trial of our love !"
And filled his glass to all ; but his hand
shook, [spread.

And soon from guest to guest the panic
'Twas but that instant she had left Fran-
cesco, [still,

Laughing and looking back, and flying
Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger.
But now, alas ! she was not to be found ;
Nor from that hour could anything be
guessed,

But that she was not ! Weary of his life,
Francesco flew to Venice, and forthwith
Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
Orsini lived ; and long might'st thou have
seen [thing,

An old man wandering as in quest of some-
Something he could not find—he knew
not what. [awhile

When he was gone, the house remained
Silent and tenantless, then went to strangers,

Full fifty years were past, and all forgot,
When on an idle day, a day of search
'Mid the old lumber in the gallery,
That mouldering chest was noticed ; and
'twas said [Ginevra,

By one as young, as thoughtless, as
"Why not remove it from its lurking-
place?" [way

'Twas done as soon as said ; but on the
It burst—it fell ; and lo ! a skeleton ;
And here and there a pearl, an emerald stone,
A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold :
All else had perished—save a nuptial ring,
And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
Engraven with a name, the name of both—
"GINEVRA."—There then had she found
a grave ! [self,

Within that chest had she concealed her-
Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the
happy ; [there,

When a spring-lock, that lay in ambush
Fastened her down for ever !

—:O:—

SAM. TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

1772—1834.

EVENING.

BUT now the gentle dew-fall sends abroad
The fruit-like perfume of the golden furze :
The light has left the summit of the hill,
Though still a sunny gleam lies beautiful
Aslant the ivied beacon. Now farewell,
Farewell awhile, O soft and silent spot !
On the green sheep-track, up the heathy
hill, [called
Homeward I wind my way ; and lo ! re-
From bodings that have well-nigh wearied
me,

I find myself upon the brow, and pause
Startled ! And after lonely sojourning
In such a quiet and surrounded nook,
This burst of prospect, here the shadowy
main,

Dim tinted, there the mighty majesty
Of that huge amphitheatre of rich
And elmy fields, seems like society—
Conversing with the mind, and giving it
A livelier impulse and a dance of thought !

—O—

THE NIGHTINGALE.

No cloud, no relic of the sunken day
Distinguishes the west, no long thin slip
Of sullen light, no obscure trembling hues.
Come, we will rest on this old mossy bridge !
You see the glimmer of the stream beneath,
But hear no murmuring : it flows silently
O'er its soft bed of verdure. All is still ;
A balmy night ! and though the stars be dim,
Yet let us think upon the vernal showers
That gladden the green earth, and we shall
find

A pleasure in the dimness of the stars.
And hark ! the Nightingale begins its song,
"Most musical, most melancholy" bird !
A melancholy bird ? Oh, idle thought !
In nature there is nothing melancholy.
But some night-wandering man, whose
heart was pierced

With the remembrance of a grievous wrong,
Or slow distemper, or neglected love
(And so, poor wretch ! filled all things with
himself, [tale

And made all gentle sounds tell back the
Of his own sorrow, he, and such as he,
First named these notes a melancholy strain,
And many a poet echoes the conceit ;
Poet who hath been building up the rhyme

When he had better far have stretched his limbs

Beside a brook in mossy forest dell,
By sun or moonlight, to the influxes
Of shapes and sounds and shifting elements,
Surrendering his whole spirit, of his song
And of his fame forgetful. So his fame
Should share in Nature's immortality,
A venerable thing! and so his song
Should make all Nature lovelier, and itself
Be loved like Nature! But 'twill not be so;
And youths and maidens most poetical,
Who lose the deepening twilights of the spring

In ball-rooms and hot theatres, they still
Full of meek sympathy must heave their sighs

O'er Philomela's pity-pleading strains.
My Friend, and thou, our Sister, we have learned

A different lore: we may not thus profane
Nature's sweet voices, always full of love
And joyance. 'Tis the merry nightingale
That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates
With fast thick warble his delicious notes,
As he were fearful that an April night
Would be too short for him to utter forth
His love-chant, and disburden his full soul
Of all its music!

And I know a grove

Of large extent, hard by a castle huge,
Which the great lord inhabits not; and so
This grove is wild with tangling underwood,
And the trim walks are broken up, and grass,
Thin grass and king-cups, grow within the paths,

But never elsewhere in one place I knew
So many nightingales; and far and near,
In wood and thicket, over the wide grove,
They answer and provoke each other's songs,

With skirmish and capricious passagings,
And murmurs musical and swift jug-jug;
And one, low piping, sounds more sweet than all,

Stirring the air with such an harmony,
That should you close your eyes, you might almost [bushes,

Forget it was not day. On moonlight
Whose dewy leaflets are but half disclosed,
You may perchance behold them on the twigs, [bright and full,

Their bright, bright eyes, their eyes both
Glistening, while many a glow-worm in the shade

Lights up her love-torch.

—:O:—

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

1774—1843.

THE TENT OF MOATH.

NOR rich nor poor was Moath; God had given

Enough, and blest him with a mind content,
No hoarded gold disquieted his dreams;
But ever round his station he beheld
Camels that knew his voice,
And home-birds, grouping at Oneiza's call,
And goats that, morn and eve,
Came with full udders to the damsel's hand.
Dear child! the tent beneath whose shade
they dwelt

It was her work; and she had twined
His girdle's many hues;
And he had seen his robe
Grow in Oneiza's loom.
How often with a memory-mingled joy,
Which made her mother live before his sight, [woof;

He watched her nimble fingers thread the
Or at the hand-mill, when she knelt and toiled,

Tossed the thin cake on spreading palm,
Or fixed it on the glowing oven's side
With bare wet arm, and safe dexterity.

'Tis the cool evening hour:
The tamarind from the dew
Sheathes its young fruit, yet green.
Before their tent the mat is spread;
The old man's solemn voice
Intones the holy book.

What if beneath no lamp-illuminated dome,
Its marble walls bedecked with flourished truth, [word

Azure and gold adornment? Sinks the
With deeper influence from the Imam's voice

Where, in the day of congregation, crowds
Perform the duty-task?

Their father is their priest,
The stars of heaven their point of prayer,
And the blue firmament
The glorious temple, where they feel
The present Deity.

Yet through the purple glow of eve
Shines dimly the white moon. [lance,
The slackened bow, the quiver, the long
Rest on the pillar of the tent. [brow,
Knitting light palm-leaves for her brother's
The dark-eyed damsel sits;
The old man tranquilly
Up his curled pipe inhales

The tranquillizing herb.
 So listen they the reed of Thalaba,
 While his skilled fingers modulate
 Thelow, sweet, soothing, melancholy tones.
 Or if he strung the pearls of poesy,
 Singing with agitated face
 And eloquent arms, and sobs that reach
 the heart,
 A tale of love and woe; [face,
 Then, if the brightening moon that lit his
 In darkness favoured hers,
 Oh! even with such a look, as fables say,
 The mother ostrich fixes on her egg,
 Till that intense affection
 Kindle its light of life, [ness
 Even in such deep and breathless tender-
 Oneiza's soul is centred on the youth,
 So motionless, with such an ardent gaze,
 Save when from her full eyes
 She wipes away the swelling tears
 That dim his image there.

—o—

THE SEA.

How beautiful beneath the bright blue sky
 The billows heave! one glowing green
 expanse,
 Save where along the bending line of shore
 Such hue is thrown as when the peacock's
 neck
 Assumes its proudest tint of amethyst
 Embathed in emerald glory.

—:o:—

WALTER SCOTT.

1771—1832.

EVENING AT ROKEBY.

'THE sultry summer day is done,
 The western hills have hid the sun,
 But mountain peak and village spire
 Retain reflection of his fire.
 Old Barnard's towers are purple still,
 To those that gaze from Toller Hill;
 Distant and high, the towers of Bowes
 Like steel upon the anvil glows,
 And Stanmore's ridge, behind that lay,
 Rich with the spoils of parting day,
 In crimson and in gold arrayed,
 Streaks yet awhile the closing shade,
 Then slow resigns to darkening heaven
 The tints which brighter hours had given.

Thus aged men, full loth and slow,
 The vanities of life forego,
 And count their youthful follies o'er,
 Till Memory lends her light no more.
 The eve, that slow on upland fades,
 Has darker closed on Rokeby's glades,
 Where, sunk within their banks profound,
 Her guardian streams to meeting wound.
 The stately oaks, whose sombre frown
 Of noontide made a twilight brown,
 Impervious now to fainter light,
 Of twilight make an early night.
 Hoarse into middle air arose
 The vespers of the roosting crows,
 And with congenial murmurs seem
 To wake the Genii of the stream;
 For louder clamoured Greta's tide,
 And Tees in deeper voice replied.
 And fitful waked the evening wind,
 Fitful in sighs its breath resigned.
 Wilfrid, whose fancy-nurtured soul
 Felt in the scene a soft control,
 With lighter footstep pressed the ground,
 And often paused to look around;
 And, though his path was to his love,
 Could not but linger in the grove,
 To drink the thrilling interest dear
 Of awful pleasure checked by fear.
 Such inconsistent moods have we
 Even when our passions strike the key.
 Now through the woods dark mazes past
 The opening lawn he reached at last,
 Where, silvered by the moonlight ray,
 The ancient Hall before him lay.
 Those martial terrors long were fled,
 That frowned of old around its head;
 The battlements, the turrets gray,
 Seemed half abandoned to decay:
 On barbican and keep of stone
 Stern Time the foeman's work had done.
 Where banners the invader braved,
 The harebell now and wallflower waved;
 In the rude guard-room, where of yore
 Their weary hours the warders wore,
 Now, while the cheerful fagots blaze,
 On the paved floor the spindle plays;
 The flanking guns dismounted lie,
 The moat is ruinous and dry,
 The grim portcullis gone, and all
 The fortress turned to peaceful hall.

—o—

A LANDSCAPE.

FAR in the chambers of the west,
 The gale had sighed itself to rest;

The moon was cloudless now and clear,
 But pale, and soon to disappear.
 The thin gray clouds wax dimly light
 On Brusleton and Houghton height;
 And the rich dale, that eastward lay,
 Waited the wakening touch of day,
 To give its woods and cultured plain,
 And towers and spires, to light again.
 But, westward, Stanmore's shapeless swell,
 And Lunedale wild, and Kelton Fell,
 And rock-begirdled Gilmanscar,
 And Arkingarth, lay dark afar,
 While, as a livelier twilight falls
 Emerge proud Barnard's bannered walls;
 High-crowned he sits in dawning pale,
 The sovereign of the lovely vale.
 What prospects from his watch-tower high
 Gleam gradual on the warder's eye!—
 Far sweeping to the east, he sees
 Down his deep woods the course of Tees,
 And tracks his wanderings by the steam
 Of summer vapours from the stream;
 And ere he paced his destined hour
 By Brackenbury's dungeon-tower,
 These silver mists shall melt away,
 And dew the woods with glittering spray;
 Then in broad lustre shall be shown
 That mighty trench of living stone,
 And each huge trunk that, from the side,
 Reclines him o'er the darksome tide,
 Where Tees, full many a fathom low,
 Wears with his rage no common foe;
 For pebbly bank, nor sand-bed here,
 Nor clay-mound checks his fierce career,
 Condemned to mine a channeled way
 O'er solid sheets of marble gray.
 Nor Tees alone, in dawning bright,
 Shall rush upon the ravished sight;
 But many a tributary stream
 Each from its own dark dell shall gleam;
 Staindrop, who, from her sylvan bowers,
 Salutes proud Raby's battled towers;
 The rural brook of Egliston,
 And Balder, named from Odin's son;
 And Greta, to whose banks ere long
 We lead the lovers of the song;
 And silver Lune, from Stanmore wild,
 And fairy Thorsgill's murmuring child,
 And last and least, but loveliest still,
 Romantic Deepdale's slender rill.

—O—

KING JAMES IV.

AN easy task it was, I trow,
 King James's manly form to know.
 Although, his courtesy to show,
 He doffed to Marmion bending low,

His brodered cap and plume.
 For royal was his garb and mien;
 His cloak, of crimson velvet piled,
 Trimmed with the fur of martin wild;
 His vest of changeful satin sheen,
 The dazzled eye beguiled;
 His gorgeous collar hung adown, [crown,
 Wrought with the badge of Scotland's
 The thistle brave, of old renown:
 His trusty blade, Toledo right,
 Descended from a baldric bright;
 White were his buskins, on the heel
 His spurs inlaid of gold and steel;
 His bonnet, all of crimson fair,
 Was buttoned with a ruby rare;
 And Marmion deemed he ne'er had seen
 A prince of such a noble mien.

The monarch's form was middle size;
 For feat of strength, or exercise,
 Shaped in porportion fair;
 And hazel was his eagle eye,
 And auburn of the darkest dye
 His short curled beard and hair.
 Light was his footstep in the dance,
 And firm his stirrup in the lists;
 And, oh! he had that merry glance
 That seldom lady's heart resists.
 Lightly from fair to fair he flew,
 And loved to plead, lament, and sue,
 Suit lightly won, and short-lived pain,
 For monarchs seldom sigh in vain.
 I said he joyed in banquet bower;
 But, 'mid his mirth, 'twas often strange,
 How suddenly his cheer would change,
 His look o'ercast and lower,
 If, in a sudden turn, he felt
 The pressure of his iron belt,
 That bound his breast in penance pain,
 In memory of his father slain.
 Even so 'twas strange how, evermore,
 Soon as the passing pang was o'er,
 Forward he rushed, with double glee,
 Into the stream of revelry:
 Thus, dim-seen object of affright
 Startles the courser in his flight,
 And half he halts, half springs aside;
 But feels the quickening spur applied,
 And, straining on the tightened rein,
 Scours doubly swift o'er hill and plain.

—O—

CHRISTMAS.

HEAP on more wood!—the wind is chill;
 But let it whistle as it will,
 We'll keep our Christmas merry still.

Each age has deemed the new-born year
 The fittest time for festal cheer:
 Even, heathen yet, the savage Dane
 At Iol more deep the mead did drain;
 High on the beach his galleys drew,
 And feasted all his pirate crew.
 Then in his low and pine-built hall,
 Where shields and axes decked the wall,
 They gorged upon the half-dressed steer,
 Caroused in seas of sable beer;
 While round, in brutal jest, were thrown
 The half-gnawed rib and marrow-bone;
 Or listened all, in grim delight,
 While Scalds yelled out the joys of fight.
 Then forth in frenzy would they hie,
 While wildly loose their red locks fly,
 And dancing round the blazing pile,
 They make such barbarous mirth the while
 As best might to the mind recall
 The boisterous joys of Odin's Hall.

And well our Christian sires of old
 Loved when the year its course had rolled,
 And brought blithe Christmas back again,
 With all his hospitable train.
 Domestic and religious rite
 Gave honour to the holy night;
 On Christmas Eve the bells were rung;
 On Christmas Eve the mass was sung:
 That only night in all the year
 Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
 The damsel donned her kirtle sheen;
 The hall was dressed with holly green;
 Forth to the wood did merry men go
 To gather in the mistletoe.
 Then opened wide the baron's hall
 To vassal, tenant, serf, and all;
 Power laid his rod of rule aside,
 And Ceremony doffed his pride.
 The heir, with roses in his shoes,
 That night might village partner choose;
 The lord, underogating, share
 The vulgar game of "post and pair." *
 All hailed with uncontrolled delight,
 And general voice, the happy night,
 That to the cottage, as the crown,
 Brought tidings of salvation down.

The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,
 Went roaring up the chimney wide;
 The huge hall table's oaken face,
 Scrubbed till it shone, the day to grace,
 Bore then upon its massive board
 No mark to part the squire and lord.
 Then was brought in the lusty brawn
 By old blue-coated serving-man;

* An old game at cards.

Then the grim boar's head frowned on high,
 Crested with bays and rosemary.
 Well can the green-garbed ranger tell
 How, when, and where the monster fell;
 What dogs before his death he tore,
 And all the baiting of the boar.
 The wassail round, in good brown bowls,
 Garnished with ribbons, blithely trowls.
 There the huge sirloin reeked; hard by
 Plum-porridge stood, and Christmas pie;
 Nor failed old Scotland to produce,
 At such high tide, her savoury goose.
 Then came the merry maskers in,
 And carols roared with blithesome din;
 If unmelodious was the song,
 It was a hearty note and strong.
 Who lists may in their mumming see
 Traces of ancient mystery;
 White shirts supplied the masquerade,
 And smutted cheeks the visors made;
 But oh, what maskers richly dight
 Can boast of bosoms half so light?
 England was merry England when
 Old Christmas brought his sports again.
 'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest
 ale;
 'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
 A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
 The poor man's heart through half the
 year.

Still linger, in our northern clime,
 Some remnants of the good old time;
 And still, within our valleys here,
 We hold the kindred title dear,
 Even when, perchance, its far-fetched claim
 To Southron ear sounds empty name;
 For course of blood, our proverbs deem,
 Is warmer than the mountain stream.
 And thus my Christmas still I hold
 Where my great grandsire came of old,
 With amber beard and flaxen hair,
 And reverend apostolic air—
 The feast and holy-tide to share,
 And mix sobriety with wine,
 And honest mirth with thoughts divine.
 Small thought was his in after-time
 E'er to be hitched into a rhyme.
 The simple sire could only boast
 That he was loyal to his cost;
 The banished race of kings revered,
 And lost his land,—but kept his beard.

In these dear halls, where welcome kind
 Is with fair liberty combined,
 Where cordial friendship gives the hand,
 And flies constraint the magic wand
 Of the fair dame that rules the land,

Little we heed the tempest drear,
While music, mirth, and social cheer
Speed on their wings the passing year.

—o—

THE BATTLE OF FLODDEN FIELD.

AND why stands Scotland idly now,
Dark Flodden, on thy airy brow,
Since England gains the pass the while,
And struggles through the deep defile?
What checks the fiery soul of James?
Why sits that champion of the dames
Inactive on his steed,
And sees, between him and his land,
Between him and Tweed's southern strand,
His host Lord Surrey lead?
What 'vails the vain knight-errant's brand?
—Oh, Douglas, for thy leading ward!
Fierce Randolph, for thy speed!
Oh for one hour of Wallace wight,
Or well-skilled Bruce, to rule the fight,
And cry—"Saint Andrew and our right!"
Another sight had seen that morn,
From Fate's dark book a leaf been torn,
And Flodden had been Bannockbourne!—
The precious hour has passed in vain,
And England's host has gained the plain;
Wheeling their march, and circling still
Around the base of Flodden hill.

Ere yet the bands met Marmion's eye,
Fitz-Eustace shouted loud and high,
"Hark! hark! my lord, an English drum!
And see ascending squadrons come

Between Tweed's river and the hill,
Foot, horse, and cannon:—hap what hap,
My basnet to a prentice cap,

Lord Surrey's o'er the Till.
Yet more! yet more!—how far arrayed
They file from out the hawthorn shade,
And sweep so gallant by;
With all their banners bravely spread,
And all their armour flashing high!
St. George might waken from the dead,
To see fair England's standards fly."—
"Stunt in thy prate," quoth Blount,

"thou'dst best,
And listen to our lord's behest."
With kindling brow Lord Marmion said,
"This instant be our band arrayed:
The river must be quickly crost,
That we may join Lord Surrey's host.
If fight King James,—as well I trust
That fight he will, and fight he must,—
The Lady Clare behind our lines
Shall tarry, while the battle joins."

Himself he swift on horseback threw,
Scarce to the Abbot bade adieu—
Far less would listen to his prayer
To leave behind the helpless Clare.
Down to the Tweed his hand he drew,
And muttered, as the flood they view,
"The pheasant in the falcon's claw
He scarce will yield to please a daw:
Lord Angus may the Abbot awe,
So Clare shall bide with me."
Then on that dangerous ford, and deep,
Where to the Tweed Leat's eddies creep,
He ventured desperately;
And not a moment will he bide
Till squire or groom before him ride;
Headmost of all he stems the tide,
And stems it gallantly.
Eustace held Clare upon her horse,
Old Hubert led her rein;
Stoutly they braved the current's course,
And, though far downward driven perforce,
The southern bank they gain;
Behind them, straggling, came to shore,
As best they might, the train:
Each o'er his head his yew bow bore,
A caution not in vain;—
Deep need that day that every string,
By wet unharmed, should sharply ring.
A moment then Lord Marmion stayed,
And breathed his steed, his men arrayed,
Then forward moved his band,
Until, Lord Surrey's rear-guard won,
He halted by a Cross of Stone
That, on a hillock standing lone,
Did all the field command.

Hence might they see the full array
Of either host for deadly fray: [west,
Their marshalled lines stretched east and
And fronted north and south,
And distant salutation passed
From the loud cannon mouth;
Not in the close successive rattle
That breathes the voice of modern battle,
But slow and far between.—
The hillock gained, Lord Marmion stayed:
"Here by this Cross," he gently said,
"You well may view the scene.
Here shalt thou tarry, lovely Clare:
Oh, think of Marmion in thy prayer!
Thou wilt not?—well, no less my care
Shall, watchful, for thy weal prepare.—
You, Blount and Eustace, are her guard,
With ten picked archers of my train;
With England if the day go hard,
To Berwick speed amain.
But if we conquer, cruel maid,
My spoils shall at your feet be laid

When here we meet again."
 He waited not for answer there,
 And would not mark the maid's despair,
 Nor heed the discontented look
 From either squire; but spurred amain,
 And, dashing through the battle plain,
 His way to Surrey took.

"——The good Lord Marmion, by my life!
 Welcome to danger's hour!

Short greeting serves in time of strife!

Thus have I ranged my power:

Myself will rule this central host,

Stout Stanley fronts their right,

My sons command the vaward post,

With Brian Tunstall, stainless knight;

Lord Dacre, with his horsemen light,

Shall be in rearward of the fight,

And succour those that need it most.

Now gallant Marmion, well I know,

Would gladly to the vanguard go:

Edmund, the Admiral, Tunstall there,

With thee their charge will blithely share;

There fight thine own retainers too

Beneath De Burg, thy steward true."

"Thanks, noble Surrey!" Marmion said,

Nor further greeting there he paid;

But, parting like a thunderbolt,

First in the vanguard made a halt,

Where such a shout there rose

Of "Marmion! Marmion!" that the cry,

Up Flodden mountain shrilling high,

Startled the Scottish foes.

Blount and Fitz-Eustace rested still

With Lady Clare upon the hill,

On which (for far the day was spent)

The western sunbeams now were bent.

The cry they heard, its meaning knew,

Could plain their distant comrades view.

Sadly to Blount did Eustace say,

"Unworthy office here to stay!

No hope of gilded spurs to-day.—

But see! look up—on Flodden bent

The Scottish foe has fired his tent."

And sudden, as he spoke,

From the sharp ridges of the hill,

All downward to the banks of Till,

Was wreathed in sable smoke.

Volumed and fast, and rolling far,

The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,

As down the hill they broke;

Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,

Announced their march; their tread alone,

At times one warning trumpet blown,

At times a stifled hum,

Told England, from his mountain-throne

King James did rushing come.—

Scarce could they hear or see their foes,

Until at weapon-point they close.—

They close, in clouds of smoke and dust,
 With sword-sway and with lance's thrust;

And such a yell was there,

Of sudden and portentous birth,

As if men fought upon the earth,

And fiends in upper air.

Oh! life and death were in the shout,

Recoil and rally, charge and rout,

And triumph and despair.

Long looked the anxious squires; their eye

Could in the darkness nought descry.

At length the freshening western blast

Aside the shroud of battle cast;

And, first, the ridge of mingled spears

Above the brightening cloud appears;

And in the smoke the pennons flew,

As in the storm the white sea-mew.

Then marked they, dashing broad and far,

The broken billows of the war,

And plumed crests of cheftains brave,

Floating like foam upon the wave;

But nought distinct they see:

Wide raged the battle on the plain;

Spears shook, and falchions flashed amain;

Fell England's arrow-flight like rain;

Crests rose, and stooped, and rose again,

Wild and disorderly.

Amid the scene of tumult, high

They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly;

And stainless Tunstall's banner white,

And Edmund Howard's lion bright,

Still bear them bravely in the fight;

Although against them come

Of gallant Gordons many a one,

And many a stubborn Highlandman,

And many a rugged Border clan,

With Huntly and with Home.

Far on the left, unseen the while,

Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle;

Though there the western mountaineer

Rushed with bare bosom on the spear,

And flung the feeble targe aside,

And with both hands the broadsword plied.

'Twas vain:—But Fortune, on the right,

With fickle smile cheered Scotland's fight.

Then fell that spotless banner white,

The Howard's lion fell;

Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew

With wavering flight, while fiercer grew

Around the battle-yell.

The Border slogan rent the sky:

A Home! a Gordon! was the cry:

Loud were the clanging blows: [high

Advanced,—forced back,—now low, now

The pennon sunk and rose;

As bends the bark's mast in the gale,
When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,
It wavered 'mid the foes.

No longer Blount the view could bear:

"By Heaven and all its saints I swear,
I will not see it lost!

Fitz-Eustace, you with Lady Clare
May bid your beads and patter prayer,—
I gallop to the host."

And to the fray he rode amain,
Followed by all the archer train.
The fiery youth, with desperate charge,
Made, for a space, an opening large,—

The rescued banner rose,—
But darkly closed the war around,
Like pine-tree rooted from the ground,
It sunk among the foes.

Then Eustace mounted too:—yet stayed
As loth to leave the helpless maid,

When, fast as shaft can fly,
Bloodshot his eyes, his nostrils spread,
The loose rein dangling from his head,
Housing and saddle bloody red,

Lord Marmion's steed rushed by;
And Eustace, maddening at the sight,
A look and sign to Clara cast

To mark he would return in haste,
Then plunged into the fight.

—o—

DEATH OF MARMION.

ASK me not what the maiden feels,
Left in that dreadful hour alone:

Perchance her reason stoops or reels;
Perchance a courage, not her own,

Braces her mind to desperate tone.—
The scattered van of England wheels:—

She only said, as loud in air
The tumult roared, "Is Wilton there?"

They fly, or, maddened by despair,
Fight but to die,—"Is Wilton there?"

With that, straight up the hill there rode
Two horsemen drenched with gore,

And in their arms, a helpless load,
A wounded knight they bore.

His hand still strained the broken brand;
His arms were smeared with blood and
sand.

Dragged from among the horses' feet,
With dinted shield and helmet beat,
The falcon-crest and plumage gone,—
Can that be haughty Marmion? . . .

Young Blount his armour did unlace,
And, gazing on his ghastly face,

Said, "By Saint George he's gone!
That spear-wound has our master sped,

And see the deep cut on his head.

Good night to Marmion!"—
"Unnurtured Blount! thy brawling cease:
He opes his eyes," said Eustace; "peace!"

When, doffed his casque, he felt free air,
Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare:

"Where's Harry Blount? Fitz-Eustace
where?

Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare?

Redeem my pennon,—charge again!

Cry, 'Marmion to the rescue!'—Vain:

Last of my race, on battle plain

That shout shall ne'er be heard again.

Yet my last thought is England's; fly—

To Dacre bear my signet-ring:

Tell him his squadrons up to bring.—

Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie;

Tunstall lies dead upon the field,

His life-blood stains the spotless shield;

Edmund is down—my life is rett;

The Admiral alone is left.

Let Stanley charge with spur of fire,—

With Chester charge, and Lancashire,

Full upon Scotland's central host,

Or victory and England's lost.—

Must I bid twice?—hence, varlets! fly!

Leave Marmion here alone—to die."

They parted, and alone he lay.

Clare drew her from the sight away,

Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,

And half he murmured, "Is there none,

Of all my halls have nurst,

Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring

Of blessed water from the spring

To slake my dying thirst?"

O Woman! in our hours of ease,

Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,

And variable as the shade

By the light quivering aspen made,

When pain and anguish wring the brow,

A ministering angel thou!—

Scarce were the piteous accents said,

When, with the Baron's casque, the maid

To the night streamlet ran.

Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears;

The plaintive voice alone she hears,

Sees but the dying man.

She stooped her by the runnel's side,

But in abhorrence backward drew,

For, oozing from the mountain's side,

Where raged the war, a dark-red tide

Was curdling in the streamlet blue.

Where shall she turn?—behold her mark

A little fountain cell,

Where water, clear as diamond spark,

In a stone basin fell.

Above, some half-worn letters say,
 Drink, wearp. pilgrim. drink. and. pray
 for. the. kind. soul. of. Sibyl. Grey.
 Who. built. this. cross. and. well.

She filled the helm, and back she hied,
 And with surprise and joy espied
 A monk supporting Marmion's head:
 A pious man, whom duty brought
 To dubious verge of battle fought,
 To shrive the dying, bless the dead.

Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,
 And, as she stooped his brow to lave—
 "Is it the hand of Clare?" he said,
 "Or injured Constance, bathes my head?"
 Then, as remembrance rose,—
 "Speak not to me of shrift or prayer!
 I must redress her woes.

Short space, few words, are mine to spare;
 Forgive and listen, gentle Clare."
 "Alas!" she said, "the while!
 Oh, think of your immortal weal!
 In vain for Constance is your zeal;
 She—died at Holy Isle."

Lord Marmion started from the ground,
 As light as if he felt no wound,
 Though in the action burst the tide
 In torrents from his wounded side.
 "Then it was truth," he said; "I knew
 That the dark presage must be true.—
 I would the Fiend, to whom belongs
 The vengeance due to all her wrongs,
 Would spare me but a day!

For wasting fire, and dying groan,
 And priests slain on the altar-stone,
 Might bribe him for delay.
 It may not be!—this dizzy trance—
 Curse on yon base marauder's lance,
 And doubly cursed my failing brand!
 A sinful heart makes feeble hand."
 Then, fainting, down on earth he sunk,
 Supported by the trembling monk.

With fruitless labour, Clara bound
 And strove to staunch the gushing wound:
 The monk, with unavailing cares,
 Exhausted all the Church's prayers.
 Ever he said, that, close and near,
 A lady's voice was in his ear,
 And that the priest he could not hear,

For that she ever sung,
*"In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,
 Where mingles war's rattle with groans
 So the notes rung;— [of the dying!]"*
 "Avoid'thee, Fiend!—with cruel hand
 Shake not the dying sinner's sand;—
 Oh, look, my son, upon yon sign
 Of the Redeemer's grace divine;

Oh, think on faith and bliss.
 By many a death-bed I have been,
 And many a sinner's parting seen,
 But never aught like this."
 The war, that for a space did fail,
 Now trebly thundering swelled the gale,
 And—STANLEY! was the cry.
 A light on Marmion's visage spread,
 And fired his glazing eye;
 With dying hand, above his head
 He shook the fragment of his blade,
 And shouted "Victory!—
 Charge, Chester, charge! on, Stanley, on!"
 Were the last words of Marmion.

—o—

CLOSE OF THE BATTLE.

By this, though deep the evening fell,
 Still rose the battle's deadly swell,
 For still the Scots, around their King,
 Unbroken, fought in desperate ring.
 Where's now their victor vaward wing,
 Where Huntly, and where Home?—
 Oh for a blast of that dread horn,
 On Fontarabian echoes borne,
 That to King Charles did come,
 When Rowland brave, and Olivier,
 And every paladin and peer,
 On Roncesvallès died!
 Such blast might warn them, not in vain,
 To quit the plunder of the slain,
 And turn the doubtful day again,
 While yet on Flodden side,
 Afar, the Royal Standard flies,
 And round it toils, and bleeds, and dies,
 Our Caledonian pride!
 In vain the wish—for far away,
 While spoil and havoc mark their way,
 Near Sibyl's Cross the plunderers stray.—
 "O lady," cried the monk, "away!"
 And placed her on her steed,
 And led her to the chapel fair
 Of Tillmouth upon Tweed.
 There all the night they spent in prayer,
 And at the dawn of morning, there
 She met her kinsman, Lord Fitz-Clare.

But as they left the dark'ning heath,
 More desperate grew the strife of death.
 The English shafts in volleys hailed,
 In headlong charge their horse assailed;
 Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep
 To break the Scottish circle deep,
 That fought around their King.
 But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,
 Though charging knights like whirlwinds
 go,

Though bill-men ply the ghastly blow,
 Unbroken was the ring;
 The stubborn spear-men still made good
 Their dark impenetrable wood,
 Each stepping where his comrade stood,
 The instant that he fell.
 No thought was there of dastard flight;
 Linked in the serried phalanx tight,
 Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
 As fearlessly and well;
 Till utter darkness closed her wing
 O'er their thin host and wounded King.
 Then skilful Surrey's sage commands
 Led back from strife his shattered bands;
 And from the charge they drew,
 As mountain-waves, from wasted lands,
 Sweep back to ocean blue.
 Then did their loss his foemen know;
 Their King, their lords, their mightiest low,
 They melted from the field as snow,
 When streams are swoln and south winds
 Dissolves in silent dew. [blow,
 Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,
 While many a broken band,
 Disordered, through her currents dash,
 To gain the Scottish land;
 To town and tower, to down and dale,
 To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
 And raise the universal wail.
 Tradition, legend, tune, and song
 Shall many an age that wail prolong;
 Sull from the sire the son shall hear
 Of the stern strife and carnage drear
 Of Flodden's fatal field,
 Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,
 And broken was her shield!

Day dawns upon the mountain's side:—
 There, Scotland, lay thy bravest pride,
 Chiefs, knights, and nobles, many a one:
 The sad survivors all are gone.—
 View not that corpse mistrustfully,
 Detached and mangled though it be;
 Nor to yon Border castle high
 Look northward with upbraiding eye;
 Nor cherish hope in vain,
 That, journeying far on foreign strand,
 The Royal Pilgrim to his land
 May yet return again.
 He saw the wreck his rashness wrought;
 Reckless of life, he desperate fought,
 And fell on Flodden plain;
 And well in death his trusty brand,
 Firm clenched within his manly hand,
 Beseeemed the monarch slain. [night!—
 Eut, oh! how changed since yon blithe
 Gladly I turn me from the sight.



EVENING IN THE TROSSACHS.

THE western waves of ebbing day
 Rolled o'er the glen their level way;
 Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
 Was bathed in floods of living fire.
 But not a setting beam could glow
 Within the dark ravines below,
 Where twined the path, in shadow hid,
 Round many a rocky pyramid,
 Shooting abruptly from the dell
 Its thunder-splintered pinnacle;
 Round many an insulated mass,
 The native bulwarks of the pass,
 Huge as the tower which builders vain
 Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain.
 The rocky summits, split and rent,
 Formed turret, dome, or battlement,
 Or seemed fantastically set
 With cupola or minaret,
 Wild crests as pagod ever decked,
 Or mosque of Eastern architect.
 Nor were these earth-born castles bare,
 Nor lacked they many a banner fair;
 For, from their shivered brows displayed,
 Far o'er th' unfathomable glade,
 All twinkling with the dewdrops sheen,
 The brier-rose fell in streamers green,
 And creeping shrubs of thousand dyes
 Waved in the west wind's summer sighs.

Boon nature scattered free and wild
 Each plant or flower, the mountain's child:
 Here eglantine embalmed the air,
 Hawthorn and hazel mingled there;
 The primrose pale, and violet flower,
 Found in each cliff a narrow bower;
 Foxglove and nightshade, side by side,
 Emblems of punishment and pride,
 Grouped their dark hues with every stain
 The weather-beaten crags retain.
 With boughs that quaked at every breath,
 Grey birch and aspen wept beneath;
 Aloft, the ash and warrior oak
 Cast anchor in the rifted rock;
 And, higher yet, the pine-tree hung
 His shattered trunk, and frequent flung,
 Where seemed the cliffs to meet on high,
 His boughs athwart the narrowed sky.
 Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,
 Where glistening streamers waved and
 danced,
 The wanderer's eye could barely view
 The summer heaven's delicious blue;
 So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
 The scenery of a fairy dream.

Onward, amid the copse 'gan peep
 A narrow inlet, still and deep,

Affording scarce such breadth of brim
As served the wild duck's brood to swim,
Lost for a space, through thickets veering,
But broader when again appearing,
Tall rocks and tufted knolls their face
Could on the dark blue mirror trace;
And farther as the hunter strayed,
Still broader sweeps its channels made.
The shaggy mounds no longer stood
Emerging from entangled wood,
But, wave-encircled, seemed to float
Like castle girdled with its moat;
Yet broader floods extending still
Divide them from their parent hill,
Till each, retiring, claims to be
An islet in an inland sea.

And now, to issue from the glen,
No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,
Unless he climb, with footing nice,
A far projecting precipice.
The broom's tough roots his ladder made,
The hazel saplings lent their aid,
And thus an airy point he won,
Where, gleaming with the setting sun,
One burnished sheet of living gold,
Loch Katrine lay, beneath him rolled,
In all her length far winding lay,
With promontory, creek, and bay,
And islands that, empurpled bright,
Floated amid the livelier light;
And mountains, that like giants stand
To sentinel enchanted land.

—o—

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

AND ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,
Of finer form or lovelier face!
What though the sun, with ardent frown,
Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown,—
The sportive toil, which, short and light,
Had dyed her glowing hue so bright,
Served too in hastier swell to show
Short glimpses of a breast of snow:
What though no rule of courtly grace
To measured mood had trained her pace,—
A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew;
E'en the slight harebell raised its head,
Elastic from her airy tread.
What though upon her speech there hung
The accents of the mountain tongue,—
Those silver sounds, so soft, so dear,
The listener held his breath to hear!

A Chieftain's daughter seemed the maid;
Her satin snood,* her silken plaid,
Her golden brooch, such birth betrayed.
And seldom was a snood amid
Such wild luxuriant ringlets hid,
Whose glossy black to shame might bring
The plumage of the raven's wing;
And seldom o'er a breast so fair
Mantled a plaid with modest care,
And never brooch the folds combined
Above a heart more good and kind.
Her kindness and her worth to spy,
You need but gaze on Ellen's eye:
Not Katrine, in her mirror blue,
Gives back the shaggy banks more true
Than every free-born glance confessed
The guileless movements of her breast;
Whether joy danced in her dark eye,
Or woe or pity claimed a sigh,
Or filial love was glowing there,
Or meek devotion poured a prayer,
Or tale of injury called forth
Th' indignant spirit of the North.
One only passion unrevealed,
With maiden pride the maid concealed,
Yet not less purely felt the flame;—
Oh, need I tell that passion's name?

—o—

BATTLE OF BEAL' AN DUINE.

"THE Minstrel came once more to view
The eastern ridge of Benvenue,
For, ere he parted, he would say
Farewell to lovely Loch Achray:
Where shall he find, in foreign land,
So lone a lake, so sweet a strand?
There is no breeze upon the fern,
Nor ripple on the lake;
Upon her eyry nods the erne,
The deer has sought the brake;
The small birds will not sing aloud,
The springing trout lies still,
So darkly glooms yon thunder-cloud,
That swathes, as with a purple shroud,
Benedi's distant hill.
Is it the thunder's solemn sound
That mutters deep and dread,
Or echoes from the groaning ground
The warriors' measured tread?
Is it the lightning's quivering glance
That on the thicket streams,
Or do they flash on spear and lance
The sun's retiring beams?
—I see the dagger-crest of Mar,
I see the Moray's silver star,

* *Snood*, the fillet worn round the hair of maidens.

Wave o'er the cloud of Saxon war
That up the lake comes winding far!
To hero bound for battle-strife,
Or bard of martial lay,
'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life,
One glance at their array.

"Their light-armed archers far and near
Surveyed the tangled ground,
Their centre ranks, with pike and spear,
A twilight forest frowned,
Their barbed horsemen in the rear
The stern battalia crowned.
No cymbal clashed, no clarion rang,
Still were the pipe and drum;
Save heavy tread and armour's clang,
The sullen march was dumb. [shake,
There breathed no wind their crests to
Or wave their flags abroad;
Scarce the frail aspen seemed to quake
That shadowed o'er their road.
Their vaward scouts no tidings bring,
Can rouse no lurking foe,
Nor spy a trace of living thing,
Save when they stirred the roe;
The host moves like a deep-sea wave,
Where rise no rocks its pride to brave,
High-swelling, dark, and slow.
The lake is passed, and now they gain
A narrow and a broken plain
Before the Trossach's rugged jaws;
And here the horse and spearmen pause,
While to explore the dangerous glen
Dive through the pass the archer-men.

"At once there rose so wild a yell
Within that dark and narrow dell,
As all the fiends from heaven that fell
Had pealed the banner-cry of hell.
Forth from the pass in tumult driven,
Like chaff before the wind of heaven,
The archery appear.
For life! for life! their plight they ply—
And shriek, and shout, and battle-cry,
And plaids and bonnets waving high,
And broadswords flashing to the sky,
Are maddening in the rear.
Onward they drive, in dreadful race,
Pursuers and pursued;
Before that tide of flight and chase,
How shall it keep its rooted place,
The spearmen's twilight wood?
'Down, down,' cried Mar, 'your lances
down!
Bear back, both friend and foe!
Like reeds before the tempest's frown,
That serried grove of lances brown
At once lay levelled low;

And closely shouldering side to side,
The bristling ranks the onset bide.
'We'll quell the savage mountaineer,
As their Tinchel* coves the game:
They come as fleet as forest deer,—
We'll drive them back as tame.'

"Bearing before them in their course
The relics of the archer force,
Like wave with crest of sparkling foam,
Right onward did Clan-Alpine come.
Above the tide, each broadsword bright
Was brandishing like beam of light,
Each target was dark below;
And with the ocean's mighty swing,
When heaving to the tempest's wing,
They hurled them on the foe.
I heard the lance's shivering crash,
As when the whirlwind rends the ash;
I heard the broadsword's deadly clang,
As if an hundred anvils rang!
But Moray wheeled his rearward rank
Of horsemen on Clan-Alpine's flank,
— 'My banner-man advance!
I see,' he cried, 'their column shake.—
Now, gallants! for your ladies' sake
Upon them with the lance!'
The horsemen dashed among the rout,
As deer break through the broom;
Their steeds are stout, their swords are
out,
They soon make lightsome room.
Clan-Alpine's best are backward borne—
Where, where was Roderick then?
One blast upon his bugle-horn
Were worth a thousand men.
And reflux through the pass of fear
The battle's tide was poured;
Vanished the Saxon's struggling spear,
Vanished the mountain sword.
As Bracklinn's chasm, so black and
steep,
Receives her roaring linn,
As the dark caverns of the deep
Suck the wild whirlpool in,
So did the deep and darksome pass
Devour the battle's mingled mass:
None linger now upon the plain,
Save those who ne'er shall fight again.

"Now westward rolls the battle's din,
That deep and doubling pass within,

* A circle of sportsmen, who, by surrounding a great space, and gradually narrowing, brought immense quantities of deer together, which usually made desperate efforts to break through the *Tinchel*.

—Minstrel, away ! the work of fate
Is bearing on : its issue wait,
Where the rude Trossach's dread defile
Opens on Katrine's lake and isle. —
Gray Benvenue I soon repassed,
Loch Katrine lay beneath me cast.

The sun is set ; the clouds are met,
The lowering scowl of heaven
An inky view of vivid blue

To the deep lake has given ;
Strange gusts of wind from mountain
glen

Swept o'er the lake, then sunk agen.
I heeded not the eddying surge,
Mine eye but saw the Trossach's gorge,
Mine ear but heard the sullen sound,
Which like an earthquake shook the ground,
And spoke the stern and desperate strife
That parts not but with parting life,
Seeming, to minstrel ear, to toll
The dirge of many a passing soul.
Nearer it comes—the dim-wood glen
The martial flood disgorged agen,

But not in mingled tide ;
The plaided warriors of the North
High on the mountain thunder forth,
And overhang its side ;
While by the lake below appears
The dark'ning cloud of Saxon spears.
At weary bay each shattered band,
Eyeing their foemen, sternly stand ;
Their banners stream like tattered sail,
That flings its fragments to the gale,
And broken arms and disarray
Marked the fell havoc of the day.

“Viewing the mountain's ridge askance,
The Saxon stood in sullen trance,
Till Moray pointed with his lance,
And cried, ‘Behold yon isle !—
See ! none are left to guard its strand,
But women weak, that wring the hand :
’Tis there of yore the robber band
Their booty wont to pile ;

My purse, with bonnet pieces store,
To him will swim a bow-shot o'er,
And loose a shallop from the shore.
Lightly we'll tame the war-wolf then,
Lords of his mate, and brood, and den.’
Forth from the ranks a spearman sprung,
On earth his casque and corslet rung,

He plunged him in the wave :—
All saw the deed—the purpose knew,
And to their clamours Benvenue

A mingled echo gave ;
The Saxons shout, their mate to cheer,
The helpless females scream for fear,
And yell for rage the mountaineer.

’Twas then, as by the outcry riven,
Poured down at once the lowering heaven,
A whirlwind swept Loch Katrine's breast ;
Her billows reared their snowy crest.
Well for the swimmer swelled they high,
To mar the Highland marksman's eye ;
Forround him showered, 'mid rain and hail,
The vengeful arrows of the Gael. —
In vain. He nears the isle—and lo !
His hand is on a shallop's bow.
Just then a flash of lightning came,
It tinged the waves and strand with flame !
I marked Duncraggan's widowed dame,
Behind an oak I saw her stand,
A naked dirk gleamed in her hand :
It darkened,—but amid the moan
Of waves, I heard a dying groan.
Another flash !—the spearman floats
A weltering corse beside the boats,
And the stern matron o'er him stood,
Her hand and dagger streaming blood.

“‘Revenge ! revenge !’ the Saxons cried,
The Gaels' exulting shout replied.
Despite the elemental rage,
Again they hurried to engage ;
But, ere they closed in desperate fight,
Bloody with spurring came a knight,
Sprung from his horse, and, from a crag,
Waved 'twixt the hosts a milk-white flag.
Clarion and trumpet by his side
Rung forth a truce-note high and wide,
While, in the monarch's name, afar
An herald's voice forbade the war,
For Bothwell's lord, and Roderick bold,
Were both, he said, in captive hold.”

—But here the lay made sudden stand !—
The harp escaped the Minstrel's hand !—
Oft had he stolen a glance, to spy
How Roderick brooked his minstrelsy :
At first, the Chieftain, to the chime
With lifted hand kept feeble time ;
That motion ceased,—yet feeling strong
Varied his look as changed the song ;
At length no more his deafened ear
The minstrel melody can bear ;
His face grows sharp,—his hands are
clenched,
As if some pang his heart-strings wrenched ;
Set are his teeth, his fading eye
Is sternly fixed on vacancy ;
Thus motionless and moanless, drew
His parting breath, stout Roderick Dhu ! —
Old Allan-Bane looked on aghast,
While grim and still his spirit passed ;
But when he saw that life was fled,
He poured his wailing o'er the dead.

LAMENT.

"And art thou cold and lowly laid,
Thy foeman's dread, thy people's aid,
Breadalbane's boast, Clan-Alpine's shade!
For thee shall none a requiem say?
For thee, who loved the minstrel's lay,
For thee, of Bothwell's house the stay,
The shelter of her exiled line,
E'en in this prison-house of thine,
I'll wail for Alpine's honoured Pine!

"What groans shall yonder valleys fill!
What shrieks of grief shall rend yon hill!
What tears of burning rage shall thrill,
When mourns thy tribe thy battles done,
Thy fall before the race was won,
The sword ungirt ere set of sun!
There breathes not clansman of thy line
But would have given his life for thine.—
Oh, woe for Alpine's honoured Pine!

"Sad was thy lot on mortal stage!—
The captive thrush may brook the cage,
The prisoned eagle dies for rage.
Brave spirit, do not scorn my strain!
And, when its notes awake again,
Even she, so long beloved in vain,
Shall with my harp her voice combine,
And mix her woe and tears with mine,
To wail Clan-Alpine's honoured Pine."

—:o:—

JOHN KEATS.

1795—1821.

A PICTURE.

"Places of nestling green for Poets made."—
Story of Rimini.

I stood tiptoe upon a little hill,
The air was cooling, and so very still,
That the sweet buds which with a modest
pride
Pull droopingly, in slanting curve, aside
Their scanty leaved and finely tapering
stems,
Had not yet lost those starry diadems
Caught from the early sobbing of the morn.
The clouds were pure and white as flocks
new shorn, [they slept
And fresh from the clear brook: sweetly
On the blue fields of heaven; and then there
crept
A little noiseless noise among the leaves,
Born of the very sigh that silence heaves;

For not the faintest motion could be seen
Of all the shades that slanted o'er the green.
There was wide wand'ring for the greediest
eye,

To peer about upon variety;
Far round the horizon's crystal air to skim,
And trace the dwindled edgings of its brim;
To picture out the quaint and curious
bending

Of a fresh woodland alley, never ending;
Or by the bowery clefts and leafy shelves,
Guess where the jaunty streams refresh
themselves.

I gazed awhile, and felt as light and free
As though the fanning wings of Mercury
Had played upon my heels: I was light-
hearted,

And many pleasures to my vision started;
So I straightway began to pluck a posy
Of luxuries bright, milky, soft, and rosy.

A bush of May flowers with the bees about
them; [them!

Ah, sure no tasteful nook would be without
And let a lush laburnum oversweep them,
And let long grass grow round the roots to
keep them [violets,

Moist, cool, and green; and shade the
That they may bind the moss in leafy nets.

A filbert hedge with wild-brier overtwin'd,
And clumps of woodbine taking the soft
wind [should be

Upon their summer thrones; there too
The frequent chequer of a youngling tree,
That with a score of light green brethren
shoots

From the quaint mossiness of aged roots;
Round which is heard a spring-head of clear
waters

Babbling so wildly of its lovely daughters,
The spreading bluebells: it may haply
mourn [torn

That such fair clusters should be rudely
From their fresh beds, and scattered
thoughtlessly

By infant hands, left on the path to die.

Open afresh your round of starry folds,
Ye ardent marigolds!

Dry up the moisture from your golden lids,
For great Apollo bids [sung

That in these days your praises should be
On many harps, which he has lately strung;
And when again your dewiness he kisses,
Tell him, I have you in my world of blisses;
So haply when I rove in some far vale,
His mighty voice may come upon the gale.

Here are sweet peas, on tiptoe for a flight,
With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate
white,
And taper fingers catching at all things,
To bind them all about with tiny rings.

—o—

THE STREAMLET.

LINGER awhile upon some bending planks,
That lean against a streamlet's rushy banks,
And watch intently Nature's gentle doings;
They will be found softer than ring-doves'
cooings. [bend!

How silent comes the water round that
Not the minutest whisper does it send
To the o'erhanging willows: blades of grass
Slowly across the chequered shadows pass.

Why, you might read two sonnets, ere they
reach [preach

To where the hurrying freshnesses aye
A natural sermon o'er their pebbly beds;
Where swarms of minnows show their little
heads, [streams,

Staying their wavy bodies 'gainst the
To taste the luxury of sunny beams

Tempered with coolness. How they ever
wrestle [nestle

With their own sweet delight, and ever
Their silver bellies on the pebbly sand!

If you but scantily hold out the hand,
That very instant not one will remain;

But turn your eye, and they are there again.
The ripples seem right glad to reach those
cresses, [tresses;

And cool themselves among the emerald
The while they cool themselves, they fresh-
ness give, [live;

And moisture, that the bowery green may
So keeping up an interchange of favours,

Like good men in the truth of their be-
haviours. [drop

Sometimes goldfinches one by one will
From low-hung branches; little space they
stop,

But sip, and twitter, and their feathers sleek;
Then off at once, as in a wanton freak;

Or perhaps, to show their black and golden
wings,

Pausing upon their yellow flutterings.
Were I in such a place, I sure should pray

That nought less sweet might call my
thoughts away

Than the soft rustle of a maiden's gown
Fanning away the dandelion's down;

Than the light music of her nimble toes
Pattering against the sorrel as she goes.

* * * *

PRIMROSES.

WHAT next? A tuft of evening primroses,
O'er which the mind may hover till it dozes;
O'er which it well might take a pleasant
sleep,

But that 'tis ever startled by the leap
Of buds into ripe flowers; or by the flitting
Of divers moths, that aye their rest are
quitting;

Or by the moon lifting her silver rim
Above a cloud, and with a gradual swim
Coming into the blue with all her light.
O maker of sweet poets, dear delight
Of this fair world, and all its gentle livers;
Spangler of clouds, halo of crystal rivers,
Mingler with leaves, and dew, and tumbling
streams,

Closer of lovely eyes to lovely dreams,
Lover of loneliness and wandering,
Of upcast eye, and tender pondering!

Thee must I praise above all other glories
That smile us on to tell delightful stories.

For what has made the sage or poet write
But the fair Paradise of Nature's light?

In the calm grandeur of a sober line
We see the waving of the mountain pine;

And when a tale is beautifully staid,
We feel the safety of a hawthorn glade;

When it is moving on luxurious wings,
The soul is lost in pleasant smotherings;

Fair dewy roses brush against our faces,
And flowering laurels spring from diamond
vases;

O'erhead we see the jasmine and sweetbrier,
And bloomy grapes laughing from green
attire; [bubbles.

While at our feet, the voice of crystal
Charms us at once away from all our
troubles;

So that we feel uplifted from the world,
Walking upon the white clouds wreathed
and curled.

—o—

NARCISSUS.

WHAT first inspired a bard of old to sing
Narcissus pining o'er the untainted spring?
In some delicious ramble, he had found

A little space, with boughs all woven round;
And in the midst of all, a clearer pool

Than e'er reflected in its pleasant cool
The blue sky, here and there serenely
peeping [creeping.

Through tendril wreaths fantastically
And on the bank a lonely flower he spied,

A meek and forlorn flower with nought
of pride,

Drooping its beauty o'er the watery clear-
ness

To woo its own sad image into nearness.
Deaf to light Zephyrus, it would not move;
But still would seem to droop, to pine, to
love.

So while the Poet stood in this sweet spot,
Some fainter gleamings o'er his fancy shot;
Nor was it long ere he had told the tale
Of young Narcissus, and sad Echo's bale.

—o—

SCENE IN A CHAMBER.

A CASEMENT high and triple arched there
was,

All garlanded with carven imageries
Of fruits and flowers, and bunches of knot-
grass,

And diamonded with panes of quaint device.
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
As are the tiger-moth's deep-damasked
wings; [ries,

And in the midst, 'mong thousand herald-
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
A shielded scutcheon blushed with blood
of queens and kings.

Full on this casement shone the wintry
moon, [breast,

And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair
As down she knelt for Heaven's grace and
boon; [prest,

Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory, like a saint:
She seemed a splendid angel, newly drest,
Save wings, for heaven:—Porphyro grew
faint: [mortal taint.

She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from

Anon his heart revives: her vespers done,
Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she frees;
Unclasps her warmed jewels one by one;
Loosens her fragrant bodice; by degrees
Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees;
Half-hidden, like a mermaid in seaweed,
Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees,
In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed, [is fled.
But dares not look behind, or all the charm

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,
In sort of wakeful swoon, perplexed she lay,
Until the poppied warmth of sleep oppressed
Her soothed limbs, and soul fatigued away;
Flown, like a thought, until the morn-
day;

Blissfully havened both from joy and pain;
Clasped like a missal where swart Paynims
pray;

Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As though a rose should shut, and be a
bud again.

Stolen to this Paradise, and so entranced,
Porphyro gazed upon her empty dress,
And listened to her breathing, if it chanced
To wake into a slumberous tenderness;
Which when he heard, that minute did he
bless,

[crept
And breathed himself; then from the closed
Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness;
And over the hushed carpet, silent, stept,
And 'tween the curtains peeped, where, lo!
how fast she slept.

Then by the bedside, where the faded moon
Made a dim silver twilight, soft he set
A table, and, half-anguished, threw thereon
A cloth of woven crimson, gold, and jet:—
Oh for some drowsy Morphean amulet!
The boisterous, midnight, festive clarion,
The kettle-drum, and far-heard clarionet,
Affray his ears, though but in dying tone:—
The hall door shuts again, and all the
noise is gone.

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,
In blanchèd linen, smooth, and lavendered,
While he from forth the closet brought a
heap [gourd;
Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and
With jellies soother than the creamy curd,
And lucent syrups, tinct with cinnamon;
Manna and dates, in argosy transferred
From Fez; and spiced dainties, every one,
From silken Samarcand to cedared Leba-
non.

[hand
These delicacies he heaped with glowing
On golden dishes and in baskets bright
Of wreathed silver: sumptuous they stand
In the retired quiet of the night,
Filling the chilly room with perfume light.
"And now, my love, my seraph fair, awake!
Thou art my heaven, and I thine eremite:
Open thine eyes, for meek St. Agnes' sake,
Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my soul
doth ache."

Thus whispering, his warm, unnerved arm
Sank in her pillow. Shaded was her dream
By the dusk curtains: 'twas a midnight
charm

Impossible to melt as icèd stream:

The lustrous salvers in the moonlight gleam;
Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies;
It seemed he never, never could redeem
From such a steadfast spell his lady's eyes,
So mused awhile, entoiied in woofed phantasies.

Awakening up, he took her hollow lute,—
Tumultuous, and, in chords that tenderest
be, [mute,
He played an ancient ditty, long since
In Provence called "La belle dame sans
mercy:"

Close to her ear touching the melody,
Wherewith disturbed, she uttered a soft
moan;

He ceased, she panted quick, and suddenly
Her blue affrayed eyes wide open shone:
Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-
sculptured stone.

—:O:—

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

1792—1822.

THE PINE FOREST.

We wandered to the pine forest
That skirts the ocean foam,
The lightest wind was in its nest,
The tempest in its home.
The whispering waves were half asleep,
The clouds were gone to play,
And on the bosom of the deep
The smile of heaven lay;
It seemed as if the hour were one
Sent from beyond the skies,
Which scattered from above the sun
A light of Paradise.

We paused amid the pines that stood
The giants of the waste,
Tortured by storms to shapes as rude
As serpents interlaced.
And soothed by every azure breath
That under heaven is blown,
To harmonies and hues beneath,
As tender as its own.
Now all the tree-tops lay asleep,
Like green waves on the sea,
As still as in the silent deep
The ocean woods may be.

How calm it was!—the silence there
By such a chain was bound,
That even the busy woodpecker
Made stiller by her sound

The inviolable quietness;
The breath of peace we drew
With its soft motion made not less
The calm that round us grew.
There seemed, from the remotest seat
Of the wide mountain waste,
To the soft flower beneath our feet
A magic circle traced:
A spirit interfused around,
A thrilling silent life,
To momentary peace it bound
Our mortal nature's strife;—
And still, I felt, the centre of
The magic circle there
Was one fair form, that filled with love
The lifeless atmosphere.

We paused beside the pools that lie
Under the forest bough,
Each seemed as 'twere a little sky
Gulfed in a world below:
A firmament of purple light,
Which in the dark earth lay,
More boundless than the depth of night,
And purer than the day—
In which the lovely forests grew,
As in the upper air,
More perfect both in shape and hue
Than any spreading there. [lawn,
There lay the glade and neighbouring
And through the dark green wood
The white sun twinkling like the dawn
Out of a speckled cloud.
Sweet views, which in our world above
Can never well be seen,
Were imaged by the water's love
Of that fair forest green.
And all was interfused beneath
With an Elysian glow,
An atmosphere without a breath,
A softer day below.
Like one beloved the scene had lent
To the dark water's breast
Its every leaf and lineament
With more than truth exprest,
Until an envious wind crept by,
Like an unwelcome thought,
Which from the mind's too faithful eye
Blots one dear image out.

—O—

THE RAVINE.

I REMEMBER
Two miles on this side of the fort, the road
Crosses a deep ravine; 'tis rough and
narrow,

And winds with short turns down the
precipice;

And in its depth there is a mighty rock,
Which has, from unimaginable years,
Sustained itself with terror and with toil
Over a gulf, and with the agony [down;
With which it clings seems slowly coming
Even as a wretched soul, hour after hour,
Clings to the mass of life; yet, clinging,
leans, [abyss

And, leaning, makes more dark the dread
In which it fears to fall. Beneath this crag,
Huge as despair, as if in weariness
The melancholy mountain yawns. Below
You hear, but see not, the impetuous
torrent

Raging among the caverns; and a bridge
Crosses the chasm; and high above these
grow,

With intersecting trunks, from crag to
crag, [tangled hair
Cedars, and yews, and pines, whose
Is matted in one solid roof of shade
By the dark ivy's twine. At noonday here
'Tis twilight, and at sunset blackest night.

—o—

THE FOREST AT NOONDAY.

THE noonday sun
Now shone upon the forest, one vast mass
Of mingling shade, whose brown magnifi-
cence [caves,
A narrow vale embosoms. There, huge
Scooped in the dark base of those æry rocks,
Mocking its moans, respond and roar for
ever.

The meeting boughs and implicated leaves
Wove twilight o'er the Poet's path, as led
By love, or dream, or god, or mightier
Death, [bank,

He sought in Nature's dearest haunt, some
Her cradle, and his sepulchre. More dark
And dark the shades accumulate—the oak,
Expanding its immeasurable arms,
Embraces the light beech. The pyramids
Of the tall cedar overarching, frame
Most solemn domes within, and far below,
Like clouds suspended in an emerald sky,
The ash and the acacia floating hang
Tremulous and pale. Like restless
serpents, clothed

In rainbow and in fire, the parasites,
Starred with ten thousand blossoms, flow
around

The grey trunks, and as gamesome infants'
eyes,

With gentle meanings and most innocent
wiles, [that love,

Fold their beams round the heart of those
These twine their tendrils with the wedded
boughs,

Uniting their close union; the woven leaves
Make network of the dark blue light of day,
And the night's noontide clearness, mutable
As shapes in the weird clouds. Soft mossy
lawns

Beneath these canopies extend their swells,
Fragrant with perfumed herbs, and eyed
with blooms

Minute yet beautiful. One darkest glen
Sends from its woods of musk-rose, twined
with jasmine,

A soul-dissolving odour, to invite
To some more lovely mystery. Through
the dell,

Silence and Twilight here, twin-sisters, keep
Their noonday watch, and sail among the
shades [a well,

Like vaporous shapes half seen; beyond,
Dark, gleaming, and of most translucent
wave,

Images all the woven boughs above,
And each depending leaf, and every speck
Of azure sky, darting between their chasms;
Nor aught else in the liquid mirror laves
Its portraiture, but some inconstant star
Between one foliated lattice twinkling fair,
Or painted bird, sleeping beneath the moon,
Or gorgeous insect floating motionless,
Unconscious of the day, ere yet his wings
Have spread their glories to the gaze of
noon.

—o—

A MOUNTAIN SCENE.

ON every side now rose
Rocks, which in unimaginable forms
Lifted their black and barren pinnacles
In the light of evening, and its precipice
Obscuring the ravine, disclosed above,
'Mid toppling stones, black gulfs, and
yawning caves, [tongues
Whose windings gave ten thousand various
To the loud stream. Lo! where the pass
expands

Its stony jaws, the abrupt mountain breaks,
And seems, with its accumulated crags,
To overhang the world: for wide expand
Beneath the wan stars and descending moon
Islanded seas, blue mountains, mighty
streams, [gloom

Dim tracts and vast, robed in the lustrous
Of leaden-coloured even, and fiery hills

Mingling their flames with twilight, on the verge

Of the remote horizon. The near scene,
In naked and severe simplicity,
Made contrast with the universe. A pine,
Rock-rooted, stretched athwart the vacancy
Its swinging boughs, to each inconstant blast

Yielding one only response at each pause,
In most familiar cadence, with the howl,
The thunder, and the hiss of homeless streams

Mingling its solemn song, whilst the broad
Foaming and hurrying o'er its rugged path,
Fell into that immeasurable void,
Scattering its waters to the passing winds.

Yet the grey precipice, and solemn pine,
And torrent, were not all: one silent nook
Was there. Even on the edge of that vast mountain,

Upheld by knotty roots and fallen rocks,
It overlooked in its serenity [stars,
The dark earth, and the bending vault of
It was a tranquil spot, that seemed to smile
Even in the lap of horror. Ivy clasped
The fissured stones with its entwining arms,
And did embower with leaves for ever green,
And berries dark, the smooth and even space

Of its inviolate floor; and here
The children of the autumnal whirlwind bore,

In wanton sport, those bright leaves, whose
Red, yellow, or ethereally pale,
Rival the pride of summer. 'Tis the haunt
Of every gentle wind, whose breath can teach

The wilds to love tranquillity.

—:O:—

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

1777—1844.

THE FALL OF POLAND.

O SACRED Truth! thy triumph ceased
awhile, [smile,
And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to
When leagued Oppression poured to Northern wars [hussars,
Her whiskered pandoors and her fierce
Waved her dread standard to the breeze
of morn, [trumpet horn;
Pealed her loud drum, and twanged her

Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man!

Warsaw's last champion from her height
surveyed,
Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid,—
"O Heaven!" he cried, "my bleeding
country save!—
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
Yet, though destruction sweep those lovely
plains,
Rise, fellow-men! our country yet remains!
By that dread name, we wave the sword on
high,
And swear for her to live—with her to die!"

He said, and on the rampart-heights
arrayed
His trusty warriors, few, but undismayed;
Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they
form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;
Low murmuring sounds along their banners
fly, [reply;
Revenge, or death,—the watch-word and
Then pealed the notes, omnipotent to
charm, [alarm!—
And the loud tocsin tolled their last

In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!
From rank to rank your volleyed thunder
flew:—

Oh, bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
Dropped from her nerveless grasp the
shattered spear, [career;—
Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high
Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shrieked—as Kosciusko
fell!

The sun went down, nor ceased the car-
nage there, [air:
Tumultuous murder shook the midnight
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin
glow, [below;
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far
The storm prevails, the rampart yields a
way,
Bursts the wide cry of horror and dismay!
Hark! as the smouldering piles with
thunder fall,
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call!
Earth shook—red meteors flashed along the
sky,
And conscious Nature shuddered at the cry!

O righteous Heaven! ere Freedom found
 a grave,
 Why slept the sword omnipotent to save?
 Where was thine arm, O Vengeance! where
 thy rod,
 That smote the foes of Zion and of God;
 That crushed proud Ammon, when his iron
 car [afar?
 Was yoked in wrath, and thundered from
 Where was the storm that slumbered till the
 host [bling coast;
 Of blood-stained Pharaoh left their trem-
 Then bade the deep in wild commotion flow,
 And heaved an ocean on their march below?

Departed spirits of the mighty dead!
 Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled!
 Friends of the world! restore your swords
 to man,
 Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van!
 Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
 And make her arm puissant as your own!
 Oh! once again to Freedom's cause return
 The patriot Tell—the Bruce of Bannock-
 burn!

Yes! thy proud lords, unpitied land!
 shall see [free!
 That man hath yet a soul—and dare be
 A little while, along thy saddening plains,
 The starless night of Desolation reigns;
 Truth shall restore the light by Nature
 given, [heaven!
 And, like Prometheus, bring the fire of
 Prone to the dust Oppression shall be
 hurled,
 Her name, her nature, withered from the
 world!

—:O:—

GEORGE GORDON LORD BYRON.

1788—1824.

THE MAN-OF-WAR.

From "*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*."

HE that has sailed upon the dark blue sea,
 Has viewed at times, I ween, a full fair
 sight;
 When the fresh breeze is fair as breeze may
 be,
 The white sails set, the gallant frigate tight,
 Masts, spires, and strand retiring to the
 right,
 The glorious main expanding o'er the bow,

The convoy spread like wild swans in their
 flight,
 The dullest sailer wearing bravely now,
 So gaily curl the waves before each dashing
 prow.

And oh, the little warlike world within!
 The well-reeved guns, the netted canopy,*
 The hoarse command, the busy humming
 din, [high:
 When, at a word, the tops are manned on
 Hark to the boatswain's call, the cheering
 cry, [tackle glides;
 While through the seaman's hand the
 Or schoolboy midshipman that, standing by,
 Strains his shrill pipe, as good or ill betides,
 And well the docile crew that skilful urchin
 [guides.

White is the glassy deck without a stain,
 Where on the watch the staid lieutenant
 walks:

Look on that part which sacred doth remain
 For the lone Chieftain, who majestic stalks
 Silent and feared by all: not oft he talks
 With aught beneath him, if he would pre-
 serve [balks
 That strict restraint, which, broken, ever
 Conquest and Fame; but Britons rarely
 swerve [strength to nerve.
 From law, however stern, which tends their

Blow, swiftly blow, thou keel-compelling
 gale, [ray;
 Till the broad sun withdraws his lessening
 Then must the pennant-bearer slacken sail,
 That lagging barks may make their lazy way,
 Ah! grievance sore, and listless dull delay,
 To waste on sluggish hulks the sweetest
 breeze! [day,
 What leagues are lost before the dawn of
 Thus loitering pensive on the willing seas,
 The flapping sail hauled down to halt for
 logs like these!

The moon is up; by Heaven, a lovely eve!
 Long streams of light o'er dancing waves
 expand; [believe;
 Now lads on shore may sigh, and maids
 Such be our fate when we return to land!
 Meantime some rude Arion's restless hand
 Wakes the brisk harmony that sailors love:
 A circle there of merry listeners stand,
 Or to some well-known measure featly move
 Thoughtless, as if on shore they still were
 free to rove.

* * * * *

* To prevent blocks or splinters from falling on
 deck during action.

'Tis night, when Meditation bids us feel
We have once loved, though love is at an end:

The heart, lone mourner of its baffled zeal,
Though friendless now, will dream it had a friend.

Who with the weight of years would wish
When Youth itself survives young Love and joy?

Alas! when mingling souls forget to blend,
Death hath but little left him to destroy!
Ah, happy years! once more who would not be a boy?

Thus bending o'er the vessel's laving side,
To gaze on Dian's wave-reflected sphere,
The soul forgets her schemes of Hope and Pride,

And flies unconscious o'er each backward year,
None are so desolate but something dear,
Dearer than self, possesses or possessed
A thought, and claims the homage of a tear;
A flashing pang! of which the weary breast
Would still, albeit in vain, the heavy heart divest.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,

And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,

With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
Alone o'er steep and foaming falls to lean:
This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold
Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores unrolled.

But, 'midst the crowd, the hum, the shock [of men,
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
And roam along, the world's tired denizen,
With none who bless us, none whom we can bless;
Minions of splendour shrinking from dis- [tress!
None that, with kindred consciousness endued,

If we were not, would seem to smile the less
Of all that flattered, followed, sought, and sued:

This is to be alone; this, this is solitude!



MOONLIGHT.

THE moon is up, and yet it is not night;
Sunset divides the sky with her: a sea

Of glory streams along the Alpine height
Of blue Friuli's mountains; heaven is free
From clouds, but of all colours seems to be
Melted to one vast iris of the west,
Where the Day joins the past Eternity;
While, on the other hand, meek Dian's crest
Floats through the azure air—an island of [the blest!

A single Star is at her side, and reigns
With her o'er half the lovely heaven; but still
Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains
Rolled o'er the peak of the far Rhoetian hill,
As Day and Night contending were, until
Nature reclaimed her order; gently flows
The deep-dyed Brenta, where their hues instil

The odorous purple of a new-born rose,
Which streams upon her stream and glassed within it glows.

Filled with the face of heaven, which from afar

Comes down upon the waters; all its hues,
From the rich sunset to the rising star,
Their magical variety diffuse.

And now they change; a paler shadow strews

Its mantle o'er the mountains; parting day
Dies like a dolphin, whom each pang imbues

With a new colour as it gasps away—
The last still loveliest; till—'tis gone—and all is gay.



LAKE LEMAN.

It is the hush of night, and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,

Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
Save darkened Jura, whose capped heights appear

Precipitously steep; and drawing near,
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,

Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more;

He is an evening reveller, who makes
His life an infancy, and sings his fill.
At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
There seems a floating whisper on the hill,
But that is fancy, for the starlight dews

All silently their tears of love instil,
Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her
hues.

Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven,
If in your bright leaves we would read the
fate

Of men and empires,—'tis to be forgiven
That in our aspirations to be great,
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
A beauty and a mystery, and create
In us such love and reverence from afar,
That fortune, fame, power, life have named
themselves a star.

All heaven and earth are still—though not
in sleep, [most;
But breathless, as we grow when feeling
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too
deep:— [high host
All heaven and earth are still: from the
Of stars, to the lulled lake and mountain
coast,

All is concentrated in a life intense,
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
But hath a part of being, and a sense
Of that which is of all Creator and defence.

Then stirs the feeling infinite, so felt
In solitude, where we are *least* alone;
A truth, which through our being then doth
melt.

And purifies from self: it is a tone,
The soul and source of music, which makes
known

Eternal harmony, and sheds a charm,
Like to the fabled Cytherea's zone,
Binding all things with beauty;—'twould
disarm

The spectre Death, had he substantial
power to harm.

Not vainly did the early Persian make
His altar the high places, and the peak
Of earth—o'ergazing mountains, and thus
take

A fit and unvalled temple, there to seek
The Spirit, in whose honour shrines are
weak, [compare

Upream of human hands. Come, and
Columns and idol-dwellings, Goth or Greek,
With Nature's realms of worship, earth and
air, [thy prayer!

Nor fix on fond abodes to circumscribe

AN ALPINE STORM.

THE sky is changed!—and such a change!
O night, [strong,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags
among, [lone cloud,
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one
But every mountain now hath found a
tongue; [shroud,
And Jura answers, through her misty
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her
aloud!

And this is in the night:—Most glorious
night!

Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight—
A portion of the tempest and of thee!
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the
earth! [glee
And now again 'tis black,—and now, the
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain
mirth, [quake's birth.
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earth—

Now, where the swift Rhone cleaves his
way between [parted

Heights which appear as lovers who have
In hate, whose mining depths so intervene,
That they can meet no more, though
broken-hearted;

Though in their souls, which thus each
other thwarted,

Love was the very root of the fond rage
Which blighted their life's bloom, and
then departed;

Itself expired, but leaving them an age
Of years all winters—war within themselves
to rage.

Now, where the quick Rhone thus hath
cleft his way, [stand;

The mightiest of the storms hath ta'en his
For here, not one, but many make their
play,

And fling their thunderbolts from hand to
hand,

Flashing and cast around: of all the band,
The brightest through these parted hills
hath forked

His lightnings, as if he did understand
That in such gaps as desolation worked,
There the hot shaft should blast whatever
therein lurked.

Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, light-
nings! ye, [a soul
With night, and clouds, and thunder, and
To make these felt and feeling, well may be
Things that have made me watchful; the
far roll

Of your departing voices is the knoll
Of what in me is sleepless,—if I rest.
But where of ye, O tempests! is the goal?
Are ye like those within the human breast?
Or do ye find at length, like eagles, some
high nest?

Could I embody and unbosom now
That which is most within me,—could I
wreak, [throw
My thoughts upon expression, and thus
Soul, heart, mind, passions, feelings, strong
or weak,—

All that I would have sought, and all I seek,
Bear, know, feel, and yet breathe—into one
word, [speak;
And that one word were Lightning, I would
But as it is, I live and die unheard,
With a most voiceless thought, sheathing
it as a sword.

The morn is up again, the dewy morn,
With breath all incense, and with cheek
all bloom, [scorn,
Laughing the clouds away with playful
And living as if earth contained no tomb,
And glowing into day: we may resume
The march of our existence: and thus I,
Still on thy shores, fair Leman! may find
room
And food for meditation, nor pass by
Much that may give us pause, if pondered
fittingly.

—o—

GREECE.

From "*The Giaour*."

HE who hath bent him o'er the dead
Ere the first day of death is fled,
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress
(Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers),
And marked the mild angelic air—
The rapture of repose that's there—
The fixed yet tender traits that streak
The languor of the placid cheek,
And—but for that sad shrouded eye,

That fires not, wins not, weeps not now—
And but for that chill, changeless brow,
Where cold Obstruction's apathy

Appals the gazing mourner's heart,
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon—
Yes, but for these and these alone,
Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,
He still might doubt the tyrant's power,
So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,
The first, last look by death revealed!
Such is the aspect of this shore—
'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start—for soul is wanting there.
Hers is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath;
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb—
Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded halo hovering round decay,
The farewell beam of Feeling passed away!
Spark of that flame—perchance of heavenly
birth— [cherished earth!
Which gleams, but warms no more its

Clime of the unforgotten brave!
Whose land from plain to mountain cave
Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave—
Shrine of the mighty! can it be
That this is all remains of thee?
Approach, thou craven crouching slave.
Say, is not this Thermopylæ?
These waters blue that round you lave,
O servile offspring of the free—
Pronounce what sea, what shore is this?
The gulf, the rock of Salamis!
These scenes, their story not unknown,
Arise, and make again your own;
Snatch from the ashes of your sires
The embers of their former fires;
And he who in the strife expires
Will add to theirs a name of fear,
That Tyranny shall quake to hear,
And leave his sons a hope, a fame,
They too will rather die than shame:
For Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.
Bear witness, Greece, thy living page!
Attest it many a deathless age!
While kings in dusky darkness hid,
Have left a nameless pyramid,
Thy heroes—though the general doom
Hath swept the column from their tomb—
A mightier monument command,
The mountains of their native land!
There points thy Muse to stranger's eye
The graves of those that cannot die!
'Twere long to tell, and sad to trace,
Each step from splendour to disgrace.

Enough—no foreign foe could quell
 Thy soul, till from itself it fell.
 Yes! self-abasement paved the way
 To villain-bonds and despot sway.
 What can he tell who treads thy shore?
 No legend of thine olden time,
 No theme on which the Muse might soar
 High as thine own in days of yore,
 When man was worthy of thy clime.
 The hearts within thy valleys bred,
 The fiery souls that might have led
 Thy sons to deeds sublime,
 Now crawl from cradle to the grave,
 Slaves—nay, the bondsmen of a slave,
 And callous, save to crime;
 Stained with each evil that pollutes
 Mankind where least above the brutes;
 Without even savage virtue blest,
 Without one free or valiant breast.
 Still to the neighbouring ports they waft
 Proverbial wiles and ancient craft;
 In this the subtle Greek is found,
 For this, and this alone, renowned.
 In vain might Liberty invoke
 The spirit to its bondage broke,
 Or raise the neck that courts the yoke.

—o—

THE HELLESPONT.

THE winds are high on Helle's wave,
 As on that night of stormy water,
 When Love, who sent, forgot to save
 The young, the beautiful, the brave,
 The lonely hope of Sestos' daughter.
 Oh! when alone along the sky
 Her turret-torch was blazing high,
 Though rising gale, and breaking foam,
 And shrieking sea-birds warned him home,
 And clouds aloft and tides below,
 With signs and sounds forbade to go,
 He could not see, he would not hear,
 Or sound or sign foreboding fear;
 His eye but saw the light of love,
 The only star it hailed above;
 His ear but rang with Hero's song,
 "Ye waves, divide not lovers long!"—
 That tale is old, but love anew
 May nerve young hearts to prove as true.

The winds are high, and Helle's tide
 Rolls darkly heaving to the main;
 And Night's descending shadows hide
 The field with blood bedewed in vain,
 The desert of old Priam's pride;
 The tombs, sole relics of his reign,

All—save immortal dreams that could be-
 guile
 The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle!

Oh! yet—for there my steps have been;
 These feet have pressed the sacred shore,
 These limbs that buoyant wave hath borne—
 Minstrel, with thee, to muse, to mourn,
 To trace again those fields of yore,
 Believing every hillock green
 Contains no fabled hero's ashes,
 And that around the undoubted scene
 Thine own "broad Hellespont" still
 dashes,
 Be long my lot! and cold were he
 Who there could gaze denying thee!

The night hath closed on Helle's stream,
 Nor yet hath risen on Ida's hill
 That moon, which shone on his high theme,
 No warrior chides her peaceful beam,
 But conscious shepherds bless it still.
 Their flocks are grazing on the mound
 Of him who felt the Dardan's arrow;
 That mighty heap of gathered ground
 Which Ammon's son ran proudly round,
 By nations raised, by monarchs crowned,
 Is now a lone and nameless barrow!
 Within—thy dwelling-place how narrow!
 Without—can only strangers breathe
 The name of him that *was* beneath;
 Dust long outlasts the storied stone;
 But thou—thy very dust is gone!

—o—

DEATH OF ZULEIKA.

By Helle's stream there is a voice of wail!
 And woman's eye is wet—man's cheek is
 pale!
 Zuleika! last of Giaffir's race,
 Thy destined lord is come too late;
 He sees not—ne'er shall see—thy face!
 Can he not hear
 The loud Wul-wulleh warn his distant ear?
 Thy handmaids weeping at the gate,
 The Koran-chanters of the hymn of fate,
 The silent slaves with folded arms that
 wait,
 Sighs in the hall, and shrieks upon the gale,
 Tell him thy tale!
 Thou didst not view thy Selim fall;
 That fearful moment when he left the cave
 Thy heart grew chill:
 He was thy hope—thy joy—thy love—thyne
 all— [not save
 And that last thought on him thou couldst

Sufficed to kill; [still.
Burst forth in one wild cry—and all was
Peace to thy broken heart and virgin
grave!

Ah, happy! but of life to lose the worst!
That grief—though deep—though fatal—
was thy first!

Thrice happy! ne'er to feel nor fear the force
Of absence, shame, pride, hate, revenge,
remorse;

And, oh! that pang where more than mad-
ness lies, [dies!

The worm that will not sleep, and never
Thought of the gloomy day and ghastly
night, [the light,

That dreads the darkness and yet loathes
That winds around and tears the quivering
heart, [part?

Ah! wherefore not consume it—and de-
Woe to thee, rash and unrelenting chief!

Vainly thou heap'st the dust upon thy
head, [spread;

Vainly the sackcloth o'er thy limbs doth
By that same hand Abdallah—Selim—
bled.

Now let it tear thy beard in idle grief;
Thy pride of heart, thy bride for Osman's
bed,

She, whom thy Sultan had but seen to wed,
Thy daughter's dead! [beam,

Hope of thine age, thy twilight's lonely
The star hath set that shone on Helle's
stream.

What quenched its ray?—the blood that
thou hast shed!

Hark! to the hurried question of Despair;
"Where is my child?"—an Echo answers
"Where?"

Within the place of thousand tombs

That shine beneath, while dark above
The sad but living cypress glooms,
And withers not, though branch and leaf
Are stamped with an eternal grief,

Like early unrequited love,

One spot exists, which ever blooms,
Even in that deadly grove—

A single rose is shedding there
Its lonely lustre, meek and pale;

It looks as planted by Despair—
So white—so faint—the slightest gale

Might whirl the leaves on high;

And yet, though storms and blight assail,
And hands more rude than wintry sky

May wring it from the stem—in vain—
To-morrow sees it bloom again!

The stalk some spirit gently rears,
And waters with celestial tears;

For well may maids of Helle deem
That this can be no earthly flower,
Which mocks the tempest's withering hour,
And buds unsheltered by a bower;

Nor droops, though spring refuse her
Nor woos the summer beam; [shower,
To it the livelong night there sings

A bird unseen—but not remote:

Invisible his airy wings,

But soft as harp that Houri strings

His long entrancing note.

It were the Bulbul; but his throat,

Though mournful, pours not such a
strain,

For they who listen cannot leave

The spot, but linger there and grieve,

As if they loved in vain.

And yet so sweet the tears they shed,

'Tis sorrow so unmixed with dread,

They scarce can bear the morn to break

That melancholy spell,

And longer yet would weep and wake,

He sings so wild and well;

But when the day-blush bursts from high,

Expires that magic melody.

And some have been who could believe

(So fondly youthful dreams deceive,

Yet harsh be they that blame).

That note so piercing and profound

Will shape and syllable its sound

Into Zuleika's name.

'Tis from her cypress' summit heard,

That melts in air the liquid word;

'Tis from her lowly virgin earth

That white rose takes its tender birth.

There late was laid a marble stone;

Eve saw it placed—the Morrow, gone!

It was no mortal arm that bore

That deep-fixed pillar to the shore;

For there, as Helle's legends tell,

Next morn 'twas found where Selim fell,

Lashed by the tumbling tide, whose wave

Denied his bones a holier grave;

And there by night, reclined, 'tis said,

Is seen a ghastly turbaned head;

And hence extended by the billow,

'Tis named the "Pirate Phantom's Pillow."

Where first it lay, that mourning flower

Hath flourished, flourisheth this hour,

Alone and dewy, coldly pure and pale,

As weeping Beauty's cheek at Sorrow's
tale.



EVENING.

SLOW sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,
Along Morea's hills the setting sun;

Not, as in northern climes, obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light!
O'er the hushed deep the yellow beam he
throws, [glows,

Gilds the green wave, that trembles as it
On old Ægina's rock, and Idra's isle,
The god of gladness sheds his parting smile,
O'er his own regions lingering, loves to
shine,

Though there his altars are no more divine.
Descending fast, the mountain shadows kiss
Thy glorious gulf, unconquered Salamis!
Their azure arches through the long expanse
More deeply purpled meet his mellowing
glance, [driven,
And tenderest tints, along their summits
Mark his gay course, and own the hues of
heaven;

Till, darkly shaded from the land and deep,
Behind his Delphian cliff he sinks to sleep.

On such an eve, his palest beam he cast,
When, Athens! here thy Wisest looked his
last. [ray,

How watched thy better sons his farewell
That closed their murdered sage's latest
day!

Not yet—not yet—Sol pauses on the hill—
The precious hour of parting lingers still;
But sad his light to agonizing eyes,
And dark the mountain's once delightful
dyes: [pour,

Gloom o'er the lovely land he seemed to
The land where Phœbus never frowned
before;

But ere he sank below Cithæron's head,
The cup of woe was quaffed—the spirit fled;
The soul of him who scorned to fear or fly,
Who lived and died as none can live or die!

But lo! from high Hymettus to the plain,
The queen of night asserts her silent reign.
No murky vapour, herald of the storm,
Hides her fair face, nor girds her glowing
form;

With cornice glimmering as the moonbeams
play,

There the white column greets her grateful
ray, [beset,

And, bright around with quivering beams
Her emblem sparkles o'er the minaret:
The groves of olive scattered dark and wide
Where meek Cephissus pours his scanty tide,
The cypress saddening by the sacred
mosque,

The gleaming turret of the gay kiosk,
And, dun and sombre 'mid the holy calm,
Near Theseus' fane yon solitary palm,

All tinged with varied hues, arrest the eye—
And dull were his that passed them heedless
by.

Again the Ægean, heard no more afar,
Lulls his chafed breast from elemental war;
Again his waves in milder tints unfold
Their long array of sapphire and of gold,
Mixed with the shades of many a distant
isle,

That frown—where gentler ocean seems
to smile.

[to thee?
Not now my theme—why turn my thoughts
Oh! who can look along thy native sea,
Nor dwell upon thy name, whate'er the tale,
So much its magic must o'er all prevail?
Who that beheld that sun upon thee set,
Fair Athens! could thine evening face
forget? [frees,

Not he whose heart nor time nor distance
Spell-bound within the clustering Cyclades.
Nor seems this homage foreign to his strain,
—His Corsair's isle was once thine own
domain—

Would that with freedom it were thine
again!

—o—

CORINTH.

MANY a vanished year and age,
And tempest's breath, and battle's rage,
Have swept o'er Corinth; yet she stands
A fortress formed to Freedom's hands.
The whirlwind's wrath, the earthquake's
shock,

Have left untouched her hoary rock,
The keystone of a land which still,
Though fall'n, looks proudly on that hill,
The landmark to the double tide
That purpling rolls on either side,
As if their waters chafed to meet,
Yet pause and crouch beneath her feet.
But could the blood before her shed
Since first Timoleon's brother bled,
Or baffled Persia's despot fled,
Arise from out the earth, which drank
The stream of slaughter as it sank,
That sanguine ocean would o'erflow
Her isthmus idly spread below;
Or could the bones of all the slain
Who perished there, be piled again,
That rival pyramid would rise
More mountain-like through these clear
skies,

Than yon tower-capped Acropolis,
Which seems the very clouds to kiss.

THE ISLES OF GREECE.

THE isles of Greece! The isles of Greece!

Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung;
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian Muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse;
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo farther west
'Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be free;
For, standing on the Persian's grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations; all were his!
He counted them at break of day,
And when the sun set where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,
My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now—
The heroic bosom beats no more.
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
Though linked among a fettered race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?
Must *we* but blush?—Our fathers bled.
Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead;
Of the Three Hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ!

What, silent still? and silent all?
Ah, no: the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, "Let one living head,
But one, arise—we come, we come!"
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain, in vain: strike other chords;
Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call,
How answers each bold Bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet;
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave—
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
We will not think of themes like these;
It made Anacreon's song divine:
He served, but served Polycrates—
A tyrant; but our masters then
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend;
That tyrant was Miltiades.
Oh that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind!
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
On Suli's rock and Parga's shore
Exists the remnant of a line,
Such as the Doric mothers bore;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
They have a king who buys and sells:
In native swords and native ranks
The only hope of courage dwells;
But Turkish force and Latin fraud
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
Our virgins dance beneath the shade,
I see their glorious black eyes shine;
But, gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep:
There, swan-like, let me sing and die;
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

WATERLOO.

STOP! for thy tread is on an Empire's dust!
 An Earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below.
 Is the spot marked with no colossal bust?
 Nor column trophied for triumphal show?
 None; but the moral's truth tells simplerso,
 As the ground was before, thus let it be;—
 How that red rain hath made the harvest
 grow!
 And is this all the world has gained by thee,
 Thou first and last of fields! king-making
 Victory?

And Harold stands upon this place of [skulls,
 The grave of France, the deadly Waterloo!
 How in an hour the power which gave
 annuls
 Its gifts, transferring fame as fleeting too.
 In "pride of place" here last the eagle flew,
 Then tore with bloody talon the rent plain,
 Pierced by the shaft of banded nations
 through;
 Ambition's life and labours all were vain;
 He wears the shattered links of the world's
 broken chain.

Fit retribution! Gaul may champ the bit,
 And foam in fetters, but is Earth more free?
 Did nations combat to make *One* submit,
 Or league to teach all kings true sove-
 reignty?

What! shall reviving thralldom again be
 The patched-up idol of enlightened days?
 Shall we, who struck the Lion down, shall
 we [gaze
 Pay the Wolf homage? proffering lowly
 And servile knees to thrones? No; *prove*
 before ye praise.

If not, o'er one fall'n despot boast no more.
 In vain fair cheeks were furrowed with hot
 tears
 For Europe's flowers long rooted up before
 The trampler of her vineyards; in vain
 years
 Of death, depopulation, bondage, fears,
 Have all been borne, and broken by the
 accord [dears
 Of roused-up millions: all that most en-
 glory is when the myrtle wreathes a sword
 Such as Harmodius drew on Athens' tyrant
 lord.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
 And Belgium's capital had gathered then
 Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave
 men;

A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake
 again,
 And all went merry as a marriage bell;
 But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like
 a rising knell.

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street.
 On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
 No sleep till morn, when Youth and Plea-
 sure meet [feet.
 To chase the glowing Hours with flying
 But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in
 once more,
 As if the clouds its echoes would repeat;
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before.
 Arm, arm! it is—it is—the cannon's open-
 ing roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
 Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
 That sound, the first amidst the festival,
 And caught its tone with Death's prophetic
 ear; [it near,
 And when they smiled because he deemed
 His heart more truly knew that peal too well
 Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
 And roused the vengeance blood alone
 could quell: [fighting, fell.
 He rushed into the field, and, foremost

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and
 fro, [distress,
 And gathering tears, and tremblings of
 And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
 Blushed at the praise of their own loveli-
 ness; [press
 And there were sudden partings, such as
 The life from out young hearts, and choking
 sighs [guess
 Which ne'er might be repeated: who would
 If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
 Since upon night so sweet such awful morn
 could rise?

[steed,
 And there was mounting in hot haste: the
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering
 car, [speed
 Went pouring forward with impetuous
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
 And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
 And near, the beat of the alarming drum
 Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
 While thronged the citizens with terror
 dumb, [They come, they come!"
 Or whispering, with white lips, "The foe!

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering"
 ing" rose, [hills
 The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's
 Have heard, and heard, too, have her
 Saxon foes: [thrills
 How in the noon of night that pibroch
 Savage and shrill! But with the breath
 which fills
 Their mountain pipe, so fill the moun-
 taineers

With the fierce native daring which instils
 The stirring memory of a thousand years,
 And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each
 clansman's ears.

And Ardennes waves above them her green
 leaves, [pass,
 Dewy with Nature's tear-drops, as they
 Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
 Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
 Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
 Which now beneath them, but above shall
 grow

In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
 Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
 And burning with high hope, shall moulder
 cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
 Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
 The midnight brought the signal-sound of
 strife, [day
 The morn the marshalling in arms,—the
 Battle's magnificently stern array!
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which
 when rent
 The earth is covered thick with other clay,
 Which her own clay shall cover, heaped
 and pent, [red burial blent!
 Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one

Their praise is hymned by loftier harps
 than mine; [throng,
 Yet one I would select from that proud
 Partly because they blend me with his line,
 And partly that I did his sire some wrong,
 And partly that bright names will hallow
 song; [showered
 And his was of the bravest, and when
 The death-bolts deadliest the thinned files
 along, [lowered,
 Even where the thickest of war's tempest
 They reached no nobler breast than thine,
 young, gallant Howard!

There have been tears and breaking hearts
 for thee,
 And mine were nothing, had I such to give;

But when I stood beneath the fresh green
 tree, [to live,
 Which living waves where thou didst cease
 And saw around me the wide field revive
 With fruits and fertile promise, and the
 Spring
 Come forth her work of gladness to contrive,
 With all her reckless birds upon the wing,
 I turned from all she brought to those she
 could not bring.

I turned to thee, to thousands, of whom
 each
 And one as all a ghastly gap did make
 In his own kind and kindred, whom to teach
 Forgetfulness were mercy for their sake;
 The Archangel's trump, not glory's, must
 awake [sound of fame
 Those whom they thirst for: though the
 May for a moment soothe, it cannot slake
 The fever of vain longing, and the name
 So honoured, but assumes a stronger, bit-
 terer claim.

They mourn, but smile at length; and,
 smiling, mourn:
 The tree will wither long before it fall;
 The hull drives on, though mast and sail
 be torn; [hall
 The roof-tree sinks, but moulders on the
 In massy hoariness; the ruined wall
 Stands when its wind-worn battlements are
 gone;
 The bars survive the captive they enthrall;
 The day drags through, though storms
 keep out the sun; [ly live on:
 And thus the heart will break, yet broken-

Even as a broken mirror, which the glass
 In every fragment multiplies; and makes
 A thousand images of one that was,
 The same, and still the more, the more it
 breaks; [sakes,
 And thus the heart will do which not for-
 Living in shattered guise, and still, and cold,
 And bloodless, with its sleepless sorrow
 aches,
 Yet withers on till all without is old,
 Showing no visible sign, for such things are
 untold.

There is a very life in our despair,
 Vitality of poison,—a quick root [were
 Which feeds these deadly branches; for it
 As nothing did we die; but life will suit
 Itself to Sorrow's most detested fruit,
 Like to the apples on the Dead Sea's shore.
 All ashes to the taste. Did man compute

Existence by enjoyment, and count o'er
Such hours 'gainst years of life,—say, would
he name threescore?

The Psalmist numbered out the years of
man;

They are enough; and if thy tale be *true*,
Thou, who didst grudge him even that
fleeting span,

More than enough, thou fatal Waterloo!
Millions of tongues record thee, and anew
Their children's lips shall echo them, and
say, [drew,

"Here, where the sword united nations
Our countrymen were warring on that day!"
And this is much, and all which will not
pass away.

—o—

THE OCEAN.

ON that the Desert were my dwelling-place,
With one fair Spirit for my minister,
That I might all forget the human race,
And hating no one, love but only her!
Ye Elements!—in whose ennobling stir
I feel myself exalted—can ye not
Accord me such a being? Do I err
In deeming such inhabit many a spot?
Though with them to converse can rarely
be our lot.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar!
I love not man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all
conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—
roll!

Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery
plain [main

The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth re-
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling
groan, [and unknown.

Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined,

His steps are not upon thy paths—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him—thou dost arise

And shake him from thee; the vile strength
he wields

Forearth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And sendest him, shivering in thy playful
spray

And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth;—there
let him lay.

[walls

The armaments which thunderstrike the
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take

Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which
mar [Trafalgar.

Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of

Thy shores are empires, changed in all
save thee— [they?

Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are
Thy waters wasted them while they were free
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts; not so thou:
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play,
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure
brow— [lest now.

Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rol-

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's
form

Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or
storm,

Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving;—boundless, endless, and
sublime—

The image of eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each
zone [fathomless, alone.

Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread,

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers; they to me
Were a delight; and, if the freshening sea
Made them a terror, 'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee.
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I
do here,

My task is done, my song hath ceased, my theme
 Has died into an echo ; it is fit
 The spell should break of this protracted dream. [lit
 The torch shall be extinguished which hath
 My midnight lamp—and what is writ, is writ ;
 Would it were worthier. But I am not now
 That which I have been, and my visions flit
 Less palpably before me, and the glow
 Which in my spirit dwelt is fluttering, faint,
 and low.

Farewell ! a word that must be, and hath
 been, [well !
 A sound which makes us linger ; yet, fare-
 Ye, who have traced the Pilgrim to the scene
 Which is his last, if in your memories dwell
 A thought which once was his, if on ye swell
 A single recollection, not in vain
 He wore his sandal shoon and scallop-shell ;
 Farewell ! with *him* alone may rest the pain,
 If such there were—with *you*, the moral
 of his strain.

—:O:—

THOMAS MOORE.

1779—1852.

NIGHT OVER THE PERSIAN
GULF.

'Tis moonlight over Oman's Sea ;
 Her banks of pearl and palmy isles
 Bask in the night-beam beautifully,
 And her blue waters sleep in smiles.
 'Tis moonlight in Harmozia's walls,
 And through her Emir's porphyry halls,
 Where, some hours since, was heard the
 swell
 Of trumpet and the clash of zel,
 Bidding the bright-eyed sun farewell ;—
 The peaceful sun, whom better suits
 The music of the bulbul's nest,
 Or the light touch of lovers' lutes,
 To sing him to his golden rest !
 All hushed—there's not a breeze in motion ;
 The shore is silent as the ocean.
 If zephyrs come, so light they come,
 Nor leaf is stirred nor wave is driven ;—
 The wind-tower on the Emir's dome
 Can hardly win a breath from heaven.

—O—

THE CALM.

HOW CALM, how beautiful comes on
 The stilly hour, when storms are gone ;
 When warring winds have died away,
 And clouds, beneath the glancing ray,
 Melt off, and leave the land and sea
 Sleeping in bright tranquillity,
 Fresh as if day again were born,
 Again upon the lap of Morn !
 When the light blossoms, rudely torn
 And scattered at the whirlwind's will,
 Hang floating in the pure air still,
 Filling it all with precious balm,
 In gratitude for this sweet calm ;
 And every drop the thunder-showers
 Have left upon the grass and flowers
 Sparkles, as 'twere the lightning gem
 Whose liquid flame is born of them ;
 When, 'stead of one unchanging breeze,
 There blow a thousand gentle airs,
 And each a different perfume bears,—
 As if the loveliest plants and trees
 Had vassal breezes of their own
 To watch and wait on them alone,
 And waft no other breath than theirs ;
 When the blue waters rise and fall,
 In sleepy sunshine mantling all,
 And e'en that swell the tempest leaves
 Is like the full and silent heavens
 Of lovers' hearts, when newly blest,
 Too newly to be quite at rest.

—O—

CASHMERE.

Who has not heard of the Vale of Cashmere,
 With its roses the brightest that earth
 ever gave, [clear
 Its temples, and grottos, and fountains as
 As the love-lighted eyes that hang over
 their wave !
 Oh ! to see it at sunset,—when warm o'er
 the Lake [throws,
 Its splendour at parting a summer eve
 Like a bride, full of blushes, when ling'ring
 to take [goes !—
 A last look of her mirror at night ere she
 When the shrines through the foliage are
 gleaming half shown, [of its own.
 And each hallows the hour by some rites
 Here the music of prayer from a minaret
 swells,
 Here the Magian his urn full of perfume
 is swinging,

And here, at the altar, a zone of sweet bells
Round the waist of some fair Indian
dancer is ringing. [shines

Or to see it by moonlight, —when mellowly
The light o'er its palaces, gardens, and
shrines; [fall of stars,

When the waterfalls gleam like a quick
And the nightingale's hymn from the Isle
of Chenars

Is broken by laughs and light echoes of feet
From the cool shining walks where the
young people meet. — [awakes

Or at morn, when the magic of daylight
A new wonder each minute, as slowly it
breaks, [one

Hills, cupolas, fountains, called forth every
Out of darkness, as they were just born of
the sun. — [dawn,

When the Spirit of Fragrance is up with the
From his haram of night flowers stealing
away;

And the wind, full of wantonness, woos
like a lover

The young aspen-trees till they tremble all
over. — [first hopes,

When the east is as warm as the light of
And Day, with his banner of radiance
unfurled, [that opens

Shines in through the mountainous portal.
Sublime from that valley of bliss to the
world!

—:o:—

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

1771—1854.

NIGHT IN THE TROPICS.

NIGHT, silent, cool, transparent, crowned
the day,

The sky receded farther into space,
The stars came lower down to meet the eye,
Till the whole hemisphere, alive with light,
Trembled from east to west with one con-
scent.

The constellations round the Arctic pole,
That never set to us, here scarcely rose,
But in their stead Orion through the north
Pursued the Pleiades; Sirius with his keen
Quick scintillations in the zenith reigned.
The South unveiled its glories; there the
Wolf

With eyes of lightning watched the Cen-
taur's spear;

Through the clear hyaline the Ship of
Heaven

Came sailing from eternity; the Dove
On silver pinions winged her peaceful way.
There at the footstool of Jehovah's throne
The Altar, kindled from His presence,
blazed.

There too, all else excelling, meekly shone
The Cross, the symbol of redeeming love.
The heavens declared the glory of the
LORD,

The firmament displayed His handiwork.

—o—

"MAKE WAY FOR LIBERTY."

"MAKE way for Liberty!" he cried:
Made way for Liberty, and died!

In arms the Austrian phalanx stood,
A living wall, a human wood!
A wall, where every conscious stone
Seemed to its kindred thousands grown;
A rampart all assaults to bear,
Till Time to dust their frames should wear;
A wood, like that enchanted grove,
In which with fiends Rinaldo strove,
Where every silent tree possessed
A spirit prisoned in its breast,
Which the first stroke of coming strife
Would startle into hideous life:
So dense, so still the Austrians stood,
A living wall, a human wood!
Impregnable, their front appears
All horrent with projected spears,
Whose polished points before them shine,
From flank to flank, one brilliant line,
Bright as the breakers' splendours run
Along the billows to the sun.

Opposed to these, a hovering band
Contended for their native land;
Peasants, whose new-found strength had
broke

From manly necks the ignoble yoke,
And forged their fetters into swords,
On equal terms to fight their lords;
And what insurgent rage had gained,
In many a mortal fray maintained:
Marshalled once more at Freedom's call,
They came to conquer or to fall,
Where he who conquered, he who fell,
Was deemed a dead or living Tell.
Such virtue had that patriot breathed,
So to the soil his soul bequeathed,
That whereso'er his arrows flew,
Heroes in his own likeness grew,
And warriors sprang from every sod
Which his awakening footstep trod.

And now the work of life and death
Hung on the passing of a breath;

The fire of conflict burned within,
 The battle trembled to begin:
 Yet while the Austrians held their ground,
 Point for attack was nowhere found;
 Where'er the impatient Switzers gazed,
 The unbroken line of lances blazed;
 That line 'twere suicide to meet,
 And perish at their tyrants' feet;—
 How could they rest within their graves,
 And leave their homes the homes of slaves?
 Would they not feel their children tread
 With clanking chains above their head?

It must not be: this day, this hour
 Annihilates the oppressor's power;
 All Switzerland is in the field,
 She will not fly, she cannot yield,—
 She must not fall; her better fate
 Here gives her an immortal date.
 Few were the numbers she could boast,
 But every freeman was a host,
 And felt as though himself were he
 On whose sole arm hung victory.

It did depend on *one* indeed;
 Behold him—Arnold Winkelried!
 There sounds not to the trump of fame
 The echo of a nobler name.
 Unmarked he stood amid the throng,
 In rumination deep and long,
 Till you might see with sudden grace
 The very thought come o'er his face,
 And by the motion of his form
 Anticipate the bursting storm,
 And by the uplifting of his brow
 Tell where the bolt would strike, and how.

But, 'twas no sooner thought than done;
 The field was in a moment won.
 "Make way for Liberty!" he cried,
 Then ran, with arms extended wide,
 As if his dearest friend to clasp;
 Ten spears he swept within his grasp:
 "Make way for Liberty!" he cried,
 Their keen points met from side to side;
 He bowed amongst them like a tree,
 And thus made way for Liberty.

Swift to the breach his comrades fly;
 "Make way for Liberty!" they cry,
 And through the Austrian phalanx dart,
 As rushed the spears through Arnold's
 heart;

While instantaneous as his fall,
 Rout, ruin, panic, scattered all:
 An earthquake could not overthrow
 A city with a surer blow.

Thus Switzerland again was free;
 Thus Death made way for Liberty!

REGINALD HEBER.

1783—1826.

PALESTINE.

REFT of thy sons, amid thy foes forlorn,
 Mourn, widowed queen, forgotten Sion,
 mourn!

Is this thy place, sad city, this thy throne,
 Where the wild desert rears its craggy
 stone, [fling,

While suns unblessed their angry lustre
 And wayworn pilgrims seek the scanty
 spring?— [envy viewed?

Where now thy pomp, which kings with
 Where now thy might, which all those kings
 subdued?

No martial myriads muster in thy gate;
 No suppliant nations in thy Temple wait;
 No prophet bards, thy glittering courts
 among, [song;

Wake the full lyre and swell the tide of
 But lawless force and meagre want are
 there,

And the quick-darting eye of restless fear,
 While cold oblivion, mid thy ruins laid,
 Folds his dank wing beneath the ivy shade.

* * * * *
 O happy once in Heaven's peculiar love,
 Delight of men below, and saints above!
 Though, Salem, now the spoiler's ruffian
 hand [land;

Has loosed his hell-hounds o'er thy wasted
 Though weak, and whelmed beneath the
 storms of fate,

Thy house is left unto thee desolate;
 Though thy proud stones in cumbrous
 ruin fall, [wall;

And seas of sand o'ertop thy mouldering
 Yet shall the Muse to fancy's ardent view
 Each shadowy trace of faded pomp renew;
 And as the seer on Pisgah's topmost brow
 With glistening eye beheld the plain below,
 With prescient ardour drank the scented
 gale, [hail,

And bade the opening glades of Canaan
 Her eagle eye shall scan the prospect wild,
 From Carmel's cliffs to Almotana's tide;
 The flinty waste, the cedar-tufted hill,
 The liquid health of smooth Ardeni's rill,
 The groat, where, by the watch-fire's evening
 blaze,

The robber riots or the hermit prays;
 Or where the tempest rives the hoary stone,
 The wintry top of giant Lebanon.

FELICIA HEMANS.

1793—1835.

IVAN THE CZAR.

HE sat in silence on the ground,
The old and haughty Czar,
Lonely, though princes girt him round,
And leaders of the war;
He had cast his jewelled sabre,
That many a field had won,
To the earth beside his youthful dead—
His fair and first-born son.

With a robe of ermine for its bed
Was laid that form of clay,
Where the light a stormy sunset shed
Through the rich tent made way,
And a sad and solemn beauty
On the pallid face came down,
Which the lord of nations mutely watched,
In the dust, with his renown.

Low tones at last, of woe and fear,
From his full bosom broke;
A mournful thing it was to hear
How then the proud man spoke.
The voice that through the combat
Had shouted far and high,
Came forth in strange, dull, hollow tones,
Burdened with agony.

"There is no crimson on thy cheek,
And on thy lip no breath;
I call thee, and thou dost not speak:
They tell me this is death!
And fearful things are whispering
That I the deed have done!
For the honour of thy father's name,
Look up, look up, my son!

(mien;

"Well might I know death's hue and
But on *thine* aspect, boy,
What, till this moment, have I seen
Save pride and tameless joy?
Swiftest thou wert to battle,
And bravest there of all:
How could I think a warrior's frame
Thus like a flower should fall?

"I will not bear that still cold look—
Rise up, thou fierce and free!
Wake as the storm wakes! I will brook
All, save this calm, from thee.
Lift brightly up, and proudly,
Once more thy kindling eyes:
Hath my word lost its power on earth?
I say to thee, arise!

"Didst thou not know I loved thee well?
Thou didst not! and art gone,
In bitterness of soul, to dwell
Where man must dwell alone.
Come back, young fiery spirit!
If but one hour, to learn
The secrets of the folded heart,
That seemed to thee so stern.

"Thou wert the first, the first fair child
That in mine arms I pressed;
Thou wert the bright one that hast smiled
Like summer on my breast.
I reared thee as an eagle,
To the chase thy steps I led,
I bore thee on my battle-horse,—
I look upon thee—dead!

"Lay down my warlike banners here,
Never again to wave,
And bury my red sword and spear,
Chiefs, in my first-born's grave;
And leave me!—I have conquered,
I have slain—my work is done!
Whom have I slain? Ye answer not;
Thou too art mute, my son!"

And thus his wild lament was poured
Through the dark resounding night,
And the battle knew no more his sword,
Nor the foaming steed his might.
He heard strange voices moaning
In every wind that sighed;
From the searching stars of heaven he
shrank—
Humbly the conqueror died.

——:O:——

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

1770—1850.

A NIGHT PIECE.

THE sky is overcast
With a continuous cloud of texture close,
Heavy and wan, all whitened by the moon,
Which through that veil is indistinctly seen,
A dull contracted circle, yielding light
So feebly spread, that not a shadow falls,
Chequering the ground, from rock, plant,
tree, or tower.
At length a pleasant instantaneous gleam
Startles the pensive traveller while he treads
His lonesome path, with unobserving eye
Bent earthwards: he looks up—the clouds
are split

Asunder,—and above his head he sees
The clear moon, and the glory of the
heavens;

There in a black-blue vault she sails along,
Followed by multitudes of stars, that, small
And sharp and bright, along the dark abyss
Drive as she drives:—how fast they wheel
away,

Yet vanish not!—the wind is in the tree,
But they are silent;—still they roll along,
Immeasurably distant; and the vault,
Built round by those white clouds, enormous clouds,

Still deepens its unfathomable depth.
At length the vision closes; and the mind,
Not undisturbed by the delight it feels,
Which slowly settles into peaceful calm,
Is left to muse upon the solemn scene.

—o—

WATER-FOWL.

“Let me be allowed the aid of verse to describe
the evolutions which these visitants sometimes
perform, on a fine day towards the close of winter.”
—*Extract from the Author's Book on the Lakes.*

MARK how the feathered tenants of the
flood, [seem
With grace of motion that might scarcely
Inferior to angelical, prolong
Their curious pastime! shaping in mid-air
(And sometimes with ambitious wing that
soars

High as the level of the mountain-tops)
A circuit ampler than the lake beneath,
Their own domain; but ever, while intent
On tracing and retracing that large round,
Their jubilant activity evolves
Hundreds of curves and circles, to and fro,
Upward and downward, progress intricate
Yet unperplexed, as if one spirit swayed
Their indefatigable flight.—’Tis done—
Ten times, or more, I fancied it had ceased;
But lo! the vanished company again
Ascending;—they approach—I hear their
wings [sound,

Faint, faint at first; and then an eager
Past in a moment—and as faint again!
They tempt the sun to sport amid their
plumes;

They tempt the water, or the gleaming ice,
To show them a fair image;—’tis themselves, [plain,

Their own fair forms, upon the glimmering
Painted more soft and fair as they descend
Almost to touch; then up again aloft,

Up with a sally and a flash of speed,
As if they scorned both resting-place and
rest!

—o—

YEW-TREES.

THERE is a yew-tree, pride of Lorton Vale,
Which to this day stands single, in the midst
Of its own darkness, as it stood of yore,
Not loth to furnish weapons for the bands
Of Umfraville or Percy ere they marched
To Scotland's heaths; or those that crossed
the sea

And drew their sounding bows at Azincour,
Perhaps at earlier Crecy or Poitiers.

Of vast circumference and gloom profound
This solitary tree!—a living thing
Produced too slowly ever to decay;

Of form and aspect too magnificent
To be destroyed. But worthier still of note
Are those fraternal four of Borrowdale,

Joined in one solemn and capacious grove;
Huge trunks!—and each particular trunk a
Of intertwined fibres serpentine [growth

Up-coiling, and invet'rately convolved,—
Nor uninformed with phantasy, and looks
That threaten the profane;—a pillared

shade, [hue,
Upon whose grassless floor of red-brown
By sheddings from the pining umbrage

tinged
Perennially—beneath whose sable roof
Of boughs, as if for festal purpose decked
With unrejoicing berries, ghostly shapes

May meet at noontide—Fear and trembling
Hope,

Silence and Foresight—Death the Skeleton,
And Time the Shadow,—there to celebrate,
As in a natural temple scattered o'er

With altars undisturbed of mossy stone,
United worship; or in mute repose
To lie, and listen to the mountain flood

Murmuring from Glaramara's inmost caves.

—o—

NUTTING.

It seems a day
(I speak of one from many singled out)
One of those heavenly days which cannot
die;

When, in the eagerness of boyish hope,
I left our cottage threshold, sallying forth
With a huge wallet o'er my shoulder slung,
A nutting-crook in hand, and turned my
steps

Towards the distant woods, a figure quaint,
Tricked out in proud disguise of cast-off
weeds

Which for that service had been husbanded,
By exhortation of my frugal dame.

Motley accoutrements, of power to smile
At thorns, and brakes, and brambles,—and
in truth, [woods

More ragged than need was. Among the
And o'er the pathless rocks I forced my way,
Until, at length, I came to one dear nook
Unvisited, where not a broken bough
Drooped with its withered leaves, un-
gracious sign

Of devastation, but the hazels rose
Tall and erect, with milk-white clusters
hung:

A virgin scene! A little while I stood,
Breathing with such suppression of the
heart

As joy delights in; and with wise restraint
Voluptuous, fearless of a rival, eyed
The banquet,—or beneath the trees I sate
Among the flowers, and with the flowers I
played;

A temper known to those who, after long
And weary expectation, have been blest
With sudden happiness beyond all hope.
Perhaps it was a bower beneath whose
leaves

The violets of five seasons reappear
And fade, unseen by any human eye;
Where fairy water-breaks do murmur on
For ever,—and I saw the sparkling foam,
And with my cheek on one of those green
stones [trees

That, fleeced with moss, beneath the shady
Lay round me, scattered like a flock of
sheep, [sound,

I heard the murmur and the murmuring
In that sweet mood when pleasure loves to
pay

Tribute to ease; and, of its joy secure,
The heart luxuriates with indifferent things,
Wasting its kindness on stocks and stones
And on the vacant air. Then up I rose,
And dragged to earth both branch and
bough, with crash

And merciless ravage; and the shady nook
Of hazels, and the green and mossy bower,
Deformed and sullied, patiently gave up
Their quiet being; and, unless I now
Confound my present feelings with the past,
Even then, when from the bower I turned
away

Exulting, rich beyond the wealth of kings,
I felt a sense of pain when I beheld
The silent trees and the intruding sky.—

Then, dearest maiden, move along these
shades

In gentleness of heart; with gentle hand
Touch—for there is a spirit in the woods.

—o—

A PERFECT WOMAN.

SHE was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament.
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
Like twilight's too her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and
[smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller betwixt life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill,
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.

—o—

THE MOUNTAIN ASH.

THE mountain ash
No eye can overlook, when 'mid a grove
Of yet unfaded trees she lifts her head
Decked with autumnal berries, that out-
shine [have marked
Spring's richest blossoms; and ye may
By a brook-side or solitary tarn,
How she her station doth adorn:—the pool
Glow's at her feet; and all the gloomy rocks
Are brightened round her.

—o—

THE SEVEN SISTERS;
OR, THE SOLITUDE OF BINNORIE.

SEVEN daughters had Lord Archibald,
All children of one mother :
I could not say in one short day
What love they bore each other.
A garland of seven lilies wrought !
Seven sisters that together dwell ;
But he, bold knight as ever fought,
Their father, took of them no thought,
He loved the wars so well.
Sing, mournfully, oh ! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie !

Fresh blows the wind, a western wind,
And from the shores of Erin,
Across the wave, a rover brave
To Binnorie is steering :
Right onward to the Scottish strand
The gallant ship is borne ;
The warriors leap upon the land,
And hark ! the leader of the band
Hath blown his bugle-horn.
Sing, mournfully, oh ! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie !

Beside a grotto of their own,
With boughs above them closing,
The seven are laid, and in the shade
They lie like fawns reposing.
But now, upstarting with affright
At noise of man and steed,
Away they fly to left, to right—
Of your fair household, father knight,
Methinks you take small heed !
Sing, mournfully, oh ! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie !

Away the seven fair Campbells fly,
And, over hill and hollow,
With menace proud and insult loud,
The youthful rovers follow.
Cried they, " Your father loves to roam :
Enough for him to find
The empty house when he comes home ;
For us your yellow ringlets comb,
For us be fair and kind !"
Sing mournfully, oh ! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie !

Some close behind, some side by side,
Like clouds in stormy weather,
They run, and cry, " Nay, let us die,
And let us die together."
A lake was near ; the shore was steep ;
There never foot had been ;

They ran, and with a desperate leap
Together plunged into the deep,
Nor ever more were seen.
Sing, mournfully, oh ! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie !

The stream that flows out of the lake,
As through the glen it rambles,
Repeats a moan o'er moss and stone,
For those seven lovely Campbells.
Seven little islands, green and bare,
Have risen from out the deep ;
The fishers say those sisters fair
By fairies are all buried there,
And there together sleep.
Sing, mournfully, oh ! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie !

—:O:—

JOHN WILSON.
(CHRISTOPHER NORTH.)
1785—1854.

NIGHT AT SEA.

It is the midnight hour:—the beauteous
Sea, [discloses,
Calm as the cloudless heaven, the heaven
While many a sparkling star, in quiet glee,
Far down within the watery sky reposes.
As if the Ocean's heart were stirred
With inward life, a sound is heard,
Like that of dreamer murmuring in his
sleep ;
'Tis partly the billow, and partly the air,
That lies like a garment floating fair
Above the happy Deep.
The Sea, I ween, cannot be fanned
By evening freshness from the land,
For the land it is far away.
But God hath willed that the sky-born breeze
In the centre of the loneliest seas
Should ever sport and play.
The mighty moon she sits above,
Encircled with a zone of love,
A zone of dim and tender light
That makes her wakeful eye more bright ;
She seems to shine with a sunny ray,
And the night looks like a mellowed day.
The gracious mistress of the main
Hath now an undisturbed reign,
And from her silent throne looks down,
As upon children of her own,
On the waves that lend their gentle breast
In gladness for her couch of rest.

My spirit sleeps amid the calm,
 The sleep of a new delight;
 And hopes that she ne'er may wake again,
 But for ever hang o'er the lovely main
 And adore the lovely night.
 Scarce conscious of an earthly frame,
 She glides away like a lambent flame,
 And in her bliss she sings;
 Now touching softly the ocean's breast,
 Now 'mid the stars she lies at rest,
 As if she sailed on wings!
 Now bold as the brightest star that glows,
 More brightly since at first it rose,
 Looks down on the far-off flood;
 And there all breathless and alone,
 As the sky where she soars were a world of
 her own,
 She mocketh the gentle mighty one
 As he lies in his quiet mood.
 "Art thou," she breathes, "the tyrant
 grim
 That scoffs at human prayers,
 Answering with prouder roaring the while,
 As it rises from some lonely isle,
 Through groans raised wild, the hopeless
 hymn
 Of shipwrecked mariners?
 Oh! thou art as harmless as a child
 Weary with joy, and reconciled
 For sleep to change its play;
 And now that night hath staved thy race,
 Smiles wander o'er thy placid face,
 As if thy dreams were gay."

—o—

THE RAINBOW.

OH, look ye on the rainbow, in its first
 Exceeding faintness, like a rising thought
 Or a fine feeling of the beautiful,
 An evanescence! so, you fear, must be
 The slight-tinged silence of the showery
 sky,
 Nor yet dare name its name; till, breathing
 out
 Into such colours as may not deceive,
 And undelusive in their heavenliness,
 O'er all the hues that happy nature knows,
 Although it be the gentlest of them all
 Prevailing, the celestial violet.
 To eyes by beauty made religious, lo!
 Brightening the house by God inhabited,
 The full-formed rainbow glows! beneath
 her arch
 The glittering earth once more is Paradise.

—:o:—

T. K. HERVEY.

1804—1859.

THE CONVICT SHIP.*

MORN on the waters—and purple and
 bright,
 Burst on the billows the flushings of light;
 O'er the glad waves, like a child of the sun,
 See the tall vessel goes gallantly on;
 Full to the breeze she unbosoms her sail,
 And her pennons stream onward, like hope
 in the gale; [and song,
 The winds come around her in murmur
 And the surges rejoice as they bear her
 along. [clouds,
 See! she looks up to the golden-edged
 And the sailor sings gaily aloft in the
 shrouds;
 Onward she glides amid ripple and spray,
 Over the waters—away and away!

Bright as the visions of youth, ere they part,
 Passing away like a dream of the heart,
 Who, as the beautiful pageant sweeps by—
 Music around her, and sunshine on high—
 Pauses to think, amid glitter and show,
 Oh! there be hearts that are breaking be-
 low?

[high,
 Night on the waves—and the moon is on
 Hung like a gem on the brow of the sky,
 Treading in depths in the power of her
 might, [to light,
 And tuning the clouds as they pass her
 Look to the waters! asleep on their breast,
 Seems not the ship like an island of rest?
 Bright and alone on the shadowy main,
 Like a heart-cherished home on some de-
 solate plain.

Who—as she smiles in the silvery light,
 Spreading her wings on the bosom of night,
 Alone on the deep, as the moon in the sky,
 A phantom of beauty—could deem, with
 a sigh, [sin,
 That so lovely a thing is the mansion of
 And souls that are smitten lie bursting
 within?

Who, as he watches her silently gliding,
 Remembers that wave after wave is dividing
 Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not
 sever— [ever?
 Hearts which are parted and broken for
 Or deems that he watches, alone on the
 wave, [grave?

The deathbed of hope, or the young spirit's

* Happily the Convict Ship is now a thing of
 the past.

'Tis thus with our life—while it passes along
 Like a vessel at sea, amid sunshine and
 song,
 Gaily we glide in the gaze of the world,
 With streamers afloat and with canvas un-
 furled;
 All gladness and glory to wandering eyes,
 Yet chartered by sorrow and freighted with
 sighs;
 Fading and false is the aspect it wears
 As the smiles we put on just to cover our
 tears; [cannot know,
 And the withering thoughts that the world
 Like heart-broken exiles, lie burning below;
 While the vessel drives on to that desolate
 shore [vanished and o'er.
 Where the dreams of our childhood are

—:o:—

THOMAS MILLER.

1808—1874.

THE DESOLATE HALL.

A LONELY Hall upon a lonelier moor,—
 For many a mile no other dwelling near;
 Northward an ancient wood, whose tall
 trees roar, [branches tear,
 When the loud winds their huge broad
 A large old Hall,—a servant deaf and gray
 On me in silence waits throughout the
 dreary day.

[grass,
 Before my threshold waves the long white
 That like a living desolation stands,
 Nodding its withered head when'er I pass;
 The last sad heir of these broad barren
 lands:
 The last within the old vault to repose;
 Then its dark marble door upon our race
 will close.

The whining wind sweeps o'er the matted
 floors, [moan;
 And makes a weary noise, a wailing
 I hear all night the clap of broken doors,
 That on their rusty hinges grate and
 groan;
 And then loud voices seem to call behind
 The worn and wormy wainscot flapping
 in the wind.

Along the roof the dark moss thickly
 spreads, [throwing;
 A dampness o'er the oaken rafters

A chilly moisture settles on the beds,
 Where lichens 'mid decay are slowly
 growing,
 Covering the curtains, and the damask eyes
 Of angels, there enwrought in rainbow-
 fading dyes.

The toothless mastiff bitch howls all night
 long,
 And in her kennel sleepeth all the day.
 I heard the old man say, "There's some-
 thing wrong; [way,—
 She was not wont to yell and howl that
 There's something wrong. Oh! ill and
 woe betide
 The Leech's hand by which my Lady Ellen
 died."

Sometimes I hear, or fancy, o'er my head
 A tramping noise, like that of human
 feet: [tread,
 In hollow high-heeled shoes they seem to
 And to the sound of solemn music beat;
 Then with a crash the window shutters
 close, [repose.
 Shaking the crazy walls, and breaking my

The silver moth within the wardrobe feeds;
 The unturned keys are rusted in the
 locks; [breeds;
 Upon my hearth the brown mouse safely
 By the old fountain fearless sleeps the fox;
 The white owl in my chamber dreams all
 day, [away.
 For there is no one cares to frighten him

The high-piled books with cobwebs are
 o'ergrown, [dead;
 Their gaudy bindings now look dull and
 Last night the massy Bible tumbled down,
 And it laid open where my Ellen read
 The night she died—I knew the place again,
 For she shed many a tear, and each had
 left its stain.

Oh! how I shun the room in which she
 died,— [could sound!
 The books, the flowers, the harp she well
 The flowers are dead, the books are thrown
 aside, [round
 The harp is mute, and dust has gathered
 Her lovely drawings, covering o'er the
 chair [brown hair.
 Where she so oft has sat to braid her long

What hollow gusts through broken case-
 ments stream,
 Moving the ancient portraits on the wall;

I see them stirring by the moon's pale beam,
Their floating costumes seem to rise and fall;

And as I come or go, move where I will,
Their dull white deadly eyes, turning,
pursue me still.

And when a dreamy slumber o'er me creeps,
The old house clock rings out its measured sound;

I hear a warning in the march it keeps.
Anon the rusty vane turns round and round:

These are sad tones! for desolation calls,
And ruin loudly roars around my father's halls.

The fish-ponds now are mantled o'er with green;
[trees;

The rooks have left their old ancestral
Their silent nests are all that now is seen;
No oxen low along the winding leas;
No steed neighs out, no flocks bleat from the fold;

Upland, and hill, and vale are empty,
brown, and cold.

And dance and song within these walls
have sounded, [strains,
And breathing music rolled in dulcet
And lovely feet have o'er these gray stones
bounded

In snowy kirtles and embroidered trains;
Such things have been, and now are gliding
past, [die,—the last!

And then our race is done;—I live, and

—:O:—

THOMAS B. MACAULAY.

1800—1859.

THE SPANISH ARMADA.

ATTEND, all ye who list to hear our noble
England's praise;

I tell of the thrice-famous deeds she wrought
in ancient days,

When that great Fleet Invincible against
her bore in vain

The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest
hearts of Spain.

It was about the lovely close of a warm
summer day,

There came a gallant merchant-ship full
sail to Plymouth Bay;

Her crew hath seen Castile's black fleet,
beyond Aurigny's isle,

At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving
many a mile;

At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's
especial grace;

And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held
her close in chase.

Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed
along the wall;

The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edge-
cumbe's lofty hall;

Many a light fishing-bark put out to pry
along the coast;

And with loose rein and bloody spur rode
inward many a post.

With his white hair unbonneted, the stout
old sheriff comes;

Behind him march the halberdiers; before
him sound the drums;

His yeomen round the market-cross make
clear an ample space,

For there behoves him to set up the standard
of Her Grace.

And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily
dance the bells, [blazon swells.

As slow upon the labouring wind the royal
Look how the Lion of the Sea lifts up his
ancient crown, [gay lilies down.

And underneath his deadly paw treads the
So stalked he when he turned to flight, on
that famed Picard field,

Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and
Cæsar's eagle shield;

So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath
he turned to bay,

And crushed and torn beneath his claws
the princely hunters lay.

Ho! strike the flagstaff deep, Sir Knight:
ho! scatter flowers, fair maids:

Ho! gunners, fire a loud salute: ho!
gallants, draw your blades:

Thou sun, shine on her joyously—ye
breezes, waft her wide,

Our glorious SEMPER EADEM, the banner
of our pride.

The freshening breeze of eve unfurled
that banner's massy fold,

The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that
haughty scroll of gold;

Night sunk upon the dusky beach and
on the purple sea,—

Such night in England ne'er had been, nor
e'er again shall be.

From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from
Lynn to Milford Bay,

That time of slumber was as bright and
busy as the day;

For swift to east and swift to west the
ghastly war-flame spread;
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone; it
shone on Beachy Head.
Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along
each southern shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those
twinkling points of fire.
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's
glittering waves;
The rugged miners poured to war from
Mendip's sunless caves;
O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's
oaks, the fiery herald flew;
He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge,
the rangers of Beaulieu.
Right sharp and quick the bells all night
rang out from Bristol town,
And ere the day three hundred horse had
met on Clifton Down.
The sentinel on Whitehall Gate looked
forth into the night,
And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill the
streak of blood-red light:
Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the
death-like silence broke,
And with one start, and with one cry, the
royal city woke;
At once on all her stately gates arose the
answering fires,
At once the wild alarum clashed from all
her reeling spires,
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed
loud the voice of fear,
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent
back a louder cheer;
And from the farthest wards was heard the
rush of hurrying feet,
And the broad streams of flags and pikes
dashed down each roaring street.
And broader still became the blaze, and
louder still the din,
As fast from every village round the horse
came clattering in.
And eastward straight from wild Black-
heath the warlike errand went,
And roused in many an ancient hall the
gallant squires of Kent;
Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew
those bright couriers forth;
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor
they started for the north.
And on and on, without a pause, untired
they bounded still;
All night from tower to tower they sprang,—
they sprang from hill to hill;
Till the proud Peak unfurled the flag o'er
Darwin's rocky dales,

Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the
stormy hills of Wales,
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on
Malvern's lonely height,
Till streamed in crimson on the wind the
Wrekin's crest of light,
Till broad and fierce the star came forth
on Ely's stately fane,
And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all
the boundless plain;
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to
Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the
wide vale of Trent;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on
Gaunt's embattled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the
burghers of Carlisle.

—o—

DEATH OF VIRGINIA.

HARD by, a fletcher on a block had laid his
whittle down; [in his gown.
Virginus caught the whittle up, and hid it
And then his eyes grew very dim and his
throat began to swell,
And in a hoarse changed voice he spake,
“Farewell, sweet child, farewell.
Oh, how I loved my darling! though stern
I sometimes be,
To thee, thou know'st, I was not so. Who
could be so to thee?
And how my darling loved me! How glad
she was to hear
My footstep on the threshold when I came
back last year!
And how she danced with pleasure to see
my civic crown,
And took my sword and hung it up, and
brought me forth my gown.
Now all these things are over; yes, all thy
pretty ways,
Thy needlework, thy prattle, thy snatches
of old lays.
And none will grieve when I go forth, or
smile when I return,
Or watch beside the old man's bed, or
weep upon his urn.
The house that was the happiest within
the Roman walls,
The house that envied not the wealth of
Capua's marble halls,
Now for the brightness of thy smile must
have eternal gloom,
And for the music of thy voice the silence
of the tomb.

The time is come. See how he points his
eager hand this way,
See how his eyes gloat on thy grief, like a
kite's upon the prey!
With all his wit, he little deems, that
spurned, betrayed, bereft,
Thy father hath in his despair one fearful
refuge left:
He little deems that in this hand I clutch
what still can save
Thy gentle youth from taunts and blows,
the portion of the slave;
Yea, and from nameless evil, that passeth
taunt and blow,—
Foul outrage which thou knowest not,
which thou shalt never know.
Then clasp me round the neck once more,
and give me one more kiss:
And now, mine own dear little girl, there
is no way but this."
With that he lifted high the steel and smote
her in the side,
And in her blood she sank to earth, and
with one sob she died.

—:O:—

JOHN HENRY REYNOLDS.

AN AUTUMN EVENING.

THE gold sun went into the west,
And soft airs sang him to his rest;
And yellow leaves, all loose and dry,
Played on the branches listlessly;
The sky waxed palely blue; and high
A cloud seemed touched upon the sky—
A spot of cloud,—blue, thin, and still;
And silence basked on vale and hill.
'Twas autumn-tide—the eve was sweet
As mortal eye hath e'er beholden;
The grass looked warm with sunny heat—
Perchance some fairy's glowing feet
Had lightly touched, and left it golden;
A flower or two were shining yet;
The star of the daisy had not yet set,—
It shone from the turf to greet the air
Which tenderly came breathing there;
And in a brook which loved to fret
O'er yellow sand and pebble blue,
The lily of the silvery hue
All freshly dwelt, with white leaves wet.
Away the sparkling water played,
Through bending grass and blessed
flower;

Light and delight seemed all its dower;
Away in merriment it strayed,—
Singing, and bearing, hour after hour,
Pale, lovely splendour to the shade.

—:O:—

SYDNEY DOBELL.

(SYDNEY YENDYS.)

1824—1874.

THE SCENT OF HAY AT NIGHT.

THERE went an incense through the land
one night, [men slept.
Through the hushed holy land where tired
(*Interlude of music.*)
The haughty sun of June had walked,
long days, [mendicants,
Through the tall pastures, which, like
Hung their sear heads and sued for rain;
and he [high hay-time.
Had thrown them none. And now it was
Through the sweet valley all her flowery
wealth
At once lay low, at once ambrosial blood
Cried to the moonlight from a thousand
fields, [that night,
And through the land the incense went
Through the hushed holy land where tired
men slept.
It fell upon the sage, who with his lamp
Put out the light of heaven. He felt it come,
Sweetening the musty tomes, like the fair
shape [past
Of that one blighted love, which from the
Steals oft among his mouldering thoughts
of wisdom, [youth;
And *she* came with it, borne on the airs of
Old days sang round her, old memorial
days, [flowers all faded—
She crowned with tears, they dressed in
And the night fragrance is a harmony
All through the old man's soul. Voices of
old, [green,
The home, the church upon the village
Old thoughts that circle like the birds of even
Round the grey spire. Soft sweet regrets,
like sunset [not.
Lighting old windows with gleams day had
Ghosts of dead years, whispering old silent
names [mouldering now.
Through grass-grown pathways, by halls
Childhood—the fragrance of forgotten
fields; [fragrance
Manhood—the unforgotten fields whose

Passed like a breath; the time of buttercups,
The fluttering time of sweet forget-me-nots;
The time of passion and the rose—the hay-
time [man weeps,

Of that last summer of hope! The old
The old man weeps.

His aimless hand the joyless book puts by;
As one that dreams and fears to wake, the
sage

With vacant eye stifles the trembling taper,
Lets in the moonlight, and for once is wise.

(Interlude of music.)

There went an incense through the mid-
night land, [men slept.

Through the hushed holy land where tired
It fell upon a simple cottage child,

Laid where the lattice opened on the sky,
And she looked up and said, "Those
flowers the stars

Smell sweet to-night." God rest her
ignorance!

—o—

RUINS OF ANCIENT ROME.

UPSTOOD

The hoar unconscious walls, bisson and
bare, [whom

Like an old man deaf, blind, and gray, in
The years of old stand in the sun and mur-
mur

Of childhood and the dead. From parapets
Where the sky rests from broken niches
—each [them,—

More than Olympus, for the gods dwell in
Below, from senatorial halls, and seats
Imperial; where the ever-passing Fates
Wore out the stone, strange hermit birds
croaked forth [heights

Sorrowful sounds; like watchers on the
Crying the hours of ruin, when the clouds
Dressed every myrtle on the walls in mourn-
ing.

With calm prerogative the eternal pile
Impassive shone with the unearthly light
Of immortality. When conquering suns
Triumphed in jubilant earth, it stood out
dark [captive

With thoughts of ages: like some mighty
Upon his death-bed in a Christian land,
And lying, through the chant of psalm and
creed, [brow,

Unshriven and stern, with peace upon his
And on his lips strange gods.

Rank weeds and grasses
Careless and nodding grew, and asked no
leave,

Where Romans trembled. Where the wreck
was saddest,

Sweet pensive herbs, that had been gay
elsewhere, [still,

With conscious mien of place, rose tall and
And bent with duty. Like some village
children

Who found a dead king on a battle-field,
And with decorous care and reverend pity

Composed the lordly ruin, and sat down,
Grave without tears. At length the giant
lay,

And everywhere he was begirt with years,
And everywhere the torn and mouldering
Past

Hung him with ivy. For Time, smit with
honour

Of what he slew, cast his own mantle on
him,

That none should mock the dead.

—:o:—

B. SIMMONS.

CAPE USHANT.

WHAT of the night, ho! Watcher there
Upon the armed deck,

That holds within its thunderous lair
The last of Empire's wreck—

E'en him whose capture now the chain
From captive earth shall smite;

Ho! rocked upon the moaning main,
Watcher, what of the night?

"The stars are waning fast—the curl
Of morning's coming breeze,

Far in the North begins to furl
Night's vapour from the seas.

Her every shred of canvas spread,
The proud ship plunges free,

While bears afar, with stormy head,
Cape Ushant on our lee."

At that last word, as trumpet stirred,
Forth in the dawning grey

A silent man made to the deck
His solitary way.

And leaning o'er the poop, he gazed
Till on his straining view

That cloud-like speck of land, upraised,
Distinct but slowly grew.

Well may he look until his frame
Maddens to marble there;

He risked Renown's all-grasping game,
Dominion or despair—

And lost—and lo, in vapour furled,
The last of that loved France,
For which his prowess cursed the world,
Is dwindling from his glance.

Rave on, thou far-resounding deep,
Whose billows round him roll!
Thou'rt calmness to the storms that sweep
This moment o'er his soul.
Black chaos swims before him, spread
With trophy-shaping bones,
The council strife, the battle-dead,
Rent charters, cloven thrones.

Yet, proud One! could the loftiest day
Of thy transcendent power
Match with the soul-compelling sway
Which in this dreadful hour
Aids thee to hide beneath the show
Of calmest lip and eye
The hell that wars and works below—
The quenchless thirst to die?

The white dawn crimsoned into morn,
The morning flashed to day,
And the sun followed, glory-born,
Rejoicing on his way;
And still o'er ocean's kindling flood
That muscer cast his view,
While round him awed and silent stood
His fate's devoted few.

He lives, perchance, the past again,
From the fierce hour when first
On the astounded hearts of men
His meteor presence burst;
When blood-besotted Anarchy
Sank, quelled, amid the glare
Of thy far-sweeping musketry,
Fame-fraught Vendémiaire!

And darker thoughts oppress him now—
Her ill-requited love
Whose faith, as beauteous as her brow,
Brought blessings from above;
Her trampled heart, his darkening star,
The cry of outraged Man,
And white-lipped Rout and wolfish War
Loud thundering on his van.

Oh for the sulphurous eve of June,
When down that Belgian hill
His bristling Guard's superb platoon
He led unbroken still!
Now would he pause, and quit their side
Upon destruction's marge,
Nor king-like share with desperate pride
Their vainly glorious charge?

No—gladly forward he would dash
Amid that onset on,
Where blazing shot and sabre-crash
Pealed o'er his empire gone.
There, 'neath his vanquished eagles tost,
Should close his grand career,
Girt by his heaped and slaughtered host.
He lived—for fetters *here*!

Enough:—in noontide's yellow light
Cape Ushant melts away,
Even as his kingdom's shattered might
Shall utterly decay;
Save when his spirit-shaking story,
In years remotely dim,
Warms some pale minstrel with his glory
To raise the song to him.

—:O:—

G. WALTER THORNBURY.

1828—1876.

THE OLD GRENADIER'S STORY.

'Twas the day beside the Pyramids,—
It seems but an hour ago,—
That Kleber's Foot stood firm in squares,
Returning blow for blow.
The Mamelukes were tossing
Their standards to the sky,
When I heard a child's voice say, "Mymen,
Teach me the way to die!"

'Twas a little drummer, with his side
Torn terribly with shot;
But still he feebly beat his drum,
As though the wound were not.
And when the Mamelukes' wild horse
Burst with a scream and cry,
He said, "O men of the Forty-third,
Teach me the way to die!"

"My mother has got other sons,
With stouter hearts than mine,
But none more ready blood for France
To pour out free as wine.
Yet still life's sweet," the brave lad moaned,
"Fair are this earth and sky;
Then comrades of the Forty-third,
Teach me the way to die!"

I saw Salenche, of the granite heart,
Wiping his burning eyes—
It was by far more pitiful
Than mere loud sobs and cries.

Put on a face of gladness ; every tree
Shook his green leaves in joy ; the meadows
laughed ; [beams,
The deep glen, where it caught the amber
Began to draw its misty veil aside, [tears ;
And smile and glisten through its pearly
The birds struck up their chorus ; the young
lambs [lived
Scoured over hill and meadow ;—all that
Looked like a new creation, over-filled
With health and joy ; nay, e'en the inani-
mate earth
Seemed coming into life.

But glorious far
Beyond all else the mighty god of light
Mounting the crystal firmament ; no eye
May look upon his overwhelming pomp :
Power and majesty attend his steps,
Ocean and earth adoring gaze on him :
In lone magnificence he takes his way
Through the bright solitude of heaven.

The sea
Was clear and purely blue, save the broad
path
Where the sunbeams danced on the heaving
billows,
That seemed a high-road, paved with atom
suns,
Where, on celestial errands, to and fro
'Tween heaven and earth might gods or
angels walk.

—:O:—

LORD HOUGHTON.

ON VENICE.

WALK in St. Mark's, the time, the ample
space,
Lies in the freshness of the evening shade,
When, on each side, with gravely-darkened
face,
The masses rise above the light arcade ;
Walk down the midst with slowly timed
pace,
But gay withal, for there is high parade
Of fair attire, and fairer forms, which pass
Like varying groups on a magician's glass.

From broad illumined chambers far within,
Or under curtains daintily outspread,
Music, and laugh, and talk—the motley din
Of all who from sad thought or toil are
sped,
Here a chance hour of social joy to win
Gush forth ; but I love best above my head

To feel nor arch nor tent, nor anything
But that pure heaven's eternal covering.

It is one broad saloon, one gorgeous hall ;
A chamber where a multitude, all kings,
May hold full audience, splendid festival,
Or Piety's most prosperous minist' rings.
Thus be its height unmarred—thus be it all
One mighty room, whose form direct
upsprings
To the o'erarching sky : it is right good
When Art and Nature keep such brother-
hood.

For where, upon the firmest sodden land,
Was ever monarch's power and toil of
slaves [land
Equalled the works of that self-governed
Who fixed the Delos of the Adrian waves ?
Planting upon these strips of yielding sand
A Temple of the Beautiful, which braves
The jealous stroke of ocean, nor yet fears
The far more perilous sea "whose waves
are years."

Walk in St. Mark's again, some few hours
after,
When a bright sleep is on each storied
pile,
When fitful music and inconstant laughter
Give place to Nature's silent moonlight
smile ;
Now Fancy wants no fairy gale to waft her
To Magian haunt or charm-engirdled
isle :
All too content, in passive bliss, to see
This show divine of visible poetry.

On such a night as this, impassionedly
The old Venetian sang these verses rare :
"That Venice must of needs eternal be,
For heaven had looked through the
pellucid air,
And cast its reflex on the crystal sea—
And Venice was the image pictured there."
I hear them now, and tremble, for I seem
As treading on an unsubstantial dream.

Who talks of vanished glory, of dead power,
Of things that were and are not ? Is he
here ?
Can he take in the glory of this hour,
And call it all the decking of a bier ?
No ; surely as on that Titanic tower
The Guardian Angel stands in ether clear,
With the moon's silver tempering his gold
wing,—
So Venice lives, as lives no other thing :—

That strange cathedral! exquisitely strange;
That front, on whose bright varied tints
the eye

Rests, as of gems; those arches, whose
high range

Gives its rich brodered border to the sky;
Those ever-prancing steeds;—my friend,
whom change

Of restless will has led to lands that lie
Deep in the East, does not thy fancy set
Above these domes an airy minaret?

Dost thou not feel that in this scene are
blent

Wide distances of the estrangèd earth,—
Far thoughts, far faiths, beseeching her
who bent

The spacious Orient to her simple worth,
Who, in her own young freedom eminent,
Scorning the slaves that shamed their
ancient birth,

And feeling what the West could be—had
been,—

Went out a traveller, and returned a queen?

—:O:—

JEAN INGELow.

THE HIGH TIDE.

(ON THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE, 1571.)

THE old mayor climbed the belfry tower,
The ringers ran by two, by three:

"Pull, if ye never pulled before;
Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he:
"Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells!
Play all your changes, all your swells,
Play uppe, 'The Brides of Enderby.'"

Men say it was a stolen tyde—

The Lord that sent it, He knows all;
But in myne ears doth still abide

The message that the bells let fall:
And there was nought of strange, beside
The flights of mews and peewits pied
By millions crouched on the old sea wall.

I sat and spun within the doore,
My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes:
The level sun, like ruddy ore,

Lay sinking in the barren skies;
And dark against day's golden death
She moved where Lindis wandereth,
My sonne's faire wife Elizabeth.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dewes were falling,
Farre away I heard her song,
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along;

Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
Floweth, floweth,

From the meads where melick groweth
Faintly came her milking song,—

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
"For the dewes will soone be falling:
Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow;

Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come uppe, Whitefoot, come uppe, Light-
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow, [foot,
Hollow, hollow:

Come uppe, Jetty, rise and follow,
From the clovers lift your head, [foot,
Come uppe, Whitefoot, come uppe, Light-
Come uppe, Jetty, rise and follow,
Jetty, to the milking-shed."

If it be long, ay, long ago,
When I beginne to think howe long,
Againe I hear the Lindis flow,
Swift as an arrow sharpe and strong;
And all the aire, it seemeth mee,
Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee),
That ring the tune of Enderby.

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,
And not a shadowe mote be seene,
Save where full fyve good miles away
The steeple towered from out the greene;
And lo! the great bell farre and wide
Was heard in all the country-side
That Saturday at eventide.

The swanherds where their sedges are
Moved on in sunset's golden breath,
The shepherde lads I heard affarre,
And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth;
Till floating o'er the grassy sea
Came downe that kyndly message free,
The "Brides of Mavis Enderby."

Then some looked uppe into the sky,
And all along where Lindis flows
To where the goodly vessels lie,
And where the lordly steeple shows.
They sayde, "And why should this thing be?
What danger lowers by land or sea?
They ring the tune of Enderby!

"For evil news from Mablethorpe,
Of pyrate galleys warping down;
For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,
They have not spared to wake the towne;

But while the west bin red to see,
And storms be none, and pyrates flee,
Why ring 'The Brides of Enderby'?"

I looked without, and lo! my sonne
Came riding downe with might and main:
He raised a shout as he drew on,
Till all the welkin rang again,
"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath,
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

"The olde sea wall (he cried) is downe,
The rising tide comes on apace,
And boats adrift in yonder towne
Go sailing uppe the market-place."
He shook as one that looks on death:
"God save you, mother!" straight he saith;
"Where is my wife, Elizabeth?"

"Good sonne, where Lindis winds away,
With her two bairns I marked her long;
And ere yon bells beganne to play
Afar I heard her milking song."
He looked across the grassy lea,
To right, to left. "Ho Enderby!"
They rang "The Brides of Enderby!"

With that he cried and beat his breast;
For, lo! along the river's bed
A mighty eygre reared his crest,
And uppe the Lindis raging sped.
It swept with thunderous noises loud;
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,
Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis, backward pressed,
Shook all her trembling bankes amaine;
Then madly at the eygre's breast
Flung uppe her weltering walls again.
Then bankes came downe with ruin and
rout—
Then beaten foam flew round about—
Then all the mighty floods were out!

So farre, so fast the eygre drave,
The heart had hardly time to beat
Before a shallow seething wave
Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet;
The feet had hardly time to flee
Before it brake against the knee,
And all the world was in the sea!

Upon the rooffe we sate that night,
The noise of bells went sweeping by;
I marked the lofty beacon-light
Stream from the church tower, red and
high—

A lurid mark and dread to see;
And awsome bells they were to mee
That in the dark rang "Enderby."

They rang the sailor lads to guide
From rooffe to rooffe who fearless rowed;
And I—my sonne was at my side,
And yet the ruddy beacon glowed;
And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
"Oh, come in life, or come in death!
Oh, lost! my love, Elizabeth!"

And didst thou visit him no more?
Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter
deare;
The waters laid thee at his doore
Ere yet the early dawn was clear.
Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
The lifted sun shone on thy face,
Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.

That flow stretched wrecks about the grass,
That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea;
A fatal ebbe and flow, alas!
To manye more than myne and mee.
But each will mourn his own (she saith):
And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

—:o:—

ROBERT BROWNING.

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

*(Supposed to be spoken by one of Napoleon's
soldiers.)*

YOU know, we French stormed Ratisbon:
A mile or so away
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall,"—
Out 'twixt the battery smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full galloping; nor bridle drew
Untill he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
 And held himself erect
 By just his horse's mane, a boy:
 You hardly could suspect—
 (So tight he kept his lips compressed,
 Scarce any blood came through)
 You looked twice ere you saw his breast
 Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor by God's grace
 We've got you Ratisbon!
 The Marshal's in the market-place,
 And you'll be there anon
 To see your flag-bird flap his wings
 Where I, to heart's desire,
 Perched him!" The Chief's eye flashed;
 his plans
 Soared up again like fire.

The Chief's eye flashed; but presently
 Softened itself, as sheathes
 A film the mother-eagle's eye
 When her bruised eaglet breathes:
 "You're wounded!" "Nay," his soldier's
 pride
 Touched to the quick, he said:
 "I'm killed, Sire!" And, his Chief beside,
 Smiling the boy fell dead.

—:o:—

CHARLES MACKAY.

INKERMANN. 1854.

SEBASTOPOL lay shrouded
 In thick November gloom,
 And through the midnight silence
 The guns had ceased to boom.
 The sentinel outworn
 In watching for the morn,
 From Balaclava's heights
 Beheld the Russian lights,
 In the close-beleagured fortress far adown;
 And heard a sound of bells
 Wafted upwards through the dells,
 And a roar of mingling voices and of an-
 them from the town.

They prayed the God of Justice
 To aid them in the wrong,
 They consecrated Murder
 With jubilee and song,
 To the slain, the joys of heaven,—
 To the living, sin forgiven,—

Were the promises divine
 That were passed along the line,
 As they gathered in their myriads ere the
 dawn;
 While their priests in full accord
 Chanted glory to the Lord,
 And blessed the Russian banner and the
 sword for battle drawn.

Stealthily and darkly,
 'Mid the rain and sleet;
 No trumpet-call resounding,
 Nor drum's tempestuous beat—
 But shadow-like and slow,
 Came the legions of the foe,
 Moving dimly up the steep
 Where the British camp, asleep,
 Lay unconscious of the danger lurking near;
 And the soldier breathing hard,
 On the cold and sodden sward,
 Dreamed of victory and glory, or of home
 and England dear.

Hark! heard ye not a rumbling
 On the misty morning air,
 Like the rush of rising tempests
 When they shake the forest bare?
 The outposts on the hill
 Hear it close, and closer still.—
 'Tis the tramp of iron heels,
 'Tis the crash of cannon-wheels,
 And "To arms!" "To arms!" "To arms!"
 is the cry.
 "'Tis the Russians on our flank!
 Up, and arm each British rank!
 And meet them, gallant Guardsmen, to
 conquer or to die."

Then rose the loud alarm
 With a hurricane of sound,
 And from short uneasy slumber
 Sprang each hero from the ground;
 Sprang each horseman to his steed,
 Ready saddled for his need;
 Sprang each soldier to his place,
 With a stern, determined face; [far,
 While the rousing drum and bugle echoed
 And the crack of rifles rung,
 And the cannon found a tongue,
 As down upon them bursting came the
 avalanche of war!

Through the cold and foggy darkness
 Sped the rocket's fiery breath,
 And the light of rapid volleys,
 In a haze of Living Death;
 But each British heart that day
 Throbbled impetuous for the fray

And our hosts undaunted stood—
 Beating back the raging flood, [sea,
 That came pouring from the valley like a
 Casting havoc on the shore,
 With a dull and sullen roar,—
 The thunder-cloud above it, and the light-
 ning flashing free.

On darkness grew the daylight,
 'Mid the loud, incessant peal;
 On the daylight followed noontide,
 As they struggled steel to steel!
 O ye gallant souls and true!
 O ye great immortal few!
 On your banner bright unfurled
 Shone the freedom of the world;
 In your keeping lay the safety of the lands;
 Lay the splendour of our name;
 Lay our glory and our fame;
 And ye held and raised them all in your
 dauntless hearts and hands!

For a moment, and one only,
 Seemed the Russians to prevail:
 O ye brave eight thousand heroes!
 Ye shall conquer 'They shall fail!
 They can face you—if they must—
 But they fly your bayonet-thrust.
 And hark! the ringing cheer
 That proclaims the French are near,
 And is heard above the raging battle din!
 Giving courage to the brave—
 Striking terror to the slave,—
 A signal and an omen of the victory to win!

Break forth, thou storm of battle,
 With a new and wild uproar!
 Beam out, thou flag of Britain,
 With thy sister tricolor!
 For, fighting side by side,
 One in spirit, heart allied—
 In the cause of truth combined,
 For the freedom of mankind—
 France and England show the world what
 may be done:
 And their star of glory burns,
 And the tide of battle turns,
 And the beaten Russians fly, and the victory
 is won!

Thus fourteen thousand freemen,
 Invincible in right,
 Defeated seventy thousand
 In fierce unequal fight!
 Thus Thermopylae of old
 And its men of Titan mould
 Were surpassed, at duty's call,
 By the Briton and the Gaul;

(May the splendour of their friendship
 never wane!)
 By the men who fighting fell
 With Cathcart and Lourmel,
 Or lived with placid Raglan, avengers of
 the slain.

And as long as France and England
 Shall give birth to manlike men,
 Their deeds shall be remembered,
 Should the battle burst again;
 And to actions as sublime
 Shall inspire each future time!
 And when War's alarms shall cease,
 And the nations live in peace,
 Safe from Tyranny, its murder and its
 ban,—
 Let us tell with generous pride
 How our heroes fought and died,
 And saved a threatened world on the
 heights of Inkermann!

—:o:—

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

MORNING.

From the "Prince's Progress."

AT the death of night and the birth of day,
 When the owl left off his sober play,
 And the bat hung himself out of the way,
 Woke the song of mavis and merle,
 And heaven put off its hoddin gray
 For mother-o'-pearl.

Peeped up daisies here and there,
 Here, there, and everywhere;
 Rose a hopeful lark in the air,
 Spreading out towards the sun his breast,
 While the moon set solemn and fair,
 Away in the west.

—o—

TWILIGHT CALM.

OH, pleasant eventide!
 Clouds on the western side
 Grow grey and greyer, hiding the warm
 sun.
 The bees and birds, their happy labour
 done,
 Seek their close nests and bide.

Screened in the leafy wood
The stock-doves sit and brood :
The very squirrel leaps from bough to bough
But lazily ; pauses ; and settles now
Where once he stored his food.

One by one the flowers close,
Lily and dewy rose
Shutting their tender petals from the moon ;
The grasshoppers are still ; but not so soon
Are still the noisy crows.

The dormouse squats and eats
Choice little dainty bits,
Beneath the spreading roots of a broad lime ;
Nibbling his fill, he stops from time to time
And listens where he sits.

From far the lowings come
Of cattle driven home,
From farther still the wind brings fitfully
The vast continual murmur of the sea,
Now loud, now almost dumb.

The gnats whirl in the air,
The evening gnats ; and there
The owl opens broad his eyes and wings to
snail [snail
For prey ; the bat wakes ; and the shellless
Comes forth clammy and bare.

Hark ! that's the nightingale,
Telling the self-same tale
Her song told when this ancient earth was
young ; [sung
So echoes answered when her song was
In the first wooded vale.

We call it love and pain,
The passion of her strain ;
And yet we little understand or know :
Why should it not be rather joy that so
Throbs in each throbbing vein ?

In separate herds the deer
Lie ; here the bucks and here
The does, and by its mother sleeps the
fawn ;
Through all the hours of night until the
dawn
They sleep, forgetting fear.

The hare sleeps where it lies,
With wary half-closed eyes ;
The cock has ceased to crow, the hen to
cluck ;
Only the fox is out, some heedless duck
Or chicken to surprise.

Remote each single star
Comes out, till there they are
All shining brightly ; now the dew falls
damp ; [her lamp,
While close at hand the glowworm lights
Or twinkles from afar.

But evening now is done,
As much as if the sun,
Day-giving, had arisen in the east ;
For night has come, and the great calm
has ceased,
The quiet sands have run.

—:O:—

MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab
There lies a lonely grave ;
And no man knows that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth ;
But no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth,—
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes back when night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun ;

Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves ;
So, without sound of music
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle
On gray Beth-Peor's height,
Out of his lonely eyrie
Looked on the wondrous sight ;
Perchance the lion stalking
Still shuns that hallowed spot,
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
 His comrades in the war,
 With arms reversed and muffled drums,
 Follow his funeral car :
 They show the banners taken,
 They tell his battles won,
 And after him lead his masterless steed,
 While peals the minute-gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
 We lay the sage to rest,
 And give the bard an honoured place,
 With costly marble drest,
 In the great minster transept
 Where lights like glories fall,
 And the organ rings, and the sweet choir
 sings
 Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the truest warrior
 That ever buckled sword ;
 This the most gifted poet
 That ever breathed a word ;
 And never earth's philosopher
 Traced with his golden pen,
 On the deathless page, truths half so sage
 As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honour,—
 The hill-side for a pall,
 To lie in state while angels wait,
 With stars for tapers tall,
 And the dark rock-pines, like tossing plumes,
 Over his bier to wave,
 And God's own hand in that lonely land
 To lay him in the grave ?

In that strange grave without a name,
 Whence his uncoffined clay
 Shall break again, oh, wondrous thought !
 Before the Judgment Day,
 And stand with glory wrapt around
 On the hills he never trod,
 And speak of the strife that won our life
 With the Incarnate Son of God.

O lonely grave in Moab's land !
 O dark Beth-Peor's hill !
 Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
 And teach them to be still.
 God hath His mysteries of grace,
 Ways that we cannot tell ;
 He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep
 Of him He loved so well.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

ISEULT OF BRITTANY, AFTER TRISTAN'S DEATH.

AND is she happy ? Does she see un-
 moved
 The days in which she might have lived
 and loved
 Slip, without bringing bliss, slowly away,
 One after one, to-morrow like to-day ?
 Joy has not found her yet, nor ever will :
 Is it this thought that makes her mien so
 still,
 Her features so fatigued, her eyes, though
 sweet,
 So sunk,—so rarely lifted save to meet
 Her children's ? She moves slow ; her voice
 alone
 Has yet an infantine and silver tone,—
 But even that comes languidly ; in truth,
 She seems one dying in a mask of youth.
 And now she will go home, and softly lay
 Her laughing children in their beds, and
 play
 Awhile with them before they sleep ; and
 then
 She'll light her silver lamp, which fisher-
 men,
 Dragging their nets through the rough
 waves afar
 Along this iron coast, know like a star,
 And take her broidery-frame, and there
 she'll sit
 Hour after hour, her gold curls sweeping it,
 Lifting her soft-bent head only to mind
 Her children, or to listen to the wind.
 And when the clock peals midnight, she
 will move
 Her work away, and let her fingers rove
 Across the shaggy brows of Tristan's
 hound,
 Who lies, guarding her feet, along the
 ground ;
 Or else she will fall musing, her blue eyes
 Fixed, her slight hands clasped on her lap ;
 then rise,
 And at her prie-dieu kneel, until she have
 told
 Her rosary beads of ebony tipped with gold,
 Then to her soft sleep ; and to-morrow'll be
 To-day's exact repeated effigy.

Yes, it is lonely for her in her hall ;
 The children, and the gray haired seneschal,
 Her women, and Sir Tristan's aged hound
 Are there the sole companions to be found.

But these she loves; and noisier life than
this

She would find ill to bear, weak as she is.
She has her children too, and night and day
Is with them; and the wide heaths where
they play,

The hollies, and the cliff, and the sea-shore,
The sand, the sea-birds, and the distant sails,
These are to her dear as to them; the tales
With which this day the children she be-
guiled

She gleaned from Breton grandames when
a child

In every hut along this sea-coast wild.
She herself loves them, and, when they are
told,

Can forget all to hear them, as of old.

Dear saints! it is not sorrow, as I hear,
Not suffering, that shuts up eye and ear
To all which has delighted them before.
And lets us be what we were once no more.

No; we may suffer deeply, yet retain
Power to be moved and soothed, for all
our pain,

By what of old pleased us, and will again.
No 'tis the gradual furnace of the world,
In whose hot air our spirits are upcurled
Until they crumble, or else grow like steel—
Which kills in us the bloom, the youth,
the spring—

Which leaves the fierce necessity to feel,
But takes away the power—this can avail,
By drying up our joy in everything,
To make our former pleasures all seem
stale.

This, or some tyrannous single thought,
some fit

Of passion, which subdues our souls to it,
Till for its sake alone we live and move—
Call it ambition, or remorse, or love—

This too can change us wholly, and make
seem

All that we did before shadow and dream.



POEMS OF SENTIMENT AND REFLECTION.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

1328—1400.

SUDDEN SORROW.

O, SUDEN wo! that ever art successour
To worldly blis! spreint is with bitternesse
The ende of the joye of our worldly labour,
Wo occupieth the fyn of our gladnesse.
Hearken this conceil for thy sikeness
Upon thy glad day, have in thy minde
The unware wo of harm that cometh be-
hind. *Man of Law's Tale.*

—O—

GOOD COUNSAIL.

WHAT thee is sent receive in buxomnesse;
The wrastling of this world asketh a fall,
Here is no home, here is but wildernesse,
Forth, pilgrime, forth on best out of thy
stall!
Looke up on high, and thanke God of all!
Waiveth* thy lusts, and let thy ghost† thee
lede, [drede.
And Trough thee shall deliver—it is no

—:O:—

SPENSER.

1533—1599.

DETACHED THOUGHTS.

CONTENTMENT.

THE noblest mind the best contentment
has.

CONFIDENCE.

HE oft finds medicine who his grief im- [parts,
But double griefs afflict concealing hearts.

FRUITLESS FEARS.

NEEDLESS fear did never vantage none,
And helpless hap it booteth not to moan.

* Waive or leave.

† Spirit, soul.

REST.

IS NOT short pain well borne that brings
long ease?
And lays the soul to sleep in quiet grave?
Sleep after toil,—port after stormy seas,
Ease after war, death after life does greatly
please.

OUR WEAKNESS AND STRENGTH.

IF any strength we have, it is to ill,
But all the good is God's, both power and
eke the will.

IN vain he seeks that, having, cannot hold.

AN AGED MAN.

THERE they do find that godly aged sire,
With snowy locks adown his shoulders
shed;
As hoary frost with spangles doth attire
The mossy branches of an oak half dead.

CONTENTMENT.

IT is the mind that maketh good or ill,
That maketh wretch or happy, rich or
poor;
For some, that hath abundance at his will
Hath not enough, but wants in greatest
store;
And other that hath little, asks no more,
But in that little is both rich and wise,
For Wisdom is most riches; fools therefore
They are which fortunes do by vows devise,
Sith each unto himself his life mav for-
tunize.

—:O:—

SAMUEL DANIEL.

1562—1619.

TRIAL OF CHARACTER BY SUFFERING.

IT is not but the tempest that doth show
The seaman's cunning; but the field that
tries

The captain's courage ; and we come to know

Best what men are in their worst jeopardies :

For lo how many have we seen to grow
To high renown from lowest miseries,
Out of the hands of death, and many a one
T' have been undone, had they not been
undone.

[knows

He that endures for what his conscience

Not to be ill, doth from a patience high
Look only on the cause whereto he owes

Those sufferings,—not on his miseries.

The more he endures, the more his glory
grows,

Which never grows from imbecility.

Only the best composed and worthiest
hearts [parts.

God sets to act the hardest constantest

—o—

JUSTICE.

—————CLEAR-EYED Astrea

Comes with her balance and her sword, to
show [strikes.

That first her judgment weighs before it

—:o:—

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

1552—1618.

PASSIONS.

PASSIONS are likened best to floods and
streams :

The shallow murmur, but the deep are
dumb.

So, when affections yield discourse, it seems
The bottom is but shallow whence they
come.

They that are rich in words must needs
discover

They are but poor in that which makes a
lover.

—o—

THE NIGHT BEFORE HIS DEATH.

EVEN such is Time, that takes on trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust ;
Who in the dark and silent grave,

When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days !
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust.

—:o:—

SIR NICHOLAS BRETON.

1555—1624.

THE PRAISE OF HUMILITY.

OH, the sweet sense of Love's humility
Which fears displeasure in a dearest
T'he only note of true nobility, [friend ;
Whose worthy grace is graced without
end ; [approved,
While faithful love, in humble truth
Doth ever live of God and man beloved.

Her grace is gracious in the sight of God,
Makes men as saints and women angels
seem,

Makes sin forgotten, Mercy use no rod,
And constant faith to grow in great
esteem,

And is, in sum, a blessing of the Highest,
And to the nature of Himself the highest.

It maketh beauty like the sun to shine,
As if on earth there were a heavenly light ;
It maketh wit in wisdom so divine,
As if the eye had a celestial sight ;
It is a guide unto that heaven of rest
Where blessed souls do live for ever blest.

* * * * *

It is the death of pride, and patience' love,
Passion's physician, reason's counsellor,
Religion's darling, labour's turtle-dove,
Learning's instructor, grace's register,
Time's best attendant, and truth's best
explainer,
Virtue's best lover, and love's truest gainer.

It is the prince's grace, the subject's duty,
The scholar's lesson, and the soldier's line,
The courtier's credit, and the lady's beauty,
The lawyer's virtue, and the love divine
That makes all senses gracious in His sight,
Where all true graces have their glorious
light.

It makes the heart fit for all good impression,
It doth prepare the spirit for perfection,
It brings the soul unto her sin's confession,
It helps to clear the body from infection,

It is the means to bring the mind to rest,
Where heart, soul, mind, and all are truly
blest.

* * * * *
It ever holds the hand of faithfulness,
And ever keeps the mind of godliness,
And ever brings the heart to quietness,
And ever leads the soul to happiness,
And is a virtue of that blessedness
That merits praise in highest worthiness.

Oh, how it gains the child the parent's love!
The wife her husband's, and the servants
master's,
Where humble faith in happy hopes behave,
Finds patience, care discomferts, healing
plasters,
And truest course of care's tranquillity,
Only to rest but in humility.

—:O:—

GILES FLETCHER.

1588—1623.

PANGLORY.

From "Our Saviour's Temptation."

HIGH over all Panglory's blazing throne,
In her bright turret, all of crystal wrought,
Like Phœbus' lamp in midst of heaven
shone:

Whose starry top, with pride infernal
fraught,
Self-arching columns to uphold were
taught,

In which her image still reflected was
By the smooth crystal, that most like
her glass,

In beauty and in frailty did all others pass.

A silver wand the sorceress did sway,
And, for a crown of gold, her hair she wore;
Only a garland of rose-buds did play
About her locks; and in her hand she bore
A hollow globe of glass, that long before
She full of emptiness had bladdered,
And all the world therein depictedured,
Whose colours, like the rainbow, ever
vanished.

Such watery orbicles young boys do blow
Out from their soapy shells, and much ad-
mire

The swimming world, which tenderly they
row

With easy breath till it be waved higher;
But if they chance but roughly once aspire,
The painted bubble instantly doth fall.
Here when he came, she 'gan for music
call,
And sung this wooing song, to welcome
him withal:—

TEMPTER'S SONG.

"Love is the blossom where there blows
Everything that lives or grows:
Love doth make the heavens to move,
And the sun doth burn in love:
Love the strong and weak doth yoke,
And makes the ivy climb the oak;
Under whose shadows lions wild,
Softened by love, grow tame and mild.
Love no med'cine can appease,
He burns the fishes in the seas;
Not all the skill his wounds can stench,
Not all the sea his fire can quench;
Love did make the bloody spear
Once a leafy coat to wear,
While in his leaves there shrouded lay
Sweet birds, for love that sing and play:
And of all love's joyful flame
I the bud and blossom am.

Only bend thy knee to me,
Thy wooing shall thy winning be.

"See, see the flowers that, below,
Now as fresh as morning blow;
And of all, the virgin rose,
That as bright Aurora shows:
How they all unleafed die,
Losing their virginity:
Like unto a summer shade,
But now born, and now they fade.
Everything doth pass away,
There is danger in delay;
Come, come, gather then the rose,
Gather it, or it you lose.
All the lands of Tagus' shore
Into my bosom casts his ore:
All the valleys' swimming corn
To my house is yearly born;
Every grape of every vine
Is gladly bruised to make me wine;
While ten thousand kings, as proud
To carry up my train, have bowed,
And a world of ladies send me,
In my chambers to attend me;
All the stars in heaven that shine,
And ten thousand more, are mine.
Only bend thy knee to me,
Thy wooing shall thy winning be."

—:O:—

GEORGE WITHER.

1588—1667.

ON POESY.

AND though for her sake I am crost,
 Though my best hopes I have lost,
 And knew she would make my trouble
 Ten times more than ten times double,—
 I would love and keep her too,
 Spite of all the world could do ;
 For though banished from my flocks,
 And confined within these rocks,
 Here I waste away the light,
 And consume the sullen night,—
 She doth for my comfort stay,
 And keeps many cares away.
 Though I miss the flowery fields,
 With those sweets the spring-tide yields ;
 Though I may not see those groves
 Where the shepherds chant their loves,
 And the lasses more excel
 Than the sweet-voiced Philomel ;
 Though of all these pleasures past
 Nothing now remains at last
 But Remembrance (poor relief,)
 That makes more than mends my grief ;
 She's my mind's companion still,
 Maugre* Envy's evil will ;
 She doth tell me where to borrow
 Comfort in the midst of sorrow ;
 Makes the desolatest place
 To her presence be a grace,
 And the blackest discontents
 Be her fairest ornaments.
 In my former days of bliss
 Her divine skill taught me this,
 That from everything I saw
 I could some invention draw,
 And raise pleasure to her height
 By the meanest objects' sight,—
 By the murmur of a spring,
 Or the least bough's rustleling (rustling),
 Or a daisy whose leaves spread,
 Shut when Titan goes to bed,
 Or a shady bush or tree ;
 She could more infuse in me
 Than all nature's beauties can,
 In some other wiser man ;
 By her help I also now
 Make this churlish place allow
 Some things that may sweeten gladness
 In the very gall of sadness.
 The dull lowness, the black shade,
 That these hanging vaults have made ;
 The strange music of the waves
 Beating on these hollow caves ;

* In spite of: *Fr. Maugre*.

This black den which rocks emboss,
 Overgrown with eldest moss—
 The rude portals that give light
 More to Terror than Delight ;
 This my chamber of Neglect,
 Walled about with Disrespect,—
 From all these, and this dull air,
 A fit object for Despair,
 She hath taught me by her might
 To draw comfort and delight ;
 Therefore, thou best earthly bliss,
 I will cherish thee for this.
 Poesy, thou sweet'st content
 That e'er Heaven to mortals lent,
 Though they as a trifle leave thee,
 Whose dull thoughts cannot conceive thee,
 Thou then be to them a scorn,
 That to nought but earth are born,—
 Let my life no longer be
 Than I am in love with thee.

—:O:—

GEORGE HERBERT.

1593—1632.

VIRTUE.

SWEET Day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
 The bridal of the earth and sky,
 The dew shall weep thy fall to-night ;
 For thou must die.

Sweet Rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
 Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
 Thy root is ever in its grave,
 And thou must die.

Sweet Spring, full of sweet days and roses,
 A box where sweets compacted lie,
 My music shows ye have your closes,
 And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
 Like seasoned timber, never gives ;
 But though the whole world turn to coal,
 Then chiefly lives.

—O—

MAN'S MEDLEY.

HARK, how the birds do sing,
 And woods do ring ! [his.
 All creatures have their joy, and man hath
 Yet if we rightly measure,
 Man's joy and pleasure
 Rather hereafter than in present is.

To this life things of sense
 Make their pretence:
 In th' other angels have a right by birth;
 Man ties them both alone,
 And makes them one,
 With th' one hand touching heaven, with
 th' other earth.

In soul he mounts and flies,
 In flesh he dies.
 He wears a stuff whose thread is coarse
 and round,
 But trimmed with curious lace,
 And should take place
 After the trimming, not the stuff and
 ground.

Not that he may not here
 Taste of the cheer;
 But as birds drink and straight lift up their
 head,
 So must he sip and think
 Of better drink
 He may attain to after he is dead.

But as his joys are double,
 So is his trouble.
 He hath two winters, other things but one;
 Both frosts and thoughts do nip
 And bite his lip;
 And he of all things fears two deaths alone.

Yet even the greatest griefs
 May be reliefs, [ways.
 Could he but take them right, and in their
 Happy is he whose heart
 Hath found the art
 To turn his double pains to double praise.

—o—

SUNDAY.

O DAY most calm, most bright!
 The fruit of this, the next world's bud,
 Th' endorsement of supreme delight,
 Writ by a Friend, and with His blood;
 The couch of Time; Care's balm and bay;
 The week were dark, but for thy light:
 Thy torch doth show the way.

The other days and thou
 Make up one man; whose face thou art,
 Knocking at heaven with thy brow:
 The worky-days are the back part;
 The burden of the week lies there,
 Making the whole to stoop and bow,
 Till thy release appear.

Man had straightforward gone
 To endless death; but thou dost pull
 And turn us round to look on One,
 Whom, if we were not very dull,
 We could not choose but look on still;
 Since there is no place so alone
 The which He doth not fill.

Sundays the pillars are,
 On which heav'n's palace archèd lies:
 The other days fill up the spare
 And hollow room with vanities.
 They are the fruitful beds and borders
 In God's rich garden: that is bare
 Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundays of man's life,
 Threaded together on Time's string,
 Make bracelets to adorn the wife*
 Of the eternal glorious King.
 On Sunday heaven's gate stands ope;
 Blessings are plentiful and rife,
 More plentiful than hope.

This day my Saviour rose,
 And did enclose this light for His:
 That, as each beast his manger knows,
 Man might not of his fodder miss.
 Christ hath took in this piece of ground,
 And made a garden there for those
 Who want herbs for their wound.

The rest of our creation
 Our great Redeemer did remove
 With the same shake, which at His passion
 Did the earth and all things with it move.
 As Samson bore the doors away,
 Christ's hands, though nailed, wrought our
 salvation,
 And did unhinge that day.

The brightness of that day
 We sullied by our foul offence:
 Wherefore that robe we cast away,
 Having a new at His expense,
 Whose drops of blood paid the full price
 That was required to make us gay,
 And fit for Paradise.

Thou art a day of mirth;
 And where the week-days trail on ground,
 Thy flight is higher, as thy birth:
 O let me take thee at the bound,
 Leaping with thee from seven to seven,
 Till that we both, being tossed from earth,
 Fly hand in hand to heaven!

* The Church.

—o—

SUMMER FRIENDS.

My comforts drop and melt away like snow;
 I shake my head, and all the thoughts and
 ends [flow
 Which my fierce youth did bandy, fall and
 Like leaves about me; or like summer
 Flies of estate and sunshine. [friends,

—o—

OBEDIENCE.

A SERVANT with this clause
 Makes drudgery divine,
 Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws,
 Makes that and the action fine.

—o—

TO THE RAIN.

RAIN! do not hurt my flowers, but gently
 spend [here;
 Your honey drops; press not to smell them
 When they are ripe their odour will ascend,
 And at your lodging with their thanks ap-
 pear.

—o—

SILENT TEARS.

WHAT is so shrill as silent tears?

—o—

VALUE OF LOVE. [degree,—

SCORN no man's love, though of a mean
 Love is a present for a mighty king.

—o—

CHURCH BELLS.

SUNDAYS observe; think when the bells
 do chime,
 'Tis angels' music; therefore come not late.

—:o:—

WILLIAM HABINGTON.

1605—1654.

A FRAGMENT.

EACH small breath
 Disturbs the quiet of poor shallow waters,
 But winds must arm themselves ere the
 large sea
 Is seen to tremble.

—:o:—

ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

1560—1595.

SCORN NOT THE LEAST.

WHEN words are weak, and foes encoun-
 t'ring strong,
 When mightier do assault than do defend,
 The feebler part puts up enforced wrong,
 And silent sees that speech could not
 amend. [repine:
 Yet higher powers must think, though they
 When sun is set the little stars will shine.

While pike doth range the silly tench doth
 fly, [fish,
 And crouch in privy creeks with smaller
 Yet pikes are caught when little fish go by;
 These fleet afloat while those do fill the
 dish.

There is a time e'en for the worms to creep,
 And suck the dew while all their foes do
 sleep.

The falcon cannot ever soar on high.
 Nor greedy greyhound still pursue the
 chase;

The tender lark will find a time to fly,
 And fearful hare to run a quiet race.
 He that the growth on cedars did bestow
 Gave also lowly mushrooms leave to grow.

For Aman's pomp poor Mardocheus wept,
 Yet God did turn his fall upon his foe;
 The Lazar pined while Dives' feast was kept,
 Yet he to heaven, to hell did Dives go.
 We trample grass and prize the flowers of
 May,
 Yet grass is green when flowers do fade
 away.

—:o:—

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

1568—1639.

THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY
LIFE.

How HAPPY is he born and taught,
 That serveth not another's will,
 Whose armour is his honest thought,
 And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are,
 Whose soul is still prepared for death,
 Untied unto the world by care
 Of public fame or private breath.

Who envys none that chance doth raise,
Nor vice hath ever understood ;
How deepest wounds are given by praise,
Nor rules of state, but rules of God.

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat,
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great.

Who God doth late and early pray
More of His grace than gifts to lend,
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend.

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

—:O:—

ROBERT HERRICK.

1591—1674.

ALMS.

GIVE, if thou canst, an alms ; if not, afford
Instead of that a sweet and gentle word.
God crowns our goodness, wheresoe'er He
sees
On our part, wanting the abilities.

—:O:—

JOHN MILTON.

1608—1674.

EVE'S LAMENT.

O UNEXPECTED stroke, worse than of [death !
Must I thus leave thee, Paradise ? thus leave
Thee, native soil, these happy walks and
shades, [spend,
Fit haunt of Gods ? where I had hope to
Quiet though sad, the respite of that day
That must be mortal to us both. O flow'rs,
That never will in other climate grow,
My early visitation, and my last
At ev'n, which I bred up with tender hand
From the first op'ning bud, and gave ye
names,
Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank
Your tribes, and water from th' ambrosial
fount ?

Thee lastly, nuptial bow'r, by me adorned
With what to sight or smell was sweet ; from
thee

How shall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower world, to this obscure
And wild ? how shall we breathe in other air
Less pure, accustomed to immortal fruits ?

Whom thus the angel interrupted mild :
Lament not, Eve, but patiently resign
What justly thou hast lost ; nor set thy heart,
Thus over-fond, on that which is not thine :
Thy going is not lonely,—with thee goes
Thy husband, him to follow thou art bound ;
Where he abides, think there thy native soil.

—O—

F A M E.

[raise
FAME is the spur that the clear spirit doth
(That last infirmity of noble minds),
To scorn delights and live laborious days ;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with th' abhorred
shears, [praise,"
And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the
Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling
ears.

—:O:—

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

1618—1667.

THE WISH.

WELL, then, I now do plainly see,
This busy world and I will ne'er agree :
The very honey, of all earthly joy,
Does of all meats the soonest cloy ;
And they, methinks, deserve my pity,
Who for it can endure the stings,
The crowd, the buzz, the murmurings,
Of this great hive, the City.

Ah, yet ere I descend to the grave,
May I a small house and large garden have !
And a few friends, and many books both
true,
Both wise and both delightful too !
And since love ne'er will from me flee,
A mistress moderately fair,
And good as guardian angels are,
Only beloved and loving me.

—O—

THE GRASSHOPPER.

HAPPY insect! what can be
 In happiness compared to thee?
 Fed with nourishment divine,
 The dewy morning's gentle wine.
 Nature waits upon thee still,
 And thy verdant cup does fill;
 'Tis filled wherever thou dost tread,
 Nature's self's thy Ganymede.
 Thou dost love to dance and sing,
 Happier than the happiest king.
 All the fields which thou dost see,
 All the plants belong to thee;
 All that summer hours produce,
 Fertile made with early juice;
 Man for thee does sow and plough,—
 Farmer he, and landlord thou.
 Thou dost innocently joy,
 Nor does thy luxury destroy.
 The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
 More harmonious than he:
 Thee country hinds with gladness hear,
 Prophet of the ripened year!
 Thee Phœbus loves and does inspire,
 Phœbus is himself thy sire!
 To thee, of all things upon earth,
 Life is no longer than thy mirth;
 Happy insect! happy, thou
 Dost neither age nor winter know.
 But when thou'st drunk, danced, sung
 Thy fill the flowery leaves among
 (Voluptuous and wise withal,
 Epicurean animal),
 Sated with thy summer feast,
 Thou retir'st to endless rest.

—o—

OF SOLITUDE.

HAIL, old patrician trees, so great and
 good!

Hail, ye plebeian underwood!

Where the poetic birds rejoice,
 And for their quiet nests and plenteous food
 Pay with their grateful voice.

Hail, the poor Muse's richest manor-seat!
 Ye country houses and retreat,

Which all the happy gods so love,
 That for you oft they quit their bright and
 Metropolis above. [great

Here Nature does a house for me erect,
 Nature! the wisest architect,

Who those fond artists does despise
 That can the fair and living trees neglect,
 Yet the dead timber prize.

Here let me, careless and unthoughtful
 lying,

Hear the soft winds above me flying,
 With all their wanton boughs dispute,
 And the more tuneful birds to both replying,
 Nor be myself, too, mute.

A silver stream shall roll his waters near,
 Gilt with the sunbeams here and there,
 On whose enamelled bank I'll walk,
 And see how prettily they smile,
 And hear how prettily they talk.

Ah! wretched and too solitary he
 Who loves not his own company!
 He'll feel the weight of 't many a day,
 Unless he call in sin or vanity
 To help to bear 't away.

—:o:—

EDMUND WALLER.

1603—1687.

OLD AGE.

[o'er,
 THE seas are quiet when the winds give
 So calm are we when passions are no more;
 For then we know how vain it was to boast
 Of fleeting things, too certain to be lost.
 Clouds of affection from our younger eyes,
 Conceal that emptiness which age describes.

The soul's dark cottage, battered and de-
 cayed, [has made;
 Lets in new light through chinks that Time
 Stronger by weakness wiser men become,
 As they draw near to their eternal home:
 Leaving the old, both worlds at once they
 view,
 That stand upon the threshold of the new.

—o—

GO, LOVELY ROSE!

Go, lovely Rose!
 Tell her, that wastes her time and me,
 That now she knows
 When I resemble her to thee,
 How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
 And shuns to have her graces spied,
 That hadst thou sprung
 In deserts where no men abide,
 Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee,—
How small a part they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

—:O:—

SIMON WASTELL.

1623—.

MAN'S LIFE.

LIKE as the damask rose you see,
Or like the blossom on the tree,
Or like the dainty flower in May,
Or like the morning of the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonas had,
E'en such is man, whose thread is spun
Drawn out and cut, and so is done.
The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
The flower fades, the morning hasteth,
The sun sets, the shadow flies,
The gourd consumes—and man he dies.

Like to the grass that's newly sprung,
Or like a tale that's new begun,
Or like the bird that's here to-day,
Or like the pearled dew of May,
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of a swan:
E'en such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.
The grass withers, the tale is ended,
The bird is flown, the dew's ascended;
The hour is short, the span is long,
The swan's near death—man's life is
done.

—:O:—

ANDREW MARVELL.

1620—1678.

THE FLOWER-DIAL.

WHAT wondrous life is this I lead!
Ripe apples drop about my head;
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine;

The nectarine and curious peach
Into my hands themselves do reach.
Stumbling on melons as I pass,
Insnared with flowers I fall on grass;
Meanwhile, the mind from pleasure less
Withdraws into its happiness
The mind, that ocean, where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find;
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds and other seas,
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.
Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide:
There like a bird it sits and sings,
Then whets and claps its silver wings;
And, till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.
How well the skilful gardener drew,
Of flowers and herbs, this dial new!
Where, from above, the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run;
And, as it works, the industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we.
How could such sweet and wholesome
hours
Be reckoned, but with herbs and flowers?

—O—

THE DROP OF DEW.

SEE how the orient dew,
Shed from the bosom of the morn
Into the blowing roses,
Yet careless of its mansion new,
For the clear region where 'twas born,
Round in itself encloses:
And in its little globe's extent,
Frames as it can its native element.
How it the purple flower does slight,
Scarce touching where it lies,
But gazing back upon the skies,
Shines with a mournful light,
Like its own tear,
Because so long divided from the sphere.
Restless it rolls, and insecure,
Trembling lest it grow impure;
Till the warm sun pities its pain,
And to the skies exhales it back again.
So the soul, that drop—that ray
Of the clear fountain of eternal day,
Could it within the human flower be seen,
Remembering still its former height,
Shuns the sweet leaves and blossoms green,
And recollecting its own light,

Does in its pure and circling thoughts express

The greater heaven in a heaven less.

In how coy a figure wound,

Every way it turns away ;

So the world, excluding round,

Yet receiving in the day ;

Dark beneath, but bright above,

Here disdaining, there all love ;

How loose and easy hence to go ;

How girt and ready to ascend,

Moving but on a point below,

It all about does upwards bend.

Such did the manna's sacred stream distil,

White and entire, although congealed and

chill,— [run

Congeaed on earth, but does dissolving

Into the glories of the almighty sun.

—:o:—

JOHN DRYDEN.

1631—1700.

REASON AND RELIGION.

DIM as the borrowed beams of moon and [stars,
To lonely, weary, wandering travellers,

Is Reason to the soul ; and as on high

Those rolling fires discover but the sky,

Not light us here, so Reason's glimmering

ray

Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,

But guide us upward to a better day.

And as those nightly tapers disappear

When day's bright lord ascends our he-

misphere,

So pale grows Reason at Religion's sight,—

So dies, and so dissolves in supernatural

light.

—o—

A SIMILE.

TILL, like a clock worn out with beating
time,

The weary wheels of life at last stood still.

—o—

MEN.

MEN are but children of a larger growth ;

Our appetites as apt to change as theirs,

And full as craving too, and full as vain ;

And yet the soul shut up in her dark room,

Viewing so clear abroad, at home sees no-

thing ;

But like a mole in earth, busy and blind,
Works all her folly up, and casts it outward
To the world's view.

—:o:—

JOSEPH ADDISON.

1672—1719.

HOPE.

OUR lives, discoloured with our present
woes, [hours.

May still grow white and shine with happier

So the pure limped stream, when foul with

stains

Of rushing torrents and descending rains,

Works itself clear, and as it runs refines,

Till by degrees the floating mirror shines ;

Reflects each flower that on the border

grows,

And a new heaven in its fair bosom shows.

—o—

IMMORTALITY.

It must be so ! Plato, thou reason'st well ;
Else, whence this pleasing hope, this fond

desire,

This longing after immortality ?

Or whence this secret dread and inward

horror [soul

Of falling into nought ? Why shrinks the

Back on herself, and startles at destruction ?

'Tis the divinity that stirs within us ;

'Tis Heaven itself that points out an here-

after,

And intimates Eternity to man.

—o—

LIBERTY.

O LIBERTY ! thou goddess heavenly bright,

Profuse of bliss and pregnant with delight,

Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,

And smiling Plenty leads thy smiling train.

Eased of her load, Subjection grows more

light,

And Poverty looks cheerful in thy sight.

Thou mak'st the gloomy face of Nature

gay, [the day.

Giv'st beauty to the sun and pleasure to

Thee, goddess, thee, Britannia's isle

adores !

How oft has she exhausted all her stores !

How oft on fields of death thy presence
sought, [bought!
Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly
On foreign mountains may the sun refine
The grape's soft juice, and mellow it in
wine,

With citron groves adorn a distant soil,
And the fat olives swell with floods of oil.
We envy not the warmer clime, that lies
In ten degrees of more indulgent skies;
Nor at the coarseness of our heaven repine,
Though o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads
shine.

'Tis Liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak
mountains smile.

—:O:—

ALEXANDER POPE.

1688—1744.

BLINDNESS TO THE FUTURE.

From the "Essay on Man."

HEAVEN from all creatures hides the book
of fate, [state:
All but the page prescribed, their present
From brutes what men, from men what
spirits know:

Or who could suffer being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery
food, [blood.

And licks the hand just raised to shed his
Oh, blindness to the future! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle marked by
Heaven;

Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,*
A hero perish or a sparrow fall,
Atoms of systems into ruin hurled,
And now a bubble burst, and now a wo d.
Hope humbly, then; with trembling
pinions soar; [adore.

Wait the great teacher Death, and God
What future bliss, He gives not thee to
know,

But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never Is, but always To be blest;
The soul, uneasy and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored
mind [wind;
Sees God in clouds, or hears Him in the

* St. Matthew x. 29.

His soul proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk or Milky Way;
Yet simple nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler
heaven; [braced,

Some safer world in depths of woods em-
Some happier island in the watery waste,
Where slaves once more their native land
behold, [gold.

No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for
To be, contents his natural desire,—
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

Go, wiser thou and, in thy scale of sense,
Weigh thy opinion against Providence.

Call imperfection what thou fanciest such,
Say, here He gives too little, there too much;
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
Yet cry, if Man's unhappy, God's unjust;
If Man alone engross not Heaven's high
care,

Alone made perfect here, immortal there;
Snatch from His hand the balance and the
rod,

Re-judge His justice, be the god of God.
In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the
skies.

Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes;
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels, men rebel;
And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of Order, sins against the Eternal Cause.

—O—

THE UNIVERSAL ORDER AND GRADATION OF CREATION.

FAR as creation's ample range extends,
The scale of sensual, mental powers ascends:
Mark how it mounts, to man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled
grass: [extreme,

What modes of sight betwixt each wide
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam:
Of smell, the headlong lioness between,
And hound sagacious on the tainted green:
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
To that which warbles through the vernal
wood:

The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true
From poisonous herbs extracts the healing
dew?

How instinct varies in the grovelling swine,
Compared, half-reasoning elephant, with
thine!

'Twixt that and reason, what a nice barrier,
For ever separate, yet for ever near!
Remembrance and reflection how allied!
What thin partitions sense from thought
divide; [join,

And middle natures, how they long to
Yet never pass the insuperable line!

Without this just gradation, could they be
Subjected, these to those, or all to thee?
The powers of all subdued by thee alone,
Is not thy reason all these powers in one?

See, through this air, this ocean, and
this earth,

All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
Above, how high progressive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend
below!

Vast chain of being! which from God
began,

Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
No glass can reach; from infinite to thee,
From thee to nothing.—On superior pow'rs
Were we to press, inferior might on ours;
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one step broken, the great scale's
destroyed: [strike,

From Nature's chain whatever link you
Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain
alike.

And, if each system in gradation roll
Alike essential to the amazing whole,
The least confusion but in one, not all
That system only, but the whole must fall.
Let earth unbalanced from her orbit fly,
Planets and suns run lawless through the
sky;

Let ruling angels from their spheres be
hurled,

Being on being wrecked, and world on
world; [nod,

Heav'n's whole foundations to their centre
And nature tremble to the throne of God.
All this dread order break—for whom? for
thee?

Vile worm!—oh, madness! pride! impiety!
What if the foot, ordained the dust to
tread,

Or hand to toil, aspired to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear repined
To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
Just as absurd for any part to claim
To be another in this general frame;
Just as absurd to mourn the tasks or pains
The great Directing Mind of all ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous
whole,

Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;
That, changed through all, and yet in all
the same;

Great in the earth, as in the ethereal frame;
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glow in the stars, and blossoms in the
trees; [extent,

Lives through all life, extends through all
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal
part,

As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:
To Him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, He bounds, connects, and equals
all.

Cease then, nor order imperfection name:
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: this kind, this due
degree [thee,

Of blindness, weakness, Heav'n bestows on
Submit.—In this, or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear:
Safe in the hand of one disposing power,
Or in the natal or the mortal hour.

All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction which thou canst not
see;

All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good:
And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite.
One truth is clear, Whatever is, is right.

—o—

THE PROPER STUDY OF MANKIND.

[scan,
Know then thyself, presume not God to
The proper study of mankind is man.
Placed on this isthmus of a middle state,
A being darkly wise and rudely great
With too much knowledge for the sceptic
side, [pride,

With too much weakness for the stoic's
He hangs between; in doubt to act or rest;
In doubt to deem himself a god or beast;
In doubt his mind or body to prefer;
Born but to die, and reasoning but to err;
Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
Whether he thinks too little or too much;
Chaos of thought and passion, all confused;
Still by himself abused or disabused;
Created half to rise and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all:

Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled:
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world!

Go, wondrous creature! mount where
science guides, [the tides;
Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state
Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old Time, and regulate the sun;
Go, soar with Plato to the empyreal sphere,
To the first good, first perfect, and first fair;
Or tread the mazy round his followers trod,
And quitting sense call imitating God:
As Eastern priests in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the sun.
Go, teach eternal wisdom how to rule—
Then drop into thyself, and be a fool!

Superior beings, when of late they saw
A mortal man unfold all nature's law,
Admired such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And showed a Newton as we show an ape.

Could he, whose rules the rapid comet
bind,
Describe or fix one movement of his mind?
Who saw its fires here rise, and there descend,

Explain his own beginning, or his end?
Alas, what wonder! man's superior part
Unchecked may rise, and climb from art
to art;

But when his own great work is but begun,
What reason weaves, by passion is undone.

Trace science, then, with modesty thy
guide;

First strip off all her equipage of pride;
Deduct what is but vanity, or dress,
Or learning's luxury, or idleness, [brain,
Or tricks to show the stretch of human
Mere curious pleasure or ingenious pain;
Expunge the whole, or lop the excrescent
parts

Of all our vices have created arts;
Then see how little the remaining sum
Which served the past, and must the times
to come!

—o—

THE NUN.

How HAPPY is the blameless Vestal's
The world forgetting, by the world forgot:
Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind!
Each prayer accepted, and each wish re-
signed;

Labour and rest, that equal periods keep;
"Obedient slumbers that can wake and
weep;"

Desires composed, affections ever even;
Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to
heaven,

Grace shines around her with serenest
beams, [dreams.
And whisp'ring angels prompt her golden
For her th' unfading rose of Eden blooms,
And wings of seraphs shed divine per-
fumes, [ring,
For her the spouse prepares the bridal
For her white virgins hymeneals sing;
To sounds of heavenly harps she dies away,
And melts in visions of eternal day.

—:o:—

EDWARD YOUNG.

1684—1765.

PAST HOURS.

THE spirit walks of every day deceased,
And smiles an angel, or a fury frowns.

—o—

SLEEP.

[Sleep!
TIRED Nature's sweet restorer,—balmy
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles; the wretched he
forsakes—

Swift on his downy pinions flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsullied by a tear.

—o—

OUR DYING FRIENDS.

OUR dying friends come o'er us like a cloud
To damp our brainless ardours, and abate
That glare of life which often blinds the
wise.

Our dying friends are pioneers to smooth
Our rugged pass to death; to break those
bars

Of terror and abhorrence Nature throws
'Cross our obstructed way; and thus to
make [storm.

Welcome, as safe, our port from every
Each friend, by Fate snatched from us, is
a plume

Plucked from the wing of human vanity,
Which makes us stoop from our aerial
height, [cease,

And, damped with omen of our own de-
On drooping pinions of ambition lowered,
Just skim earth's surface.

—o—

UNCERTAINTY OF HAPPINESS.

THE spider's most attenuated thread
Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie
Of earthly bliss: it breaks at every breeze.

—o—

THOUGHTS.

A CHRISTIAN dwells, like Uriel, in the sun.

TOO LOW they build who build below the stars.

PATIENCE and resignation are the pillars
Of human peace on earth.

—:o:—

ROBERT BLAIR.

1699—1746.

THE DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

SURE the last
Of the good man is peace. How calm his
exit! [ground,

Night dews fall not more gently to the
Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft.
Behold him in the eventide of life—

A life well spent, whose early care it was
His ripen years should not upbraid his
green;

By unperceived degrees he wears away,
Yet, like the sun, seems larger at his setting.
High in his faith and hope, see how he
reaches

After the prize in view, and like a bird
That's hampered, struggles hard to get
away! [expanded

While the glad gates of sight are wide
To let new glories in,—the first fair fruits
Of the last coming harvest.

—o—

DEATH.

'Tis but a night, a long and moonless night!
We make the grave our bed, and then are
gone.

Thus at the shut of eve the weary bird
Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely
brake

Cowers down and dozes till the dawn of day,
Then claps his well-fledged wings and bears
away.

—:o:—

NATHANIEL COTTON.

1707—1768.

TO-MORROW.

TO-MORROW didst thou say?
Methought I heard Horatio say "To-mor-
row!"

Go. I will not hear of it,—To-morrow!
'Tis a sharper who stakes his penury
Against thy plenty; who takes thy ready
cash, [and promises,—

And pays thee nought but wishes, hopes,
The currency of idiots. Injurious bankrupt,
That gulls the easy creditor. To-morrow!

It is a period nowhere to be found
In all the hoary registers of time,
Unless perchance in the fool's calendar.
Wisdom disdains the word, nor holds
society

With those who own it. No, my Horatio;
'Tis Fancy's child, and Folly is its father;
Wrought of such stuff as dreams are, and
baseless

As the fantastic visions of the evening.
But soft, my friend; arrest the present
moments,

For be assured they all are arrant tell-tales;
And though their flight be silent, and their
path

Trackless as the winged coursers of the air,
They post to heaven, and there record thy
folly; [watch,

Because, though stationed on the important
Thou, like a sleeping, faithless sentinel,
Didst let them pass, unnoticed, unimproved.
And know, for that thou slumber'dst on
thy guard,

Thou shalt be made to answer at the bar
For every fugitive; and when thou thus
Shalt stand impleaded at the high tribunal
Of hoodwinked justice, who shall tell thy
audit?

Then stay the present instant, dear Horatio;
Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wings,
'Tis of more worth than kingdoms, far more
precious [fountain.

Than all the crimson treasures of life's
Oh! let it not elude thy grasp, but like
The good old patriarch upon record,
Hold the fleet angel fast until he bless thee.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

1714—1763.

LINES WRITTEN AT AN INN
AT HENLEY.

TO THEE, fair Freedom, I retire,
From flattery, cards, and dice, and din,
Nor art thou found in mansions higher
Than the low cot or humble inn.

'Tis here with boundless power I reign,
And every health which I begin
Converts dull port to bright champagne,
Such freedom crowns it at an inn!

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate,
I fly from fashion's specious grin;
Freedom I love, and form I hate,
And choose my lodging at an inn.

Here, waiter, take my sordid ore,
Which lackeys else might hope to win,—
It buys what courts have not in store,
It buys me freedom at an inn.

Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn!

—:O:—

MARK AKENSIDE.

1721—1770.

FRIENDSHIP.

IS AUGHT so fair

In all the dewy landscapes of the spring,
In the bright eye of Hesper or the morn,
In Nature's fairest forms is aught so fair
As virtuous Friendship?—as the candid
blush

Of him who strives with fortune to be just?
The graceful tear that streams for others'
woes,

Or the mild majesty of private life,
Where peace with ever-blooming olive
crowns [effuse

The gate;—where honour's liberal hands
Unenvied treasures, and the snowy wings
Of innocence and love protect the scene.

—O—

TASTE.

[powers,
WHAT, then, is taste but those internal
Active and strong, and feelingly alive
To each fine impulse? a discerning sense
Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust
From things deformed, or disarranged and
gross [gold.
In species. This nor gems nor stores of
Nor purple state nor culture can bestow;
But God alone, when first His active hand
Imprints the secret bias of the soul.

—:O:—

THOMAS GRAY.

1716—1771.

FORESIGHT AND RETROSPEC-
TION HUMAN ONLY.

YESTERDAY the sullen year
Saw the snowy whirlwind fly,
Mute was the music of the air,
The herd stood drooping by
Their raptures now* that wildly flow,
No yesterday nor morrow know;
'Tis man alone that joy describes,
With forward and reverted eyes.

Smiles on pale misfortune's brow
Soft reflection's hand can trace;
And o'er the cheek of sorrow throw
A melancholy grace,
While hope prolongs our happier hour,
Or, deepest shades that dimly lower,
And blacken round our weary way,
Gilds with a gleam of distant day.

—:O:—

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

1728—1744.

THE WANDERER.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow—
Or by the lazy Scheld or wandering Po,
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the
door;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies—

* At return of spring.

Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee;
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest [friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend [retire
Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;
Blest that abode, where want and pain [repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair;
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crowned,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests of pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale,
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destined such delights to share, [care;
My prime of life in wandering spent and
Impelled, with steps unceasing, to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view,— [skies,
That, like the circle bounding earth and
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.

E'en now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend,
And placed on high above the storm's career, [appear;
Look downward where a hundred realms
Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride. [bine,
When thus Creation's charms around command
Amidst the store should thankless Pride
repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glittering towns with wealth and splendour crowned,
Ye fields where summer spreads profusion round,
Ye lakes whose vessels catch the busy gale,
Ye bending swains that dress the flowery vale,

For me your tributary stores combine:
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine!

As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er—
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still—
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleased with each good that Heaven to man supplies;
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish amidst the scene to find
Some spot to real happiness consigned,
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.

But where to find that happiest spot below
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own,
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease;
The naked negro, panting at the Line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.

Such is the patriot's boast, where'er [roam,
His first, best country ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind;
As different good, by art or nature given
To different nations, makes their blessings even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at labour's earnest call:
With food as well the peasant is supplied
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side;
And though the rocky crested summits frown, [down.
These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of
From art more various are the blessings sent— [tent.
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content,
Yet these each other's power so strong
contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest.

Where wealth and freedom reign contentment fails, [prevails.
And honour sinks where commerce long
Hence every state, to one loved blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.

—o—

DECAY OF PEASANTRY.

ILL fares the land, to hastening ills a prey, [cay:
Where wealth accumulates, and men de-Princes and lords may flourish or may fade— [made;
A breath can make them, as a breath has
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began, [man;
When every rood of ground maintained its
For him light labour spread her wholesome store, [more:
Just gave what life required, but gave no
His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are altered; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose, [pose;
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp re-And every want to luxury allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom, [room,
Those calm desires that asked but little
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene, [green,—
Lived in each look, and brightened all the
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

—o—

A DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET Auburn, parent of the blissful hour, [power.
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew—

Remembrance wakes, with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—

I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;

To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose.
I still had hopes—for pride attends us still—
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill,

Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt and all I saw.

And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue, [flew,
Pants to the place from whence at first she
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine! [these,

How blest is he who crowns, in shades like
A youth of labour with an age of ease;

Who quits a world where strong temptations try, [fly!

And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to
For him no wretches, born to work and weep, [deep;

Explore the mine or tempt the dangerous
No surly porter stands in guilty state

To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,

Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,

While resignation gently slopes the way;
And all his prospects brightening to the last, [past,

His heaven commences ere the world be

Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,

Up yonder hill the village murmur rose.
There, as I passed with careless steps and slow, [below:

The mingling notes came softened from
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung, [young,

The sober herd that lowed to meet their
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,

The playful children just let loose from
school,

The watch-dog's voice that bayed the
whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant
mind,— [shade,

These all in sweet confusion sought the
And filled each pause the nightingale had
made.

But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown foot-way
tread,

But all the blooming flush of life is fled.
All but yon widowed, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the splashy spring;
She, wretched matron—forced in age, for
bread, [spread,

To strip the brook with mantling cresses
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till
morn,—

She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain!

—o—

THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

NEAR yonder copse, where once the
garden smiled, [wild,
And still where many a garden flower grows
There, where a few torn shrubs the place
disclose, [rose.

The village preacher's modest mansion
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change,
his place:

Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour:
Far other aims his heart had learned to
prize,

More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant
train,

He chid their wanderings, but relieved
their pain.

The long remembered beggar was his
guest, [breast;

Whose beard descending swept his aged
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer
proud, [allowed;

Claimed kindred there, and had his claims
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow
done, [fields were won.

Shouldered his crutch, and showed how

Pleased with his guests, the good man
learned to glow,

And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his
pride,

And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt
for all;

And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the
skies,

He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the
way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dis-
mayed, [trol,

The reverend champion stood: at his con-
Despair and anguish fled the struggling
soul; [to raise,

Comfort came down the trembling wretch
And his last faltering accents whispered
praise. [grace,

At church with meek and unaffected
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double
sway,

And fools, who came to scoff, remained to
pray.

The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E'en children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good
man's smile.

His ready smile a parent's warmth ex-
pressed, [distressed;

Their welfare pleased him, and their cares
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were
given, [heaven:

But all his serious thoughts had rest in
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves
the storm, [are spread,

Though round its breast the rolling clouds
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

—o—

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

BESIDE yon straggling fence that skirts
the way

With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school.

A man severe he was, and stern to view,—
I knew him well, and every truant knew:
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace

The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee

At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.

Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declared how much he knew,
'Twas certain he could write, and cypher too.
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,

And e'en the story ran that he could gauge.
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill;
For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still;

[thund'ring sound
While words of learned length and
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew

[knew.
That one small head could carry all he
But past is all his fame: the very spot
Where many a time he triumphed is forgot.

—o—

THE ALEHOUSE.

NEAR yonder thorn, that lifts its head
on high, [ing eye,

Where once the sign-post caught the pass-
Low lies that house where nut-brown
draughts inspired, [retired,

Where greybeard mirth and smiling toil
Where village statesmen talked with looks
profound, [round.

And news much older than their ale went
Imagination fondly stoops to trace

The parlour splendours of that festive place:
The whitewashed wall, the nicely sanded
floor, [the door;

The varnished clock that clicked behind
The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of
goose; [day,

The hearth, except when winter chilled the
With aspen boughs, and flowers and fennel
gay— [show,

While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a
row.

Vain transitory splendours! could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall?
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's
heart.

Thither no more the peasant shall repair,
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
Now more the farmer's news, the barber's
tale, [vail;

No more the woodman's ballad shall pre-
No more the smith his dusky brow shall
clear, [hear;

Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round:
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

[dain
Yes! let the rich deride, the proud dis-
These simple blessings of the lowly train—
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born
sway;

Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined;
But the long pomp, the midnight mas-
querade,

With all the freaks of wanton wealth
arrayed.

In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasures sicken into pain—
And e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy
The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy?

—:O:—

WILLIAM COWPER.

1731—1800.

ENGLAND.

FROM side to side of her delightful isle
Is she not clothed with a perpetual smile?
Can Nature add a charm, or Art confer
A new-found luxury not seen in her?
Where under heaven is pleasure more
pursued,

Or where does cold reflection less intrude?
Her fields a rich expanse of wavy corn
Poured out from Plenty's overflowing horn;
Ambrosial gardens, in which art supplies
The fervour and the force of Indian skies;
Her peaceful shores, where busy Commerce
waits [gates;
To pour his golden tide through all her

Whom fiery suns that scorch the russet
 spice [ice,
 Of Eastern groves, and oceans floored with
 Forbid in vain to push his daring way
 To darker climes, or climes of brighter
 day; [roll,
 Whom the winds waft where'er the billows
 From the world's girdle to the frozen pole;
 The chariots bounding in her wheel-worn
 streets; [meets;
 Her vaults below, where every vintage
 Her theatres, her revels, and her sports,
 The scenes to which not youth alone resorts,
 But age, in spite of weakness and of pain,
 Still haunts in hope to dream of youth
 again; [round,
 All speak her happy:—let the Muse look
 From east to west no sorrow can be found;
 Or only what, in cottages confined,
 Sighs unregarded to the passing wind.

—o—

ENGLAND'S CAUSES OF THANK- FULNESS.

HAS He not hid thee and thy favoured
 land,
 For ages, safe beneath His sheltering hand,
 Given thee His blessing on the clearest
 proof, [aloof,
 Bid nations leagued against thee stand
 And charged Hostility and Hate to roar
 Where else they would, but not upon thy
 shore?
 His power secured thee when presumptu-
 tuous Spain
 Baptized her fleet Invincible in vain; [ed
 Her gloomy monarch, doubtful and resign-
 To every pang that racks an anxious mind,
 Asked of the waves that broke upon his
 coast,
 "What tidings?" and the surge replied,
 "All lost!"
 And when the Stuart, leaning on the Scot,
 Then too much feared, and now too much
 forgot,
 Pierced to the very centre of the realm,
 And hoped to seize his abdicated helm,
 'Twas but to prove how quickly, with a
 frown,
 He that had raised thee could have plucked
 thee down.
 Peculiar is the grace by thee possessed,
 Thy foes implacable, thy land at rest;
 Thy thunders travel over earth and seas,
 And all at home is pleasure, wealth, and
 ease,

'Tis thus, extending His tempestuous arm,
 Thy Maker fills the nations with alarm,
 While His own heaven surveys the troubled
 scene,
 And feels no change, unshaken and serene.
 Freedom, in other lands scarce known to
 shine,
 Pours out a flood of splendour upon thine;
 Thou hast as bright an interest in her rays
 As ever Roman had in Rome's best days.
 True freedom is where no restraint is known
 That Scripture, justice, and good sense
 disown,
 Where only vice and injury are tied,
 And all from shore to shore is free beside.
 Such freedom is,—and Windsor's hoary
 towers [powers,
 Stood trembling at the boldness of thy
 That won a nymph on that immortal plain,
 Like her the fabled Phœbus wooed in vain:
 He found the laurel only;—happier you,
 The unfading laurel and the virgin too!

—o—

PATRIOTISM.

ENGLAND, with all thy faults, I love thee
 still,
 My country! and while yet a nook is left
 Where English minds and manners may be
 found, [thy clime
 Shall be constrained to love thee. Though
 Be fickle, and thy year, most part deformed
 With dripping rains, or withered by a frost,
 I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies
 And fields without a flower for warmer
 France
 With all her vines, nor for Ausonia's groves
 Of golden fruitage, and her myrtle bowers.
 To shake thy senate, and from heights
 sublime
 Of patriot eloquence to flash down fire
 Upon thy foes, was never meant my task;
 But I can feel thy fortunes, and partake
 Thy joys and sorrows with as true a heart
 As any thunderer there.

—o—

LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.

How various his employments, whom the
 world
 Calls idle, and who justly in return
 Esteems that busy world an idler too!
 Friends, books, a garden, and perhaps his
 pen,

Delightful industry enjoyed at home,
 And Nature in her cultivated trim
 Dressed to his taste, inviting him abroad—
 Can he want occupation who has these?
 Will he be idle who has much to enjoy?
 Me, therefore, studious of laborious ease,
 Not slothful, happy to deceive the time,
 Not waste it, and aware that human life
 Is but a loan to be repaid with use,
 When He shall call his debtors to account,
 From whom are all our blessings, business
 finds

Even here, while sedulous I seek to improve,
 At least neglect not, or leave unemployed
 The mind He gave me; driving it, though
 slack

Too oft, and much impeded in its work
 By causes not to be divulged in vain,
 To its just point—the service of mankind.
 He that attends to his interior self;
 That has a heart and keeps it; has a mind
 That hungers and supplies it; and who seeks
 A social, not a dissipated life, [achieve
 Has business; feels himself engaged to
 No unimportant though a silent task.
 A life all turbulence and noise may seem,
 To him that leads it, wise and to be praised;
 But wisdom is a pearl with most success
 Sought in still water and beneath clear
 skies.

He that is ever occupied in storms,
 Or dives not for it, or brings up instead,
 Vainly industrious, a disgraceful prize.

The morning finds the self-sequestered
 man [may.

Fresh for his task, intend what task he
 Whether inclement seasons recommend
 His warm but simple home, where he enjoys,
 With her who shares his pleasures and his
 heart,

Sweet converse, sipping calm the fragrant
 lymph [book,

Which neatly she prepares; then to his
 Well chosen, and not sullenly perused
 In selfish silence, but imparted oft

As ought occurs that she may smile to hear,
 Or turn to nourishment digested well.

Or if the garden with its many cares,
 All well repaid, demand him, he attends
 The welcome call, conscious how much the
 hand

Of lubbard Labour needs his watchful eye,
 Oft loitering lazily if not o'erseen,
 Or misapplying his unskilful strength.

Nor does he govern only or direct,
 But much performs himself; no works in-
 deed

That ask robust tough sinews bred to toil,

Servile employ,—but such as may amuse,
 Not tire, demanding rather skill than force.
 Proud of his well-spread walls, he views his
 trees

That meet, no barren interval between,
 With pleasure more than even their fruits
 afford, [can feel;

Which, save himself who trains them, none
 These, therefore, are his own peculiar
 charge,—

No meaner hand may discipline the shoots,
 None but his steel approach them. What
 is weak,

Distempered, or has lost prolific powers,
 Impaired by age, his unrelenting hand
 Dooms to the knife; nor does he spare the
 soft

And succulent, that feeds its giant growth,
 But barren, at the expense of neighbouring
 twigs

Less ostentatious and yet studded thick
 With hopeful gems. The rest, no portion
 left

That may disgrace his art, or disappoint
 Large expectation, he disposes neat
 At measured distances, that air and sun,
 Admitted freely, may afford their aid,
 And ventilate and warm the swelling buds.
 Hence Summer has her riches, Autumn
 hence, [hand

And hence even Winter fills his withered
 With blushing fruits, and plenty not his own.
 Fair recompense of labour well bestowed,
 And wise precaution, which a clime so rude
 Makes needless still, whose Spring is but
 the child

Of churlish Winter, in her froward moods
 Discovering much the temper of her sire.
 For oft, as if in her the stream of mild
 Maternal nature had reversed its course,
 She brings her infants forth with many
 smiles,

But once delivered, kills them with a frown.
 He, therefore, timely warned, himself sup-
 plies [warm

Her want of care, screening and keeping
 The plenteous bloom, that no rough blast
 may sweep [oft

His garlands from the boughs. Again, as
 As the sun peeps and vernal airs breathe
 mild, [beam,

The fence withdrawn, he gives them every
 And spreads his hopes before the blaze of
 day.

* * * * *
 Ah, blest seclusion from a jarring world,
 Which he, thus occupied, enjoys! Retreat
 Cannot indeed to guilty man restore

Lost innocence, or cancel follies past ;
But it has peace, and much secures the mind
From all assaults of evil, proving still
A faithful barrier, not o'erleaped with ease
By vicious custom, raging uncontrolled
Abroad, and desolating public life.

When fierce temptation, seconded within
By traitor appetite, and armed with darts
Tempered in hell, invades the throbbing
breast,

To combat may be glorious, and success
Perhaps may crown us ; but to fly is safe.
Had I the choice of sublunary good,
What could I wish, that I possess not here?
Health, leisure, means to improve it, friend-
ship, peace ;

No loose or wanton though a wandering
And constant occupation without care.
Thus blest, I draw a picture of that bliss ;
Hopeless indeed that dissipated minds,
And profligate abusers of a world
Created fear so much in vain for them,
Should seek the guiltless joys that I de-
scribe,

Allured by my report ; but sure no less
That, self-condemned, they must neglect
the prize, [approve.]
And what they will not taste must yet

—:O:—

JAMES BEATTIE.

1735—1803.

HOPE BEYOND THE GRAVE.

'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no
more ; [not for you ;

I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn
For morn is approaching, your charms to
restore,

Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glit-
tering with dew.

Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn ;
Kind nature the embryo blossom will
save, [urn ?

But when shall spring visit the mouldering
Or when shall it dawn on the night of
the grave?

'Twas thus, by the glare of false science
betrayed, [blind,

That leads to bewilder and dazzles to
My thoughts wont to roam, from shade
onward to shade,

Destruction before me and sorrow behind.

Oh, pity, great Father of lights, then I cried,
Thy creature, who fain would not wander
from Thee ; [pride ;

Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my
From doubt and from darkness Thou
only canst free.

[away,
And darkness and doubt are now flying

No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn,
So breaks on the traveller, faint and astray,

The bright and the balmy effulgence of
morn. [descending,

See Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph
And nature all glowing in Eden's first

bloom! [roses are blending,

On the cold cheek of Death smiles and
And beauty immortal awakes from the
tomb !

—O—

THE POET'S GRAVE.

LET vanity adorn the marble tomb
With trophies, rhymes, and scutcheons of
renown,

In the deep dungeon of some Gothic dome,
Where night and desolation ever frown.

Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down,
Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,

With here and there a violet bestrown,
Fast by a brook or fountain's murmuring

wave, [o'er my grave.

And many an evening sun shine sweetly

And thither let the village swain repair,
And, light of heart, the village maiden gay,

To deck with flowers her half-dishevelled
hair,

And celebrate the merry morn of May.

There let the shepherd's pipe the livelong
day [woe ;

Fill all the grove with love's bewitching
And when mild evening comes with mantle

grey, [go,

Let not the blooming band make haste to
Nor ghost nor spell my long and last

abode shall know.

—:O:—

TOBIAS SMOLLETT.

1721—1771.

THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

MOURN, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banished peace, thy laurels torn !

Thy sons, for valour long renowned,
Lie slaughtered on their native ground;
Thy hospitable roofs no more
Invite the stranger to the door;
In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees afar
His all become the prey of war;
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then smites his breast, and curses life.
Thy swains are famished on the rocks
Where once they fed their wanton flocks;
Thy ravished virgins shriek in vain,
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it, then, in every clime,
Through the wide-spreading waste of time,
Thy martial glory, crowned with praise,
Still shone with undiminished blaze?
Thy towering spirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke,
What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage and rancour fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay
No more shall cheer the happy day;
No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night;
No strains but those of sorrow flow,
And nought be heard save sounds of woe,
While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

Oh, baneful cause! oh, fatal morn!
Accursed to ages yet unborn!
The sons against their fathers stood,
The parent shed his children's blood.
Yet, when the rage of battle ceased,
The victor's soul was not appeased;
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames and murdering steel.

The pious mother doomed to death,
Forsaken, wanders o'er the heath;
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread.
Bereft of shelter, food and friend,
She views the shades of night descend,
And, stretched beneath the inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes—and dies.

While the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpaired remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat;
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathizing verse shall flow.
"Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn!
Thy banished peace, thy laurels torn!"

ROBERT BURNS.

1759—1796.

LAMENT OF
MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS,
ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

NOW NATURE hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree,
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
Out o'er the grassy lea;
Now Phœbus cheers the crystal streams,
And glads the azure skies;
But nought can glad the wearied wight
That fast in durance lies.

Now lav'rocks wake the merry morn,
Aloft on dewy wing;
The merle, in his noontide bower,
Makes woodland echoes ring;
The mavis mild, wi' many a note,
Sings drowsy day to rest:
In love and freedom they rejoice,
Wi' care nor thrall oppress.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
The primrose down the brae;
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
And milk-white is the slae:
The meanest hind in fair Scotland
May rove their sweets amang;
But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
Maun lie in prison strang.

I was the Queen o' bonnie France,
Where happy I ha'e been;
Fu' lightly raise I in the morn,
As blithe lay down at e'en:
And I'm the sovereign of Scotland,
And mony a traitor there,
Yet here I lie in foreign bands
And never-ending care.

But as for thee, thou false woman,
My sister and my fae,
Grim vengeance yet shall whet a sword
That through thy soul shall gae:
The weeping blood in woman's breast
Was never known to thee,
Nor th' balm that draps on wounds of woe
Frae woman's pitying e'e.

My son! my son! may kinder stars
Upon thy fortune shine;
And may those pleasures gild thy reign
That ne'er wad blink on mine!
God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
Or turn their hearts to thee;
And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,
Remember him for me!

Oh! soon, to me, may summer suns
 Nae mair light up the morn!
 Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds
 Wave o'er the yellow corn!
 And in the narrow house o' death
 Let winter round me rave,
 And the next flowers that deck the spring
 Bloom on my peaceful grave!

—o—

LAMENT FOR JAMES, EARL OF GLENCAIRN.

THE wind blew hollow frae the hills,
 By fits the sun's departing beam
 Looked on the fading yellow woods
 That waved o'er Lugar's winding stream:
 Beneath a craigy steep, a bard,
 Laden with years and meikle pain,
 In loud lament bewailed his lord,
 Whom death had all untimely ta'en.

He leaned him to an ancient aik, | years;
 Whose trunk was mouldering down with
 His locks were bleached white wi' time,
 His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears!
 And as he touched his trembling harp,
 And as he tuned his doleful sang,
 The winds, lamenting through their caves,
 To echo bore the notes along.

"Ye scattered birds that faintly sing,
 The reliques of the vernal quire!
 Ye woods that shed on a the winds
 The honours of the agèd year!
 A few short months, and glad and gay,
 Again ye'll charm the ear and e'e;
 But nocht in all revolving time
 Can gladness bring again to me.

"I am a bending, agèd tree,
 That long has stood the wind and rain;
 But now has come a cruel blast,
 And my last hald of earth is gane:
 Nae leaf o' mine shall greet the spring,
 Nae simmer sun exalt my bloom;
 But I maun lie before the storm,
 And ithers plant them in my room.

"I've seen sae mony changefu' years,
 On earth I am a stranger grown;
 I wander in the ways of men,
 Alike unknowing and unknown:
 Unheard, unpitied, unrelieved,
 I bear alane my lade o' care,
 For silent, low, on beds of dust
 Lie a' that would my sorrows share.

"And last (the sum of a' my griefs!)
 My noble master lies in clay;
 The flower amang our barons bold,
 His country's pride, his country's stay:
 In weary being now I pine,
 For a' the life of life is dead,
 And hope has left my agèd ken,
 On forward wing for ever fled.

"Awake thy last sad voice, my harp!
 The voice of woe and wild despair!
 Awake, resound thy latest lay,
 Then sleep in silence evermair!
 And thou, my last, best, only friend,
 That fillest an untimely tomb,
 Accept this tribute from the Bard
 Thou brought from fortune's mirkest
 gloom.

"In poverty's low barren vale,
 Thick mists obscure involved me round;
 Though oft I turned the wistful eye,
 Nae ray of fame was to be found:
 Thou found'st me, like the morning sun
 That melts the fogs in limpid air,—
 The friendless Bard and rustic song
 Became alike thy fostering care.

"Oh, why has worth so short a date,
 While villains ripen grey with time?
 Must thou, the noble, generous, great,
 Fall in bold manhood's hardy prime?
 Why did I live to see that day,
 A day to me so full of woe?
 Oh, had I met the mortal shaft
 Which laid my benefactor low!

"The bridegroom may forget the bride
 Was made his wedded wife yestreen;
 The monarch may forget the crown
 That on his head an hour has been;
 The mother may forget the child
 That smiles sae sweetly on her knee;
 But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
 And a' that thou hast done for me!"

—o—

IS THERE, FOR HONEST POVERTY.

Tune—"For a' that and a' that."

IS THERE, for honest poverty,
 'That hangs his head, and a' that?
 The coward slave, we pass him by,—
 We dare be poor for a' that!

For a' that, and a' that,
 Our toils obscure, and a' that;
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
 The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear hoddin grey, and a' that?
 Gi'e fools their silks and knaves their wine,
 A man's a man for a' that;
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their tinsel show, and a' that;
 The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
 Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
 Wha struts, and stares, and a' that:
 Though hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a coof for a' that;
 For a' that, and a' that,
 His riband, star, and a' that:
 The man of independent mind,
 He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak' a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, and a' that;
 But an honest man's aboon his might—
 Guid faith, he mauna fa' that!
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their dignities, and a' that,
 The pith o' sense and pride o' worth
 Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
 As come it will for a' that,
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
 May bear the gree, and a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 It's coming yet, for a' that,
 That man to man, the world o'er,
 Shall brothers be for a' that.

—:o:—

LETITIA BARBAULD.

1743—1825.

TO THE LARK.

MOUNT, child of morning, mount and sing,
 And gaily beat thy fluttering wing,
 And sound thy shrill alarms;
 Bathed in the fountains of the dew,
 Thy sense is keen, thy joys are new;
 The wide world opens to thy view,
 And spreads its earliest charms.

Far showered around, the hill, the plain,
 Catch the glad impulse of thy strain,
 And fling their veil aside;
 While warm with hope and rapturous joy
 Thy thrilling lay rings cheerily,
 Love swells its notes, and liberty,
 And youth's exulting pride.

Thy little bosom knows no ill,
 No gloomy thought, no wayward will:
 'Tis sunshine all, and ease.
 Like thy own plumes along, the sky,
 Thy tranquil days glide smoothly by;
 No track behind them as they fly
 Proclaims departed peace.

'Twas thus my earliest hopes aspired,
 'Twas thus, with youthful ardour fired,
 I vainly thought to soar;
 To snatch from fate the dazzling prize
 Beyond the beam of vulgar eyes.
 —Alas! th' unbidden sigh will rise:
 Those days shall dawn no more.

How glorious rose life's morning star!
 In bright procession round her car
 How danced the heavenly train!
 Truth beckoned from her radiant throne,
 And Fame held high her starry crown,
 While Hope and Love looked smiling down,
 Nor bade my toils be vain.

Too soon the fond illusion passed;—
 Too gay, too bright, too pure to last,
 It melted from my gaze.
 And, narrowing with each coming year,
 Life's onward path grew dark and drear,
 While pride forbade, the starting tear
 Would fall o'er happier days.

Still o'er my soul, though changed and dead,
 One lingering, doubtful beam is shed,
 One ray not yet withdrawn;
 And still that twilight soft and dear,
 That tells of friends and former cheer,
 Half makes me fain to linger here,
 Half hope a second dawn.

Sing on! sing on! What heart so cold,
 When such a tale of joy is told,
 But needs must sympathize?
 As from some cherub of the sky
 I hail thy morning melody.
 —Oh, could I mount with thee on high
 And share thy ecstasies!

—:o:—

GEORGE CRABBE.

1754—1832.

TIME'S CHANGES.

"COME, lead me, lassie, to the shade,
Where willows grow beside the brook;
For well I know the sound it made
When dashing o'er the stony rill—
It murmured to St. Osyth's Mill."

The lass replied, "The trees are fled,
'They've cut the brook a straighter bed:
No shades the present lords allow,
The miller only murmurs now
The waters now his mill forsake,
And form a pond they call a lake."

"Then, lassie, lead thy grandsire on,
And to the holy water bring;
A cup is fastened to the stone,
And I would taste the healing spring,
That soon its rocky cist forsakes,
And green its mossy passage makes."

"The holy spring is turned aside,
The arch is gone, the stream is dried;
The plough has levelled all around,
And here is now no holy ground."

"Then lass, thy grandsire's footsteps guide
To Bulmer's Tree, the giant oak,
Whose boughs the keeper's cottage hide,
And part the church-way lane o'erlook.
A boy, I climbed the topmost bough,
And I would feel its shadow now."

"Or, lassie, lead me to the west,
Where grew the elm-trees thick and tall,
Where rooks unnumbered build their nest—
Deliberate birds, and prudent all;
Their notes, indeed, are harsh and rude,
But they're a social multitude."

"The rooks are shot, the trees are felled,
And nest and nursery all expelled;
With better fate the giant tree,
Old Bulmer's Oak, is gone to sea.
The church-way walk is now no more,
And men must other ways explore:
Though this indeed promotion gains,
For this the park's new wall contains;
And here, I fear, we shall not meet
A shade, although, perchance, a seat."

"Oh, then, my lassie, lead the way
To Comfort's Home, the ancient inn:
That something holds, if we can pay—
Old David is our living kin;

A servant once, he still preserves
His name, and in his office serves."

"Alas, that mine should be the fate
Old David's sorrows to relate!
But they were brief: not long before
He died, his office was no more;
The kennel stands upon the ground,
With something of the former sound."

"Oh, then," the grieving man replied,
"No farther, lassie, let me stray;
Here's nothing left of ancient pride,
Of what was grand, of what was gay;
But all is changed, is lost, is sold—
All, all that's left is chilling cold;
I seek for comfort here in vain,
Then lead me to my cot again!"

—:O:—

SAMUEL ROGERS.

1773—1855.

A SIMILE.

THE soul of music slumbers in its shell
Till waked and kindled by the master's
spell; [pour
And feeling hearts, touch them but rightly,
A thousand melodies unheard before.

—:O:—

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

1771—1854.

A FIELD FLOWER.

ON FINDING ONE IN FULL BLOOM ON
CHRISTMAS DAY, 1803.

THERE is a flower, a little flower,
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field
In gay but quick succession shine,—
Race after race their honours yield,
They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to Nature dear,
While moons and stars their courses run
Wreathes the whole circle of the year,
Companion of the sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May,
To sultry August spreads its charms,
Lights pale October on his way,
And twines December's arms.

The purple heath and golden broom
On moory mountains catch the gale,
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
The violet in the vale;

But this bold flow'ret climbs the hill,
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
Plays on the margin of the rill,
Peeps down the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultured round
It shares the sweet carnation's bed,
And blooms on consecrated ground
In honour of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem,
The wild bee murmurs on its breast,
The blue-fly bends its pensile stem
Light o'er the sky-lark's nest.

'Tis Flora's page. In every place,
In every season, fresh and fair,
It opens with perennial grace,
And blossoms everywhere.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise;
The Rose has but a summer reign,—
The Daisy never dies.

—:O:—

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

1770—1850.

DEVOTIONAL INCITEMENTS.

"Not to the earth confined,
Ascend to heaven."

[Powers,

WHERE will they stop, those breathing
The Spirits of the new-born flowers?
They wander with the breeze, they wind
Where'er the streams a passage find;
Up from their native ground they rise
In mute aerial harmonies;
From humble violet modest thyme
Exhaled, the essential odours climb,
As if no space below the sky
Their subtle flight could satisfy:
Heaven will not tax our thoughts with pride
If like ambition be *their* guide.

Roused by this kindest of May-showers,
The spirit-quickener of the flowers,
That with moist virtue softly cleaves
The buds, and freshens the young leaves,
The Birds pour forth their souls in notes
Of rapture from a thousand throats,
Here checked by too impetuous haste,
While there the music runs to waste,
With bounty more and more enlarged,
Till the whole air is overcharged;
Give ear, O Man! to their appeal
And thirst for no inferior zeal,
Thou who canst *think* as well as feel.

Mount from the earth; aspire! aspire!
So pleads the town's cathedral choir,
In strains that from their solemn height
Sink, to attain a loftier flight;
While incense from the altar breathes
Rich fragrance in embodied wreaths;
Or, flung from swinging censer, shrouds
The taper lights, and curls in clouds
Around angelic forms, the still
Creation of the painter's skill,
That on the service wait concealed
One moment, and the next revealed.
—Cast off your bonds, awake, arise,
And for no transient ecstasies!
What else can mean the visual plea
Of still or moving imagery;
The iterated summons loud,
Not wasted on the attendant crowd,
Nor wholly lost upon the throng
Hurrying the busy streets along?

Alas! the sanctities combined
By art to unsensualize the mind,
Decay and languish; or, as creeds
And humours change, are spurned like
weeds:

The solemn rites, the awful forms,
Founder amid fanatic storms;
The priests are from their altars thrust,
The temples levelled with the dust;
Yet evermore, through years renewed
In undisturbed vicissitude
Of seasons balancing their flight
On the swift wings of day and night,
Kind Nature keeps a heavenly door
Wide open for the scattered Poor.
Where flower-breathed incense to the skies
Is wafted in mute harmonies;
And ground fresh cloven by the plough
Is fragrant with a humbler vow;
Where birds and brooks from leafy dells
Chime forth unwearied canticles,
And vapours magnify and spread
The glory of the sun's bright head:

Still constant in her worship, still
 Conforming to the almighty Will,
 Whether men sow or reap the fields,
 Her admonitions Nature yields;
 That not by bread alone we live,
 Or what a hand of flesh can give;
 That every day should leave some part
 Free for a sabbath of the heart;
 So shall the seventh be truly blest,
 From morn to eve, with hallowed rest.

—o—

LITTLE KINDNESSES.

SMALL service is true service while it lasts,
 Of humblest friends, bright creature,
 scorn not one;
 The daisy by the shadow which it casts
 Protects the lingering dewdrop from the
 sun.

—o—

THE TEACHERS OF THE SHEP-
HERD LORD CLIFFORD.

LOVE had he found in huts where poor men
 lie; [rills,
 His daily teachers had been woods and
 The silence that is in the starry sky,
 The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

In him the savage virtue of the race,
 Revenge, and all ferocious thoughts were
 dead;
 Nor did he change, but kept in lofty place
 The wisdom which adversity had bred.

Glad were the vales, and every cottage
 hearth;
 The shepherd lord was honoured more
 and more;
 And, ages after he was laid in earth,
 "The Good Lord Clifford" was the name
 he bore,

—o—

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.

THE minstrels played their Christmas tune
 To-night beneath my cottage-eaves;
 While, smitten by a lofty moon,
 The encircling laurels, thick with leaves,
 Gave back a rich and dazzling sheen,
 That overpowered their natural green.

Through hill and valley every breeze
 Had sunk to rest with folded wings:

Keen was the air, but could not freeze
 Nor check the music of the strings;
 So stout and hardy were the band [hand.
 That scraped the chords with strenuous

And who but listened?—till was paid
 Respect to every inmate's claim:
 The greeting given, the music played,
 In honour of each household name,
 Duly pronounced with lusty call,
 And "Merry Christmas" wished to all!

O brother! I revere the choice
 That took thee from thy native hills;
 And it is given thee to rejoice:
 Though public care full often tills
 (Heaven only witness of the toil)
 A barren and ungrateful soil.

Yet, would that thou, with me and mine,
 Hadst heard this never-failing rite,
 And seen on other faces shine
 A true revival of the light
 Which nature and these rustic powers,
 In simple childhood, spread through ours!

For pleasure hath not ceased to wait
 On these expected annual rounds,
 Whether the rich man's sumptuous gate
 Call forth the unelaborate sounds,
 Or they are offered at the door
 That guards the lowliest of the poor.

How touching, when, at midnight, sweep
 Snow-muffled winds, and all is dark,
 To hear—and sink again to sleep!
 Or, at an earlier call, to mark,
 By blazing fire, the still suspense
 Of self-complacent innocence.

The mutual nod,—the grave disguise
 Of hearts with gladness brimming o'er;
 And some unbidden tears that rise [more;
 For names once heard, and heard no
 Tears brightened by the serenade
 For infant in the cradle laid!

Ah! not for emerald fields alone, [bright
 With ambient streams more pure and
 Than fabled Cytherea's zone
 Glittering before the Thunderer's sight,
 Is to my heart of hearts endeared
 The ground where we were born and reared.

Hail, ancient manners! sure defence,
 Where they survive, of wholesome laws;
 Remnants of love whose modest sense
 Thus into narrow room withdraws:
 Hail, usages of pristine mould,
 And ye, that guard them, mountains old!

Bear with me, brother! quench the thought
 That slights this passion, or condemns;
 If thee fond fancy ever brought
 From the proud margin of the Thames,
 And Lambeth's venerable towers,
 To humbler streams and greener bowers.

Yes, they can make, who fail to find
 Short leisure even in busiest days,
 Moments, to cast a look behind,
 And profit by those kindly rays [steal,
 That through the clouds do sometimes
 And all the far-off past reveal.

Hence, while the imperial city's din
 Beats frequent on thy satiate ear,
 A pleased attention I may win
 To agitations less severe,
 That neither overwhelm nor cloy,
 But fill the hollow vale with joy!

—:O:—

AMELIA OPIE.

1769—1853.

IMPRESS OF THE CREATOR.

THERE'S not a leaf within the bower,
 There's not a bird upon the tree,
 There's not a dewdrop on the flower,
 But bears the impress, Lord, of Thee.

Thy hand the varied leaf designed,
 And gave the bird its thrilling tone;
 Thy power the dewdrop's tints combined,
 Till like a diamond's blaze they shone.

Yes, dewdrops, leaves, and buds, and all,
 The smallest, like the greatest things,—
 The sea's vast space, the earth's wide ball,
 Alike proclaim Thee King of kings.

But man alone to bounteous Heaven
 Thanksgiving's conscious strains can
 To favoured man alone 'tis given [raise;
 To join the angelic choir in praise.

—:O:—

SAM. TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

1772—1834.

ALIENATED FRIENDSHIP.

ALAS! they had been friends in youth;
 But whispering tongues can poison truth;

And constancy lives in realms above;
 And life is thorny; and youth is vain;
 And to be wroth with one we love
 Doth work like madness in the brain.
 And thus it chanced, as I divine,
 With Roland and Sir Leoline,
 Each spake words of high disdain
 And insult to his heart's best brother:
 They parted—ne'er to meet again!
 But never either found another
 To free the hollow heart from paining:
 They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
 Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;
 A dreary sea now flows between,
 But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder
 Shall wholly do away, I ween,
 The marks of that which once hath been.

—:O:—

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

1774—1843.

IMPULSES.

MOMENTS there are in life, alas! how few,
 When, casting cold prudential doubts aside,
 We take a generous impulse for our guide,
 And following promptly what the heart
 thinks best,

Commit to Providence the rest,
 Sure that no after-reckoning will arise
 Of shame or sorrow, for the heart is wise.
 And happy they who thus in faith obey
 Their better nature: err sometimes they
 may,

And some sad thoughts lie heavy in the
 breast,

Such as, by Hope deceived, are left behind;
 But like a shadow these will pass away
 From the pure sunshine of the peaceful
 mind.

—:O:—

CHARLES LAMB.

1775—1834.

HESTER.—A REMEMBRANCE.

WHEN maidens such as Hester die,
 Their place ye may not well supply,
 'Though ye among a thousand try
 With vain endeavour.

A month or more has she been dead,
Yet cannot I by force be led
To think upon the wormy bed
And her together.

A springy motion in her gait,
A rising step, did indicate
Of pride and joy no common rate,
That flushed her spirit—

I know not by what name beside
I shall it call:—if 'twas not pride,
It was a joy to that allied
She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule,
Which doth the human feeling cool;
But she was trained in Nature's school,
Nature had blessed her.

A waking eye, a prying mind,
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind;
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind,
Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbour, gone before
To that unknown and silent shore,
Shall we not meet, as heretofore,
Some summer morning,

When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,
A bliss that would not go away,
A sweet forewarning?

—o—

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
[cronies;
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women;
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man;
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my
childhood; [traverse,
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a
brother, [dwelling?
Why wert not thou born in my father's
So might we talk of the old familiar faces—

How some they have died, and some they
have left me, [parted.
And some are taken from me; all are dead
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

—:o:—

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

1777—1844.

POWER OF HOPE.

AT summer eve, when heaven's ethereal
bow

Spans with bright arch the glittering hills
below,

Why to yon mountain turns the musing
eye, [sky?

Whose sunbright summit mingles with the
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
More sweet than all the landscape smiling
near?—

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.
Thus, with delight we linger to survey
The promised joys of life's unmeasured
way;

Thus, from afar, each dim-discovered scene
More pleasing seems than all the past hath
been;

And every form, that Fancy can repair
From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.

What potent spirit guides the raptured
eye

To pierce the shades of dim futurity?
Can Wisdom lend, with all her heavenly
power,

The pledge of joy's anticipated hour?
Ah, no! she darkly sees the fate of man—
Her dim horizon bounded to a span;
Or, if she holds an image to the view,
'Tis Nature pictured too severely true.

With thee, sweet Hope! resides the
heavenly light

That pours remotest rapture on the sight:

Thine is the charm of life's bewildered way,
That calls each slumbering passion into
play.

Waked by thy touch, I see the sister band,
On tiptoe watching, start at thy command,
And fly where'er thy mandate bids them
steer,

To Pleasure's path, or Glory's bright career.

Primeval Hope, the Aonian Muses say,
When man and Nature mourned their first
decay;

When every form of death, and every woe,
Shot from malignant stars to earth below,
When Murder bared her arm, and rampant
War

Yoked the red dragons of her iron car,
When Peace and Mercy, banished from the
plain,

Sprung on the viewless winds to heaven
All, all forsook the friendless guilty mind,
But Hope, the charmer, lingered still be-
hind.

[prepare
Thus, while Elijah's burning wheels
From Carmel's heights to sweep the fields
of air,

The prophet's mantle, ere the flight began,
Dropt on the world—a sacred gift to man.

Auspicious Hope! in thy sweet garden
grow

Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every
Won by their sweets, in Nature's languid
hour,

The way-worn pilgrim seeks thy summer
bower;

There, as the wild bee murmurs on the
wing,

What peaceful dreams thy handmaid spirits
What viewless forms the Æolian organ
play,

And sweep the furrowed lines of anxious
[thought away!



WITHOUT HOPE.

OH! lives there, Heaven, beneath thy dread
expanse,

One hopeless, dark idolator of Chance,
Content to feed, with pleasures unrefined,
'The lukewarm passions of a lowly mind;
Who, mouldering earthward, 'reft of every
trust,

In joyless union wedded to the dust,
Could all his parting energy dismiss,
And call this barren world sufficient bliss?

There live, alas! of heaven-directed mien,
Of cultured soul, and sapient eye serene,
Who hail thee, Man! the pilgrim of a day,
Spouse of the worm, and brother of the clay,
Frail as the leaf in autumn's yellow bower,
Dust in the wind, or dew upon the flower;
A friendless slave, a child without a sire,
Whose mortal life and momentary fire
Lights to the grave his chance-created form,
As ocean-wrecks illuminate the storm;
And, when the gun's tremendous flash is
o'er,

To night and silence sink for evermore!

Are these the pompous tidings ye pro-
claim,

Lights of the world, and demigods of
Is this your triumph—this your proud ap-
plause,

Children of Truth, and champions of her
For this hath Science searched, on weary
wing,

By shore and sea, each mute and living
Launched with Iberia's pilot from the steep,
To worlds unknown and isles beyond the
deep?

Or round the cope her living chariot driven,
And wheeled in triumph through the signs
of Heaven?

Oh! star-eyed Science, hast thou wandered
To warf us home the message of despair?

Then bind the palm, thy sage's brow to suit,
Of blasted leaf, the death-distilling fruit!

Ah me! the laurelled wreath that Murder
rears,

Blood-nursed, and watered by the widow's
Seems not so foul, so tainted, and so dread,
As waves the nightshade round the scorp-
tic's head.

What is the bigot's torch, the tyrant's chain?
I smile on death, if heavenward Hope re-
main;

But, if the warring winds of Nature's strife
Be all the faithless charter of my life,

If Chance awaked, inexorable power!
This frail and feverish being of an hour;

Doomed o'er the world's precarious scene
to sweep

Swift as the tempest travels on the deep,
To know Delight but by her parting smile,

And toil, and wish, and weep a little while;
Then melt, ye elements, that formed in vain
This troubled pulse and visionary brain!

Fade, ye wild flowers, memorials of my
doom,

And sink, ye stars, that light me to the
Truth, ever lovely,—since the world began,
The foe of tyrants, and the friend of man,

How can thy words from balmy slumber
start
Reposing Virtue, pillowed on the heart!
Yet, if thy voice the note of thunder rolled,
And that were true which Nature never told,
Let Wisdom smile not on her conquered
field;
No rapture dawns, no treasure is revealed!
Oh! let her read, nor loudly nor elate,
The doom that bars us from a better fate;
But, sad as angels for the good man's sin,
Weep to record, and blush to give it in!

—o—

ETERNITY OF HOPE.

ETERNAL Hope! when yonder spheres
sublime
Pealed their first note to sound the march
of Time,
Thy joyous youth began—but not to fade.
When all the sister planets have decayed;
When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
And heaven's last thunder shakes the world
below; [smile,
Thou, undismayed, shalt o'er the ruins
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile.

—o—

HALLOWED GROUND.

WHAT's hallowed ground? Has earth a
clod
Its Maker meant not should be trod
By man, the image of his God,
Erect and free,
Unscourged by superstition's rod
To bow the knee?

That's hallowed ground, where, mourned
and missed,
The lips repose our love has kissed;
But where's their memory's mansion? Is't
Yon churchyard's bowers?
No; in ourselves their souls exist,
A part of ours.

A kiss can consecrate the ground
Where mated hearts are mutual bound;
The spot where love's first links were wound,
That ne'er are riven,
Is hallowed down to earth's profound,
And up to heaven.

For time makes all but true love old;
The burning thoughts that then were told

Run molten still in memory's mould;
And will not cool
Until the heart itself be cold
In Lethe's pool.

What hallows ground where heroes sleep?
'Tis not the sculptured piles you heap:
In dews that heavens far distant weep
Their turf may bloom,
Or genii twine beneath the deep
Their coral tomb.

But strew his ashes to the wind [kind—
Whose sword or voice has served ma
And is he dead, whose glorious mind
Lifts thine on high?—
To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die.

Is't death to fall for Freedom's right?
He's dead alone that lacks her light!
And murder sullies in Heaven's sight
The sword he draws.
What can alone ennoble fight?—
A noble cause.

Give that, and welcome war to brace
Her drums, and rend heaven's reeking
space!
The colours planted face to face,
The charging cheer,
Though Death's pale horse lead on the
chase,
Shall still be dear.

And place our trophies where men kneel
To Heaven—but Heaven rebukes my zeal!
The cause of Truth and Human weal,
O God above!
Transfer it from the sword's appeal
To Peace and Love.

Peace, Love!--the cherubim that join
Their spread wings o'er Devotion's shrine,
Prayers sound in vain, and temples shine,
Where they are not—
The heart alone can make divine
Religion's spot.

To incantations dost thou trust,
And pompous rites in domes august?
See mouldering stones and metal's rust
Berie the vault
That man can bless one pile of dust
With chime or chaunt.

The ticking wood-worm mocks thee, man!
Thy temples, creeds themselves grow wan!

But there's a dome of nobler span,
A temple given
Thy faith, that bigots dare not ban—
Its space is Heaven!

Its roof, star-pictured Nature's ceiling,
Where trancing the rapt spirit's feeling,
And God Himself to man revealing,
The harmonious spheres
Make music, though unheard their pealing
By mortal ears.

Fair stars! are not your beings pure?
Can sin, can death your worlds obscure?
Else why so swell the thoughts at your
Aspect above?
Ye must be Heaven's, that make us sure
Of heavenly love!

And in your harmony sublime
I read the doom of distant time;
That man's regenerate soul from crime
Shall yet be drawn,
And reason on his mortal clime
Immortal dawn.

What's hallowed ground? 'Tis what gives
birth
To sacred thoughts in souls of worth.
Peace! Independence! Truth! go forth
Earth's compass round,
And your high priesthood shall make earth
All hallowed ground.

—o—

TO THE RAINBOW.

TRIUMPHAL arch, that fill'st the sky
When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud Philosophy
To teach me what thou art:—

Still seem as to my childhood's sight,
A midway station given
For happy spirits to alight
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that Optics teach, unfold
Thy form to please me so,
As when I dreamt of gems and gold
Hid in thy radiant bow?

When Science from Creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws!

And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,
But words of the Most High,
Have told why first thy robe of beams
Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green undeluged earth
Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,
How came the world's grey fathers forth
To watch thy sacred sign!

And when its yellow lustre smiled
O'er mountains yet untrod,
Each mother held aloft her child
To bless the bow of God.

Methinks, thy jubilee to keep,
The first made anthem rang
On earth delivered from the deep,
And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye
Unraptured greet thy beam:
Theme of primeval prophecy,
Be still the poet's theme!

The earth to thee her incense yields,
The lark thy welcome sings,
When glittering in the freshened fields
The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle cast
O'er mountain, tower, and town,
Or mirrored in the ocean vast,
A thousand fathoms down!

As fresh in yon horizon dark,
As young thy beauties seem,
As when the eagle from the ark
First sported in thy beam.

For, faithful to its sacred page,
Heaven still rebuilds thy span,
Nor lets the type grow pale with age
That first spoke peace to man.

—o—

THE LAST MAN.

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
The Sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its Immortality!
I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of Time;
I saw the last of human mould,
That shall Creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime.

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,

The Earth with age was wan,

The skeletons of nations were

Around that lonely man:

Some had expired in fight,—the brands

Still rested in their bony hands ;

In plague and famine some ;

Earth's cities had no sound nor tread,

And ships were drifting with the dead

To shores where all was dumb !

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood

With dauntless words and high,

That shook the sere leaves from the wood

As if a storm passed by, [Sun,—

Saying, "We are twins in death, proud

Thy face is cold, thy race is run,

'Tis Mercy bids thee go.

For thou ten thousand thousand years

Hast seen the tide of human tears,

That shall no longer flow.

[forth

"What though beneath thee man put

His pomp, his pride, his skill ;

And arts that made fire, flood, and earth

The vassals of his will ?

Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,

Thou dim discrowned king of day ;

For all those trophied arts

And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,

Healed not a passion or a pang

Entailed on human hearts.

"Go, let oblivion's curtain fall

Upon the stage of men,

Nor with thy rising beams recall

Life's tragedy again.

Its piteous pageants bring not back,

Nor waken flesh, upon the rack

Of pain anew to writhe ;

Stretched in disease's shapes abhorred,

Or mown in battle by the sword,

Like grass beneath the scythe.

"E'en I am weary in yon skies

To watch thy fading fire ;

Test of all sumless agonies,

Behold not me expire.

My lips that speak thy dirge of death—

Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath

To see thou shalt not boast.

The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall,

The majesty of Darkness shall

Receive my parting ghost !

"This spirit shall return to Him

That gave its heavenly spark ;

Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim

When thou thyself art dark,

No ! it shall live again, and shine

In bliss unknown to beams of thine,

By Him recalled to breath

Who captive led Captivity,

Who robbed the Grave of victory,

And took the sting from Death !

"Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up

On Nature's awful waste

To drink this last and bitter cup

Of grief that man shall taste ;

Go, tell the night that hides thy face,

Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race

On earth's sepulchral clod,

The darkening universe defy

To quench his Immortality,

Or shake his trust in God !"

—:O:—

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

1771—1832.

CALEDONIA.

BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,

"This is my own—my Native Land !"

Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned

As home his footsteps he hath turned

From wand'ring on a foreign strand ?

If such there breathe, go—mark him well :

For him no minstrel raptures swell ;

High though his titles, proud his name,

Boundless his wealth as wish can claim—

Despite those titles, power, and pelf,

The wretch, concentrated all in self,

Living, shall forfeit fair renown ;

And, doubly dying, shall go down

To the vile dust from whence he sprang,

Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung !

O Caledonia ! stern and wild,

Meet nurse for a poetic child !

Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,

Land of the mountain and the flood,

Land of my sires ! what mortal hand

Can e'er untie the filial band

That knits me to thy rugged strand ?

Still, as I view each well-known scene,

Think what is now, and what hath been,

Seems as to me, of all bereft,

Sole friends thy woods and streams were left ;

And thus I love them better still,

Even in extremity of ill.

By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,

Though none should guide my feeble way ;

Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
Although it chill my withered cheek ;
Still lay my head by Teviot-stone,
Though there, forgotten and alone,
The bard may draw his parting groan.

Sweet Teviot ! on thy silver tide,
The glaring bale-fires blaze no more ;
No longer steel-clad warriors ride
Along thy wild and willowed shore ;
Where'er thou wind'st, by dale or hill,
All, all is peaceful, all is still !

As if thy waves, since Time was born,
Since first they rolled upon the Tweed,
Had only heard the shepherd's reed,
Nor started at the bugle-horn.

Unlike the tide of human time,
Which, though it change in ceaseless
flow,
Retains each grief, retains each crime,
Its earliest course was doomed to know,
And—darker as it downward veers—
Is stained with past and present tears.

—o—

A POETIC FANCY.

CALL it not vain :—they do not err
Who say, that when the Poet dies,
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
And celebrates his obsequies ;
Who say, tall cliff and cavern lone
For the departed Bard make moan ;
That mountains weep in crystal rill ;
That flowers in tears of balm distil ;
Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,
And oaks, in deeper groan, reply ;
And rivers teach their rushing wave
To murmur dirges round his grave.

Not that, in sooth, o'er mortal urn
Those things inanimate can mourn ;
But that the stream, the wood, the gale,
Is vocal with the plaintive wail
Of those who, else forgotten long,
Lived in the poet's faithful song,
And with the poet's parting breath
Whose memory feels a second death.
The Maid's pale shade, who wails her lot,
That love, true love, should be forgot,
From rose and hawthorn shakes the tear
Upon the gentle Minstrel's bier ;
The phantom Knight, his glory fled,
Mourns o'er the field he heaped with dead,

Mounts the wild blast that sweeps amain,
And shrieks along the battle-plain ;
The Chief, whose antique crownlet long
Still sparkled in the feudal song,
Now, from the mountain's misty throne,
Sees, in the thanedom once his own,
His ashes undistinguished lie,
His place, his power, his memory die :
His groans the lonely caverns fill,
His tears of rage impel the rill :
All mourn the Minstrel's harp unstrung,
Their name unknown, their praise unsung.

—o—

NELSON, PITT, AND FOX.

NOVEMBER's sky is chill and drear,
November's leaf is red and sere :
Late, gazing down the steepy linn
That hems our little garden in,
Low in its dark and narrow glen,
You scarce the rivulet might ken,
So thick the tangled greenwood grew,
So feeble trilled the streamlet through :
Now murmuring hoarse, and frequent seen
Through bush and brier, no longer green,
An angry brook, it sweeps the glade,
Brawls over rock and wild cascade,
And, foaming brown, with doubled speed
Hurries its waters to the Tweed.

No longer autumn's glowing red
Upon our forest hills is shed ;
No more, beneath the evening beam,
Fair Tweed reflects their purple gleam ;
Away hath passed the heather-bell
That bloomed so rich on Needpath Fell ;
Sallow his brow, and russet bare
Are now the sister-heights of Yair.
The sheep, before the pinching heaven,
To sheltered dale and down are driven,
Where yet some faded herbage pines,
And yet a watery sunbeam shines :
In meek despondency they eye
The withered sward and wintry sky ;
And far beneath their summer hill,
Stray sadly by Glenkinnon's rill :
The shepherd shifts his mantle's fold,
And wraps him closer from the cold ;
His dogs no merry circles wheel,
But, shivering, follow at his heel ;
A covering glance they often cast,
As deeper moans the gathering blast.

My imps, though hardy, bold, and wild,
As best befits the mountain child,

Feel the sad influence of the hour,
And wail the daisy's vanished flower;
Their summer gambols tell, and mourn,
And anxious ask,—Will spring return,
And birds and lambs again be gay,
And blossoms clothe the hawthorn spray?

Yes, prattlers, yes. The daisy's flower
Again shall paint your summer bower;
Again the hawthorn shall supply
The garlands you delight to tie;
The lambs upon the lea shall bound,
The wild birds carol to the round,
And while you frolic light as they,
Too short shall seem the summer day.

To mute and to material things
New life revolving summer brings;
The genial call dead Nature hears,
And in her glory reappears.
But oh! my country's wintry state
What second spring shall renovate?
What powerful call shall bid arise
The buried warlike and the wise,—
The mind that thought for Britain's weal,
The hand that grasped the victor steel?
The vernal sun new life bestows
Even on the meaneast flower that blows;
But vainly, vainly may he shine
Where glory weeps o'er NELSON's shrine,
And vainly pierce the solemn gloom,
That shrouds, O PITT, thy hallowed tomb!

Deep graved in every British heart,
Oh, never let those names depart!
Say to your sons,—Lo, here his grave
Who victor died on Gadite wave;
To him, as to the burning levin,
Short, bright, resistless course was given.
Where'er his country's foes were found
Was heard the fated thunder's sound,
Till burst the bolt on yonder shore,
Rolled, blazed, destroyed,—and was no
more.

Nor mourn ye less his perished worth
Who bade the conqueror go forth,
And launched that thunderbolt of war
On Egypt, Hafnia, Trafalgar;
Who, born to guide such high emprise,
For Britain's weal was early wise;
Alas! to whom the Almighty gave,
For Britain's sins, an early grave!
His worth who, in his mightiest hour,
A bauble held the pride of power,
Spurned at the sordid lust of pelf,
And served his Albion for herself;
Who, when the frantic crowd amain
Strained at subjection's bursting rein,

O'er their wild mood full conquest gained;
The pride, he would not crush, restrained,
Showed their fierce zeal a worthier cause,
And brought the freeman's arm to aid the
freeman's laws.

Hadst thou but lived, though stripped
of power,
A watchman on the lonely tower,
Thy thrilling trump had roused the land
When fraud or danger were at hand;
By thee, as by the beacon-light,
Our pilots had kept course aright;
As some proud column, though alone,
Thy strength had propped the tottering
throne:
Now is the stately column broke,
The beacon-light is quenched in smoke,
The trumpet's silver sound is still,
The warder silent on the hill.

Oh, think how to his latest day,
When Death, just hovering, claimed his
prey,
With Palinure's unaltered mood,
Firm at his dangerous post he stood;
Each call for needful rest repelled,
With dying hand the rudder held,
Till, in his fall, with fateful sway,
The steerage of the realm gave way!
Then, while on Britain's thousand plains
One unpolluted Church remains,
Whose peaceful bells ne'er sent around
The bloody toscin's maddening sound,
But still, upon the hallowed day,
Convoke the swains to praise and pray,—
While faith and civil peace are dear,
Grace this cold marble with a tear:—
He who preserved them, PITT, lies here!

Nor yet suppress the generous sigh
Because his rival slumbers nigh;
Nor be thy *requiescat* dumb,
Lest it be said o'er FOX's tomb.
For talents mourn, untimely lost,
When best employed, and wanted most;
Mourn genius high and lore profound,
And wit that loved to play, not wound;
And all the reasoning powers divine,
To penetrate, resolve, combine
And feelings keen, and fancy's glow,—
They sleep with him who sleeps below.
And, if thou mourn'st they could not save
From error him who owns this grave,
Be every harsher thought suppressed,
And sacred be the last long rest.
Here, where the end of earthly things
Lays heroes, patriots, bards, and kings;

Where stiff the hand and still the tongue
 Of those who fought, and spoke, and sung;
Here, where the fretted aisles prolong
 The distant notes of holy song,
 As if some angel spoke agen,
 "All peace on earth, good-will to men;"
 If ever from an English heart,
 Oh! *here* let prejudice depart,
 And, partial feeling cast aside,
 Record that FOX a Briton died!
 When Europe crouched to France's yoke,
 And Austria bent, and Prussia broke,
 And the firm Russian's purpose brave
 Was bartered by a timorous slave,
 Even then dishonour's peace he spurned,
 The sullied olive-branch returned,
 Stood for his country's glory fast,
 And nailed her colours to the mast!
 Heaven, to reward his firmness, gave
 A portion in this honoured grave,
 And ne'er held marble in its trust
 Of two such wondrous men the dust.

With more than mortal powers endowed,
 How high they soared above the crowd!
 Theirs was no common party race,
 Jostling by dark intrigue for place;
 Like fabled gods, their mighty war
 Shook realms and nations in its jar:
 Beneath each banner proud to stand,
 Looked up the noblest of the land,
 Till through the British world were known
 The names of PITT and FOX alone.
 Spells of such force no wizard grave
 E'er framed in dark Thessalian cave,
 Though his could drain the ocean dry,
 And force the planets from the sky.
 These spells are spent, and, spent with
 these,

The wine of life is on the lees,
 Genius and taste and talent gone,
 For ever tombed beneath the stone,
 Where, taming thought to human pride,
 The mighty chiefs sleep side by side.
 Drop upon FOX's grave the tear,
 'Twill trickle to his rival's bier;
 O'er PITT's the mournful requiem sound,
 And FOX's shall the notes rebound.
 The solemn echo seems to cry,
 "Here let their discord with them die.
 Speak not for those a separate doom
 Whom Fate made Brothers in the tomb;
 But search the land of living men,
 Where wilt thou find their like agen?"

Rest, ardent spirits! till the cries
 Of dying Nature bid you rise;

Not e'en your Britain's groans can pierce
 The leaden silence of your hearse;
 Then, oh, how impotent and vain
 This grateful tributary strain!
 Though not unmarked from northern
 clime,
 Ye heard the Border Minstrel's rhyme,
 His gothic harp has o'er you rung;
 The Bard you deigned to praise your
 deathless names has sung.

—O—

THE BIBLE.

WITHIN that awful volume lies
 The mystery of mysteries.
 Happiest they of human race
 To whom God has granted grace
 To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,
 To lift the latch, and force the way;
 And better had they ne'er been born
 Who read to doubt, or read to scorn.

—O—

PATERNAL LOVE.

SOME feelings are to mortals given
 With less of earth in them than heaven;
 And if there be a human tear
 From passion's dross refined and clear,—
 A tear so limpid and so meek,
 It would not stain an angel's cheek,—
 'Tis that which pious fathers shed
 Upon a duteous daughter's head.

—O—

TIME.

TIME rolls his ceaseless course. The race
 of yore,
 Who danced our infancy upon their knee,
 And told our marvelling boyhood legends
 store
 Of their strange ventures happ'd by land
 or sea,
 How are they blotted from the things that
 be! force,
 How few, all weak and withered of their
 Wait on the verge of dark eternity,
 Like stranded wrecks, the tide returning
 hoarse,
 To sweep them from our sight! Time
 rolls his ceaseless course.

—:O:—

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

1775—1864.

THE BRIAR.

My briar, that smelledst sweet
 When gentle spring's first heat
 Ran through thy quiet veins;
 Thou that couldst injure none,
 But wouldst be left alone,
 Alone thou leavest me, and nought of thine
 remains.

What! hath no poet's lyre
 O'er thee, sweet-breathing briar,
 Hung fondly, ill or well?
 And yet, methinks, with thee
 A poet's sympathy,
 Whether in weal or woe, in life or death,
 might be.

Hard usage both must bear;
 Few hands your youth will rear,
 Few bosoms cherish you;
 Your tender prime must bleed
 Ere you are sweet; but, freed
 From life, you then are prized: thus, prized
 are poets too!

—o—

POWER OF SCENTS.

SWEET scents

Are the swift vehicles of still sweeter
 thoughts,
 And nurse and pillow the dull memory,
 That would let drop, without them, her
 best stores,
 They bring me tales of youth and tones of
 love;
 And 'tis, and ever was, my wish and way,
 To let all flowers live freely, and all die
 Whene'er their genius bids their souls de-
 part
 Among their kindred in their native place.
 I never pluck the rose, the violet's head
 Hath shaken with my breath upon its
 bank,
 And not reproached me; the ever-sacred
 cup
 Of the pure lily hath between my hands
 Felt safe, unsoiled, nor lost one grain of
 gold.

—:o:—

GEORGE CROLY.

1780—1860.

LINES WRITTEN AT SPITHEAD.

HARK to the knell!
 It comes in the swell
 Of the gloomy ocean wave:
 'Tis no earthly sound,
 But a toil profound,
 From the mariner's deep-sea grave.

When the billows dash,
 And the signals flash,
 And the thunder is on the gale;
 And the ocean is white
 In its own wild light,—
 Deadly, and dismal, and pale;

When the lightning's blaze
 Smites the seaman's gaze,
 And the sea rolls in fire and foam,
 And the surges' roar
 Shakes the rocky shore:—
 We hear the sea-knell come.

There 'neath the billow,
 The sand their pillow,
 Ten thousand men lie low;
 And still their dirge
 Is sung by the surge,
 When the stormy night winds blow.

Sleep, warriors, sleep!
 On your pillow deep,
 In peace; for no mortal care,
 No art can deceive,
 No anguish heave
 The heart that once slumbers there.

—:o:—

BERNARD BARTON.

1784—1849.

TO THE WINDS.

YE viewless minstrels of the sky!
 I marvel not in times gone by
 That ye were deified:
 For, even in this later day,
 To me oft has your power, or play,
 Unearthly thoughts supplied.

Awful your power! when by your might
 You heave the wild waves, crested white,

Like mountains in your wrath;
Ploughing between them valleys deep,
Which, to the seamen roused from sleep,
Yawn like Death's opening path!

Graceful your play! when round the bower
Where beauty culls spring's loveliest flower,
To wreathe her dark locks there,
Your gentlest whispers lightly breathe
The leaves between, flit round the wreath,
And stir her silken hair.

Still, thoughts like these are but of earth,
And you can give far loftier birth:—
Ye come!—we know not whence!
Ye go!—can mortals trace your flight?
All imperceptible to sight,
Though audible to sense.

The Sun,—his rise and set we know;
The Sea,—we mark its ebb and flow;
The Moon,—her wax and wane;
The Stars,—man knows their courses well;
The Comet's vagrant paths can tell;—
But you his search disdain.

Ye restless, homeless, shapeless things!
Who mock all our imaginings,
Like spirits in a dream
What epithet can words supply
Unto the bard who talks so high
Unmanageable theme?

But one:—to me, when fancy stirs
My thoughts, ye seem *Heaven's messengers*,
Who leave no path untrod;
And when, as now, at midnight's hour,
I hear your voice in all its power,
It seems the *voice of God*.

—:O:—

JOHN KEATS.

1795—1821.

TO AUTUMN.

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch
eaves run; [trees,
To bend with apples the mossed cottage
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel-
shells

With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For summer has o'erbrimmed their clammy
cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes, whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while
thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined
flowers;
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost
keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings hours by
hours.

Where are the songs of spring? Ay,
where are they? [too:
Think not of them; thou hast thy music
While barr'd clouds bloom the soft-dying
day,
And touch the stubble plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats
mourn
Among the river shallows, borne aloft,
Or sinking, as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly
bourn; [soft
Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble
The redbreast whistles from a garden croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

—:O:—

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

1785—1806.

THE HERB ROSEMARY.

SWEET-SCENTED flower! who art wont to
bloom
On January's front severe,
And o'er the wintry desert drear
To waft thy waste perfume!
Come, thou shalt form my nosegay now,
And I will bind thee round my brow;
And as I twine the mournful wreath,
I'll weave a melancholy song,
And sweet the strain shall be, and long,
The melody of death.

Come, funeral flower! who lov'st to dwell
 With the pale corse in lonely tomb,
 And throw across the desert gloom
 A sweet decaying smell.
 Come, press my lips, and lie with me
 Beneath the lowly alder-tree;
 And we will sleep a pleasant sleep,
 And not a care shall dare intrude
 To break the marble solitude
 So peaceful and so deep.

And hark! the wind-god, as he flies,
 Moans hollow in the forest trees,
 And sailing on the gusty breeze,
 Mysterious music dies.
 Sweet flower! that requiem wild is mine,
 It warns me to the lonely shrine,
 The cold turf altar of the dead;
 My grave shall be in yon lone spot,
 Where as I lie, by all forgot,
 A dying fragrance thou wilt o'er my ashes
 shed.

—o—

MORNING.

LO! ON the eastern summit, clad in gray,
 Morn, like a horseman girt for travel,
 And from his tower of mist [comes;
 Night's watchman hurries down.

—o—

MUSIC.

HARK how it falls! and now it steals along
 Like distant bells upon the lake at eve
 When all is still; and now it grows more
 strong, [weave,
 As when the choral train their dirges
 Hollow and many-voiced; where every
 close, [waves reflows.
 O'er the old minster's roof, in echoing

—o—

TO AN EARLY PRIMROSE.

MILD offspring of a dark and sullen sire,
 Whose modest form, so delicately fair,
 Was nursed in whirling storms
 And cradled in the winds,—

Thou, when young spring first questioned
 winter's sway,
 And dared the sturdy blusterer to fight,
 Thou on this bank he threw,
 To mark his victory.

In this low vale, the promise of the year,
 Serene thou openest to the nipping gale,
 Unnoticed and alone,
 Thy tender elegance.

So Virtue blooms, brought forth amid the
 storms
 Of chill adversity; in some lone walk
 Of life she rears her head,
 Obscure and unobserved.

While every bleaching breeze that on her
 blows
 Chastens her spotless purity of breast,
 And hardens her to bear
 Serene the ills of life.

—:o:—

ROBERT POLLOK.

1790—1827.

FRIENDSHIP.

MUCH beautiful and excellent and fair
 Was seen beneath the sun; but nought
 was seen
 More beautiful or excellent or fair
 Than face of faithful friend, fairest when
 seen
 In darkest day. And many sounds were
 sweet,
 Most ravishing and pleasant to the ear;
 But sweeter none than voice of faithful
 friend,— [storm.
 Sweet always, sweetest heard in loudest
 * * * * *
 All are friends in heaven, all faithful friends,
 And many friendships, in the days of time
 Begun, are lasting here and growing still.

—:o:—

JOHN CLARE.

1793—1864.

HOME YEARNINGS.

OH for that sweet, untroubled rest
 That poets oft have sung!—
 The babe upon its mother's breast,
 The bird upon its young,
 The heart asleep without a pain—
 When shall I know that sleep again?

When shall I be as I have been
 Upon my mother's breast—
 Sweet Nature's garb of verdant green
 To woo to perfect rest—
 Love in the meadow, field, and glen,
 And in my native wilds again?

The sheep within the fallow field,
 The herd upon the green,
 The larks that in the thistle shield,
 And pipe from morn to e'en.
 Oh for the pasture, fields, and fen!
 When shall I see such rest again?

I love the weeds along the fen,
 More sweet than garden flowers,
 For freedom haunts the humble glen
 That blest my happiest hours.
 Here prison injures health and me:
 I love sweet freedom and the free.

The crows upon the swelling hills,
 The cows upon the lea,
 Sheep feeding by the pasture rills,
 Are ever dear to me;
 Because sweet freedom is their mate,
 While I am lone and desolate.

I loved the winds when I was young,
 When life was dear to me;
 I loved the song which Nature sung,
 Endearing liberty;
 I loved the wood, the vale, the stream,
 For there my boyhood used to dream.

There even toil itself was play;
 'Twas pleasure e'en to weep,
 'Twas joy to think of dreams by day,
 The beautiful of sleep.
 When shall I see the wood and plain,
 And dream those happy dreams again?

—:o:—

LORD BYRON.

1788—1824.

ROME.

O ROME! my country! city of the soul!
 The orphans of the heart must turn to
 thee,
 Lone mother of dead empires! and control
 In their shut breasts their petty misery.
 What are our woes and sufferance? Come
 and see

The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
 O'er steps of broken thrones and temples,
 Whose agonies are evils of a day— [Ye!
 A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

The Niobe of nations! there she stands,
 Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe,
 An empty urn within her withered hands,
 Whose holy dust was scattered long ago.
 The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now;
 The very sepulchres lie tenantless
 Of their heroic dwellers: dost thou flow,
 Old Tiber! through a marble wilderness?
 Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle
 her distress!

[and Fire,
 The Goth, the Christian, Time, War, Flood,
 Have dealt upon the seven-hilled city's pride:
 She saw her glories star by star expire,
 And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride,
 Where the car climbed the Capitol; far and
 wide

Temple and tower went down, nor left a site;
 Chaos of ruins! who shall trace the void,
 O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,
 And say, "Here was, or is," where all is
 doubly night?

The double night of ages, and of her,
 Night's daughter, Ignorance, hath wrapt,
 and wrap

All round us; we but feel our way to err:
 The ocean hath its chart, the stars their map,
 And Knowledge spreads them on her ample
 lap;

But Rome is as the desert, where we steer
 Stumbling o'er recollections; now we clap
 Our hands, and cry, "Eureka!" it is clear—
 When but some false mirage of ruin rises
 [near.

Alas, the lofty city! and alas,
 The trebly hundred triumphs! and the day
 When Brutus made the dagger's edge
 surpass [away!

The conqueror's sword in bearing fame
 Alas for Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay, [be
 And Livy's pictured page! But these shall
 Her resurrection; all beside—decay.

Alas, for Earth! for never shall we see
 That brightness in her eye she bore when
 Rome was free!

—o—

EGERIA.

EGERIA! sweet creation of some heart,
 Which found no mortal resting-place so fair

As thine ideal breast; whate'er thou art
Or wert,—a young Aurora of the air,
The nympholepsy of some fond despair;
Or, it might be, a beauty of the earth,
Who found a more than common votary
there

Too much adoring; whatsoe'er thy birth,
Thou wert a beautiful thought, and softly
bodied forth.

The mosses of thy fountain still are sprinkled
With thine Elysian water-drops; the face
Of thy cave-guarded spring, with years un-
wrinkled,

Reflects the meek-eyed genius of the place,
Whose green wild margin now no more
erase [sleep

Art's works; nor must the delicate waters
Prisoned in marble, bubbling from the base
Of the cleft statue; with a gentle leap
The rill runs o'er, and round fern, flowers,
and ivy creep,

Fantastically tangled; the green hills
Are clothed with early blossoms; through
the grass

The quick-eyed lizard rustles, and the bills
Of summer birds sing welcome as ye pass;
Flowers fresh in hue, and many in their class,
Implore the pausing step, and with their
dyes

Dance in the soft breeze in a fairy mass;
The sweetness of the violet's deep blue eyes,
Kissed by the breath of heaven, seems
coloured by its skies.

Here didst thou dwell, in this enchanted
cover,

Egeria! thy all-heavenly bosom beating
For the far footsteps of thy mortal lover:
The purple Midnight veiled that mystic
meeting

With her most starry canopy, and seating
Thyself by thine adorer, what befell?
This cave was surely shaped out for the
greeting

Of an enamoured goddess, and the cell
Haunted by holy Love—the earliest oracle!

And didst thou not, thy breast to his re-
plying,

Blend a celestial with a human heart;
And Love, which dies as it was born, in
sighing, [thine art

Share with immortal transports? Could
Make them indeed immortal, and impart
The purity of heaven to earthly joys?

Expel the venom and not blunt the dart,—

The dull satiety which all destroys—
And root from out the soul the deadly weed
which cloy's?

—o—

TWILIGHT.

AVE MARIA! blessed be the hour,
The time, the clime, the spot where I so oft
Have felt that moment in its fullest power
Sink o'er the earth, so beautiful and soft;
While swung the deep bell in the distant
tower,

Or the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft,
And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
And yet the forest leaves seemed stirred
with prayer.

Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of prayer!
Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of love!
Ave Maria! may our spirits dare
Look up to thine and to thy Son's above!
Ave Maria! oh, that face so fair!

Those downcast eyes beneath the Al-
mighty dove,— [strike—
What though 'tis but a pictured image
That painting is no idol—'tis too like.

* * * * *
Sweet hour of twilight! in the solitude
Of the pine forest, and the silent shore
Which bounds Ravenna's immemorial
wood,

Rooted where once the Adrian wave
flowed o'er,
To where the last Caesarean fortress stood,
Evergreen forest; which Boccaccio's lore
And Dryden's lay made haunted ground to
me, [thee!
How have I loved the twilight hour and

The shrill cicalas, people of the pine,
Making their summer lives one ceaseless
song, [mine
Were the sole echoes, save my steed's and
And vesper bells that rose the boughs
along:

The spectre huntsman of Onesti's line,
His hell-dogs and their chase, and the
fair throng,
Which learned from this example not to fly
From a true lover—shadowed my mind's
eye.

[things—
O Hesperus! thou bringest all good
Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer,
To the young bird the parent's brooding
wings, [steer.
The welcome stall to the o'erlaboured

Whate'er of peace about our hearthstone
 clings, [dear,
 Whate'er our household gods protect of
 Are gathered round us by thy look of rest ;
 Thou bring'st the child, too, to the mother's
 breast.

[the heart
 Soft hour ! which wakes the wish and melts
 Of those who sail the seas, on the first
 day [torn apart ;
 When they from their sweet friends are
 Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way,
 As the far bell of vesper makes him start,
 Seeming to weep the dying day's decay ;
 Is this a fancy which our reason scorns ?
 Ah ! surely nothing dies but something
 mourns.

When Nero perished by the justest doom
 Which ever the destroyer yet destroyed,
 Amidst the roar of liberated Rome,
 Of nations freed, and the world overjoyed,
 Some hands unseen strewed flowers upon
 his tomb :
 Perhaps the weakness of a heart not void
 Of feeling for some kindness done, when
 power
 Had left the wretch an uncorrupted hour.

—o—

PREVISION.

[vain :
 BUT I have lived, and have not lived in
 My mind may lose its force, my blood its
 fire, [pain ;
 And my frame perish e'en in conquering
 But there is that within me which shall tire
 Torture and Time, and breathe when I ex-
 pire ; [of,
 Something unearthly, which they deem not
 Like the remembered tone of a mute lyre,
 Shall on their softened spirits sink, and move
 In hearts all rocky now, the late remorse
 of love.

—:o:—

REGINALD HEBER.

1783—1826.

OUR WITNESSES.

AND think'st thou, man, thy secret wish to
 shroud
 In the close bosom's sealèd sepulchre ?
 Or, wrapt in saintly mantle from the crowd,

To hug thy darling sin that none may
 see ? [thee ;
 A thousand thousand eyes are bent on
 And where thy bolts the babbling world
 exclude, [be,
 And in the darkness where thou lov'st to
 A thousand thousand busy sprites intrude :
 Earth, air, and heaven are full,—there is
 no solitude.

—o—

HAPPINESS.

ONE morning in the month of May
 I wandered o'er the hill ;
 Though nature all around was gay,
 My heart was heavy still.

Can God, I thought, the Good, the Great,
 These meaner creatures bless,
 And yet deny our human state
 The boon of happiness ?

Tell me, ye woods, ye smiling plains,
 Ye blessèd birds around,
 Where, in creation's wide domains,
 Can perfect bliss be found ?

The birds wild carolled overhead,
 The breeze around me blew,
 And Nature's awful chorus said,
 No bliss for man she knew.

I questioned Love, whose early rays
 So heavenly bright appears ;
 And Love, in answer, seemed to say
 His light was dimmed by tears.

I questioned Friendship, — Friendship
 mourned,
 And thus her answer gave :
 "The friends whom fortune had not turned
 Were vanished in the grave."

I asked of Feeling, if her skill
 Could heal the wounded breast ?
 And found her sorrows streaming still,
 For others' griefs distrest.

I asked if Vice could bliss bestow ?
 Vice boasted loud and well ;
 But, fading from her pallid brow,
 The venom'd roses fell.

I questioned Virtue,—Virtue sighed,
 No boon could she dispense ;
 Nor Virtue was her name, she cried,
 But humble Penitence !

I questioned Death : the Grisly Shade
 Relaxed his brow severe,
 And, "I am happiness," he said,
 "If Virtue guides thee here."

—:O:—

THOMAS HOOD.

1798—1845.

SONG OF THE SHIRT.

WITH fingers weary and worn,
 With eyelids heavy and red,
 A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
 Plying her needle and thread—
 Stitch—stitch—stitch!
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
 And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
 She sang the "Song of the Shirt."

"Work—work—work!
 While the cock is crowing aloof;
 And work—work—work
 Till the stars shine through the roof!
 It's oh to be a slave
 Along with the barbarous Turk,
 Where woman has never a soul to save,
 If this is Christian work!

"Work—work—work!
 Till the brain begins to swim;
 Work—work—work!
 Till the eyes are heavy and dim.
 Seam, and gusset, and band,—
 Band, and gusset, and seam,
 Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
 And sew them on in a dream!

"O men with Sisters dear!
 O men with Mothers and Wives!
 It is not linen you're wearing out,
 But human creatures' lives!
 Stitch—stitch—stitch.
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
 Sewing at once, with a double thread,
 A Shroud as well as a Shirt!

"But why do I talk of Death?
 That phantom of grisly bone,—
 I hardly fear his terrible shape,
 It seems so like my own—
 It seems so like my own,
 Because of the fasts I keep;
 O God! that bread should be so dear,
 And flesh and blood so cheap!

"Work—work—work!
 My labour never flags; [straw,
 And what are its wages? A bed of
 A crust of bread—and rags.
 That shattered roof,—and this naked
 A table,—a broken chair,— [floor,—
 And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
 For sometimes falling there.

"Work—work—work!
 From weary chime to chime,
 Work—work—work!
 As prisoners work for crime.
 Band, and gusset, and seam,
 Seam, and gusset, and band,
 Till the heart is sick, and the brain be-
 numbed,
 As well as the weary hand.

"Work—work—work!
 In the dull December light,
 And work—work—work!
 When the weather is warm and bright,
 While underneath the eaves
 The brooding swallows cling,
 As if to show me their sunny backs
 And twit me with the spring.

"Oh! but to breathe the breath
 Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
 With the sky above my head,
 And the grass beneath my feet;
 For only one short hour
 To feel as I used to feel
 Before I knew the woes of want
 And the walk that costs a meal!

"Oh! but for one short hour!
 A respite, however brief!—
 No blessed leisure for Love or Hope,
 But only time for Grief!
 A little weeping would ease my heart,
 But in their briny bed
 My tears must stop, for every drop
 Hinders needle and thread."

With fingers weary and worn,
 With eyelids heavy and red,
 A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
 Plying her needle and thread—
 Stitch—stitch—stitch!
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
 And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,—
 Would that its tone could reach the
 rich!—
 She sang this "Song of the Shirt."

THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

'TWAS in the prime of summer-time,
 An evening calm and cool,
 And four-and-twenty happy boys
 Came bounding out of school :
 There were some that ran, and some that
 Like troutlets in a pool. [leapt

Away they sped with gamesome minds,
 And souls untouched by sin ;
 To a level mead they came, and there
 They drave the wickets in.
 Pleasantly shone the setting sun
 Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,
 And shouted as they ran,
 Turning to mirth all things of earth,
 As only boyhood can ;
 But the usher sat remote from all,
 A melancholy man.

His hat was off, his vest apart,
 To catch heaven's blessed breeze ;
 For a burning thought was in his brow,
 And his bosom ill at ease :
 So he leaned his head on his hands, and
 read
 The book upon his knees.

Leaf after leaf he turned it o'er,
 Nor ever glanced aside,
 For the peace of his soul he read that book
 In the golden eventide.
 Much study had made him very lean,
 And pale, and leaden-eyed.

At last he shut the ponderous tome,—
 With a fast and fervent grasp
 He strained the dusky covers close,
 And fixed the brazen hasp :
 "O God ! could I so close my mind,
 And clasp it with a clasp !"

Then leaping on his feet upright,
 Some moody turns he took,—
 Now up the mead, then down the mead,
 And past a shady nook,—
 And lo ! he saw a little boy
 That pored upon a book.

"My gentle lad, what is 't you read—
 Romance or fairy fable ?
 Or is it some historic page
 Of kings and crowns unstable ?"
 The young boy gave an upward glance :
 "It is 'The Death of Abel.'"

The Usher took six hasty strides,
 As smit with sudden pain,—
 Six hasty strides beyond the place,
 Then slowly back again ;
 And down he sat beside the lad,
 And talked with him of Cain ;

And, long since then, of bloody men,
 Whose deeds tradition saves ;
 Of lonely folk cut off unseen,
 And hid in sudden graves ;
 Of horrid stabs, in groves forlorn,
 And murders done in caves ;

And how the sprites of injured men
 Shriek upward from the sod,—
 Ay, how the ghostly hand will point
 To show the burial clod ;
 And unknown facts of guilty acts
 Are seen in dreams from God !

He told how murderers walk the earth
 Beneath the curse of Cain,—
 With crimson clouds before their eyes,
 And flames about their brain ;
 For blood has left upon their souls
 Its everlasting stain !

"And well," quoth he, "I know for truth
 Their pangs must be extreme,—
 Woe, woe, unutterable woe,—
 Who spill life's sacred stream.
 For why? Methought last night I wrought
 A murder—in a dream.

"One that had never done me wrong—
 A feeble man and old ;
 I led him to a lonely field,—
 The moon shone clear and cold ;
 Now here, said I, this man shall die,
 And I will have his gold.

"Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,
 And one with a heavy stone,
 One hurried gash with a hasty knife,
 And then the deed was done :
 There was nothing lying at my foot
 But lifeless flesh and bone !

"Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
 That could not do me ill ;
 And yet I feared him all the more,
 For lying there so still ;
 There was a manhood in his look
 That murder could not kill !

"And lo! the universal air
Seemed lit with ghastly flame;
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
Were looking down in blame.
I took the dead man by the hand,
And called upon his name!

"O God! it made me quake to see
Such sense within the slain!
But when I touched the lifeless clay,
The blood gushed out amain!
For every clot, a burning spot
Was scorching in my brain.

"My head was like an ardent coal,
My heart as solid ice;
My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,
Was at the Devil's price:
A dozen times I groaned;—the dead
Had never groaned but twice!

"And now, from forth the frowning sky,
From the heaven's topmost height,
I heard a voice—the awful voice
Of the blood-avenging sprite:—
'Thou guilty man! take up thy dead,
And hide it from my sight!'

"I took the dreary body up,
And cast it in a stream,—
A sluggish water, black as ink,
The depth was so extreme.—
My gentle boy, remember this
Is nothing but a dream.

"Down went the corse with a hollow plunge,
And vanished in the pool;
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,
And washed my forehead cool,
And sat among the urchins young
That evening in the school.

"O Heaven! to think of their white souls,
And mine so black and grim!
I could not share in childish prayer,
Nor join in Evening Hymn:
Like a devil of the pit I seemed
'Mid holy Cherubim.

"And peace went with them, one and all,
And each calm pillow spread;
But Guilt was my grim chamberlain
That lighted me to bed,
And drew my midnight curtains round
With fingers bloody red!

"All night I lay in agony,
In anguish dark and deep;
My fevered eyes I dared not close,
But stared aghast at Sleep;
For Sin had rendered unto her
The keys of Hell to keep!

"All night I lay in agony,
From weary chime to chime,
With one besetting horrid hint,
That racked me all the time;
A mighty yearning, like the first
Fierce impulse unto crime.

"One stern tyrannic thought, that made
All other thoughts its slave,
Stronger and stronger every pulse
Did that temptation crave,—
Still urging me to go and see
The Dead Man in his grave,

"Heavily I rose up, as soon
As light was in the sky,
And sought the black accursed pool
With a wild misgiving eye;
And I saw the Dead in the river bed,
For the faithless stream was dry!

"Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dewdrop from its wing;
But I never marked its morning flight,
I never heard it sing;
For I was stooping once again
Under the horrid thing.

"With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
I took him up and ran;
There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began:
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves
I hid the murdered man.

"And all that day I read in school,
But my thought was elsewhere.
As soon as the midday task was done,
In secret I was there:
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
And still the corse was bare!

"Then down I cast me on my face,
And first began to weep,
For I knew my secret then was one
That earth refused to keep,
Or land or sea, though he should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep,

"So wills the fierce avenging sprite,
Till blood for blood atones!
Ay, though he's buried in a cave,
And trodden down with stones,
And years have rotted off his flesh,
The world shall see his bones!

"O God! that horrid, horrid dream
Besets me now awake!
Again—again, with dizzy brain,
The human life I take;
And my red right hand grows raging hot,
Like Cranmer's at the stake.

"And still no peace for the restless clay
Will wave or mould allow;
The horrid thing pursues my soul,—
It stands before me now!"
The fearful boy looked up, and saw
Huge drops upon his brow

That very night, while gentle sleep
The urchin eyelids kissed,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,
Through the cold and heavy mist;
And Eugene Aram walked between,
With gves upon his wrist.

—o—

THE LEE SHORE.

SLEET and hail and thunder!
And ye winds that rave
Till the sands thereunder
Tinge the sullen wave,—

Winds that like a demon
Howl with horrid note
Round the toiling seaman
In his tossing boat!

From his humble dwelling
On the shingly shore,
Where the billows swelling
Keep such hollow roar;—

From that weeping woman,
Seeking with her cries
Succour superhuman
From the frowning skies;—

From the urchin pining
For his father's knee;—
From the lattice shining
Drive him out to sea!—

Let broad leagues dissever
Him from yonder foam.
O God! to think man ever
Comes too near his home.

—:O:—

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

1781—1849.

THE WONDERS OF THE LANE.

STRONG climber of the mountain's side,
Though thou the vale disdain,
Yet walk with me where hawthorns hide
The wonders of the lane.
High o'er the rushy springs of Don
The stormy gloom is rolled;
The moorland hath not yet put on
His purple, green, and gold.
But here the titling spreads his wing,
Where dewy daisies gleam;
And here the sunflower of the spring
Burns bright in morning's beam.
To mountain winds the famished fox
Complains that Sol is slow
O'er headlong steep and gushing rocks
His royal robe to throw.
But here the lizard seeks the sun,
Here coils in light the snake;
And here the fire-tuft hath begun
Its beauteous nest to make.
Oh, then, while hums the earliest bee
Where verdure fires the plain,
Walk thou with me, and stoop to see
The glories of the lane.
For, oh, I love these banks of rock,
This roof of sky and tree, [clock,
These tufts, where sleeps the gloaming
And wakes the earliest bee!
As spirits from eternal day
Look down on earth secure,
Gaze thou, and wonder, and survey
A world in miniature;—
A world not scorned by Him who made
Even weakness by His might;
But solemn in His depth of shade,
And splendid in His light.
Light! not alone on clouds afar
O'er storm-loved mountains spread,
Or widely teaching sun and star,
Thy glorious thoughts are read;
Oh, no! thou art a wondrous book,
To sky, and sea, and land—
A page on which the angels look,
Which insects understand.

And here, O Light! minutely fair,
 Divinely plain and clear,
 Like splinters of a crystal hair,
 Thy bright small hand is here.
 Yon drop-fed lake, six inches wide,
 Is Huron, girt with wood;
 This driplet feeds Missouri's tide,
 And that Niagara's flood.
 What tidings from the Andes brings
 Yon line of liquid light,
 That down from heaven in madness flings
 The blind foam of its might?
 Do I not hear his thunder roll—
 The roar that ne'er is still?
 'Tis mute as death!—but in my soul
 It roars, and ever will.
 What forests tall of tiniest moss
 Clothe every little stone!
 What pigmy oaks their foliage toss
 O'er pigmy valleys lone!
 With shade o'er shade, from ledge to ledge,
 Ambitious of the sky,
 They feather o'er the steepest edge
 Of mountains mushroom high.
 O God of marvels! who can tell
 What myriad living things
 On these grey stones unseen may dwell!
 What nations with their kings!
 I feel no shock, I hear no groan
 While fate perchance o'erwhelms
 Empires on this subverted stone—
 A hundred ruined realms!
 Lo! in that dot, some mite, like me,
 Impelled by woe or whim,
 May crawl, some atom cliffs to see—
 A tiny world to him!
 Lo! while he pauses, and admires
 The works of Nature's might,
 Spurned by my foot, his world expires,
 And all to him is night.
 O God of terrors! what are we?
 Poor insects sparked with thought!
 Thy whisper, Lord, a word from Thee,
 Could smite us into nought!
 But shouldst thou wreck our fatherland,
 And mix it with the deep,
 Safe in the hollow of Thine hand
 Thy little ones would sleep.

—o—

MAY.

[again;

SHADE-LOVING Hyacinth! thou com'st
 And thy rich odours seem to swell the flow
 Of the lark's song, the redbreast's lonely
 strain, [wild flowers blow,
 And the stream's tune—best sung where

And ever sweetest where the sweetest grow.
 Who hath condensed, O Broom, in thy
 bright flowers [cheek
 The light of midday suns? What virgin's
 Can match this apple bloom, these glowing
 showers [speak
 Of glistering daisies? How their blushes
 Of rosy hues that red o'er ocean break,
 When cloudy morn is calm, yet fain to weep,
 Because the beautiful are still the frail!
 Hark! 'tis the thrush, he sings beneath the
 steep, [vale!
 Where coolness ever charms the fountained
 How eloquently well he tells his tale,
 That love is yet on earth, and yet will be,
 Though virtue struggles, and seems born
 to fail, [and free,
 Because fall'n man, who might be great
 Toils for the wolf, and bribes iniquity!
 Thou art not false, sweet bird! thou dost
 not keep
 The word of promise to our ear alone,
 And break it to our hearts! Maids do not
 weep [groan;
 Because thou feign'st; for thee no victims
 Thy voice is truth, and love is all thy own.
 Then, for thy sake, I will not loathe man's
 face;
 Will not believe that virtues are veiled sins;
 That bounty may be mean, and kindness
 base; [wins;
 That fortune plays the game which wisdom
 That human worth still ends where it begins.
 Though man were wholly false; though
 hope were none
 Of late redemption from his sin-made woes,
 Yet would I trust in God, and goodness. On
 From sun to sun, the stream of mercy flows;
 And still on humble graves the little daisy
 grows.

—:o:—

F. W. N. BAYLEY.

181c—1853.

CHELSEA PENSIONERS
 READING THE GAZETTE OF THE
 BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

THE golden gleam of a summer sun
 Is lighting the elm-decked grove,
 And the leaves of the old trees—every
 one—
 Are stirred with a song they love;
 For there bloweth a light breeze, whispering
 true
 Of the deeds they are doing at Waterloo.

The Chelsea veteran gathereth there,
Under the ancient sign;
His meteor-sword hath a stain of blood,
And his cheek is warm with wine.
Fame he had wooed as a glorious bride,
When she waved with his white plume,
and clung to his side.

His comrades flock to their favourite seat,
And their tale is of days gone by;
But their words—as weak as broken
hearts—
Are stifled by many a sigh;
For they drink to those true friends who
scorned to yield,
And were left behind on the battle-field.

But many a brighter say and song
Are gladdening all that scene,
And joy comes like a singing bird,
To light the village green;
And groups are gathered 'neath those trees,
Round summer flowers—like summer bees.

The soldier, with his mark of war—
The medal on his breast,—
Star of the brave that decks him now,
When his sword is laid to rest;
And the iron sheath is worn away,
That was tenantless on the battle day.

The stripling too, that hath not sinned,
And so can laugh and sing:
Child, whom the world hath not yet
touched,
Like a serpent, with its sting.
The young in hope—the conscience-free,
The beautiful in infancy.

And mothers too, whose measured love
Blends all the pure and mild,
And pours itself from one deep fount
On father and on child;
And ancient granddames just as glad,
And proud of charms their daughters had.

The young and old—the fair and brave—
Are congregated here; [gaze
And they all look out with an anxious
Of mingled hope and fear,
As the wearied sailor looks for land,
When the bark speeds on and the gales are
bland.

Now gaze again—a lancer comes
With a spur in his courser's side,
That speeds towards th' expecting group
As a lover bounds to his bride;

He bringeth the news, and their hearts beat
The news of a glorious victory! [high—

Father and brother, and betrothed—
The husband and the son—
That lancer bold hath a tale to tell
To the friends of every one.
“Their swords were bright—their hearts
were true—
They have won the field of WATERLOO!”

Oh! when the heart is very glad,
It leaps like a little child
That is just released from a weary task
With a spirit free and wild.
It fluttereth like a prisoned bird,
When tidings such as these are heard.

A low sound—like a murmured prayer;
Then, a cheer that rends the sky!
A loud huzza—like a people's shout
When a good king passeth by;—
As the roar of waves on an angry main
Breaks forth, and then all is mute again.

The lancer looks in the veteran's face,
And hands him the written scroll;
And the old man reads, with a quiv'ring
voice,
The words of that muster-roll.
As they wake a smile or force a sigh
From many an anxious stander-by.

If the father's boy be laurel-crowned,
He glories in his name;
If the mother hath lost her only son,
She little heeds his fame
And the lonely girl, whose lover sleeps,
Droops in her beauty, and only weeps.

But if a few have blighted hopes,
And hearts forlorn and sad,
How many of that mingled group
Doth that great victory glad?
Who bless—for *their* dear sakes—the day
Whom toil and war kept far away?

If parting words—like arrows—fixed
In their breasts the barb of pain,
Now fancy like a painter draws
The welcome home again;
And some who ne'er held cup of bliss,
Sup full of happiness from this!

The Highland pipe is pouring out
Its music like a stream;
And the sound of its startling revelry
Wakes many from a dream;

And now breaks forth another cry
Of overwhelming ecstasy!

The cup is filled, and the wine goes round,
And it foameth to the brim;
And young and old, and grave and gay,
All shout a health to him
Who brings these tidings glad and true—
Then, "WELLINGTON and WATERLOO!"

"And those who fought, and those who
And those who bravely died; [fell,
And those who bore our banners high,
And battled side by side!
And those whose hearts and swords were
true
With WELLINGTON at WATERLOO!"

—:O:—

ALARIC A. WATTS.

1789—1864.

MY OWN FIRESIDE.

LET others seek for empty joys
At ball or concert, rout or play;
Whilst far from Fashion's idle noise,
Her gilded domes and trappings gay,
I while the winter eve away,
'Twixt book and lute the hours divide,
And marvel how I e'er could stray
From thee—my own fireside!

My own fireside! Those simple words
Can bid the sweetest dreams arise;
Awaken feeling's tenderest chords,
And fill with tears of joy mine eyes.
What is there my wild heart can prize
That doth not in thy sphere abide,—
Haunt of my home-bred sympathies,
My own—my own fireside?

A gentle form is near me now;
A small white hand is clasped in mine:
I gaze upon her placid brow,
And ask, What joys can equal thine?
A babe, whose beauty's half divine,
In sleep his mother's eyes doth hide:
Where may love seek a fitter shrine,
Than thou—my own fireside?

What care I for the sullen war
Of winds without, that ravage earth?
It doth but bid me prize the more
The shelter of thy hallowed hearth;—

To thoughts of quiet bliss give birth:
Then let the churlish tempest chide,
It cannot check the blameless mirth
That glads my own fireside!

My refuge ever from the storm
Of this world's passion, strife, and care;
Though thunder-clouds the skies deform,
Their fury cannot reach me there;
There all is cheerful, calm, and fair;
Wrath, envy, malice, strife, or pride
Hath never made its hated lair
By thee—my own fireside!

Thy precincts are a charmed ring,
Where no harsh feeling dares intrude,
Where life's vexations lose their sting,
Where even grief is half subdued,
And peace, the halcyon, loves to brood.
Then let the world's proud fool deride;
I'll pay my debt of gratitude
To thee—my own fireside!

Shrine of my household deities,
Bright scene of home's unsullied joys!
To thee my burthened spirit flies,
When Fortune frowns or Care annoys!
Thine is the bliss that never cloys,
Thine smile whose truth hath oft been tried;
What, then, are this world's tinsel toys
To thee—my own fireside?

Oh, may the yearnings, fond and sweet,
That bid my thoughts be all of thee,
Thus ever guide my wandering feet
To thy heart-soothing sanctuary!
Whate'er my future years may be,
Let joy or grief my fate betide,
Be still an Eden bright to me,
My own—my own fireside!

—:O:—

THOMAS B. MACAULAY.

1800—1859.

EPITAPH ON A JACOBITE.

To MY true king I offered, free from stain,
Courage and faith; vain faith and courage
vain!
For him I threw lands, honours, wealth
away,
And one dear hope that was more prized
than they.

For him I languished in a foreign clime,
Grayhaired with sorrows in my manhood's
prime;

Heard on Lavernia Scargill's whispering
trees,

And pined by Arno for my lovelier Tees;
Beheld each night my home in fevered
sleep,

Each morning started from the dream to
weep,

Till God who saw me tried too sorely, gave
The resting-place I asked—an early grave.

O thou whom chance leads to this name-
less stone,

From that proud country which was once
my own,

By those white cliffs I never more must see,
By that dear language which I spoke like
thee,

Forget all feuds, and shed one English tear
O'er English dust,—a broken heart lies
here.

—:O:—

LEIGH HUNT.

1784—1859.

ON A LOCK OF MILTON'S HAIR.

IT lies before me there, and my own breath
Stirs its thin threads, as though beside

The living head I stood in honoured pride,
Talking of lovely things that conquer death.

Perhaps he pressed it once, or underneath
Ran his fine fingers, when he leant, blank-
eyed,

And saw in fancy Adam and his bride,
With their rich locks; or his own Delphic
wreath.

There seems a love in hair, though it be dead.
It is the gentlest, yet the strongest thread
Of our frail plant—a blossom from the tree
Surviving the proud trunk—as though it
said,

Patience and gentleness is Power for me:
Behold affectionate eternity.

—O—

LILIES.

WE are Lilies fair,

The flower of virgin light;

Nature held us forth, and said,

"Lo! my thoughts of white!"

Ever since then, angels

Hold us in their hands;

You may see them where they take

In pictures their sweet stands.

Like the garden's angels

Also do we seem,

And not the less for being crowned

With a golden dream.

Could you see around us

The enamoured air,

You would see it pale with bliss

To hold a thing so fair.

—O—

POPPIES.

WE are slumberous Poppies,

Lords of Lerhe downs;

Some asleep and some awake;

Sleeping in our crowns.

What perchance our dreams may know

Let our serious beauty show.

Central depth of purple,

Leaves more bright than rose;

Who shall tell what brightest thought

Out of darkness grows?

Who, through what funereal pain

Souls to love and peace attain?

Visions aye are on us,

Unto eyes of power;

Pluto's always setting sun

And Proserpine's bower,

There, like bees, the pale souls come

For our drink with drowsy hum.

Taste, ye mortals, also,

Milky-hearted we;

Taste, but with a rev'rent care,—

Active, patient be.

Too much gladness brings to gloom

Those who on the gods presume.

—:O:—

ELIZABETH B. BROWNING.

1809—1861.

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

DO YE hear the children weeping, O my
brothers!

Ere the sorrow comes with years?

They are leaning their young heads against
their mothers,—

And *that* cannot stop their tears.

The young lambs are bleating in the
meadows,

The young birds are chirping in the nest,
The young fawns are playing with the
shadows, [the west:

The young flowers are blowing t'wards
But the young, young children, O my
brothers,

They are weeping bitterly!—

They are weeping in the playtime of the
others,

In the country of the free.

Do you question the young children in their [sorrow
Why their tears are falling so?

The old man may weep for his to-morrow
Which is lost in Long Ago.

The old tree is leafless in the forest,

The old year is ending in the frost,

The old wound, if stricken, is the sorest,

The old hope is hardest to be lost:

But the young, young children, O my
brothers!

Do you ask them why they stand

Weeping sore before the bosoms of their
mothers,

In our happy Fatherland?

They look up with their pale and sunken [faces,
And their looks are sad to see,

For the man's hoary anguish draws and
presses

Down the cheeks of infancy.

"Your old earth," they say, "is very
dreary;" [weak!

"Our young feet," they say, "are very
Few paces have we taken, yet are weary—

Our grave-rest is very far to seek.

Ask the aged why they weep, and not the
children,

For the outside earth is cold,

And we young ones stand without, in our
bewildering,

And the graves are for the old.

"True," say the children, "it may happen
That we die before our time.

Little Alice died last year—the grave is
shapen

Like a snowball in the rime.

We looked into the pit prepared to take her;
Was no room for any work in the close
clay: [wake her,

From the sleep wherein she lieth none will
Crying, 'Get up, little Alice! it is day.'"

If you listen by that grave, in sun and
shower, [cries!

With your ear down, little Alice never
Could we see her face, be sure we should
not know her, [eyes!

For the smile has time for growing in her
And merry go her moments, lulled and
stilled in

The shroud, by the kirk-chime!

"It is good when it happens," say the
children,

"That we die before our time."

Alas, alas, the children! they are seeking
Death in life, as best to have;

They are binding up their hearts away from
breaking,

With a cerement from the grave.

Go out, children, from the mine and from
the city— [do—

Sing out, children, as the little thrushes
Pluck your handfuls of the meadow-cow-
slips pretty—

Laugh aloud, to feel your fingers let
them through!

But they answer, "Are your cowslips of
the meadows

Like our weeds anear the mine?

Leave us quiet in the dark of the coal-
shadows,

From your pleasures fair and fine!

"For oh," say the children, "we are weary,
And we cannot run or leap;

If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
To drop down in them and sleep.

Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping—
We fall upon our faces, trying to go;

And, underneath our heavy eyelids droop-
ing, [as snow.

The reddest flower would look as pale
For all day we drag our burden tiring

Through the coal-dark underground,
Or all day we drive the wheels of iron

In the factories round and round.

"For all day the wheels are droning, turn-
ing,—

Their wind comes in our faces,—

Till our hearts turn, our head with pulses
burning,

And the walls turn in their places,—

Turns the sky in the high window blank
and reeling,— [the wall,—

Turns the long light that drops adown
Turn the black flies that crawl along the
ceiling,— [all.

All are turning, all the day, and we with

And all day the iron wheels are droning;
 And sometimes we could pray,
 'Oh, ye wheels' (breaking out in a bad
 moaning),
 'Stop! be silent for to-day!'"

[breathing
 Ay, be silent. Let them hear each other
 For a moment, mouth to mouth,—
 Let them touch each other's hands, in a
 fresh wreathing

Of their tender human youth!
 Let them feel that this cold metallic motion
 Is not all the life God fashions or reveals;
 Let them prove their living souls against
 the notion [wheels!]

That they live in you, or under you, O
 Still, all day the iron wheels go onward,
 Grinding life down from its mark;
 And the children's souls, which God is
 calling sunward,
 Spin on blindly in the dark.

[brothers,
 Now tell the poor young children, O my
 To look up to Him and pray;
 So the blessed One, who blesseth all the
 others,

Will bless them another day.
 They answer, "Who is God that He should
 hear us, [stirred?

While the rushing of the iron wheels is
 When we sob aloud, the human creatures
 near us [word;

Pass by, hearing not, or answer not a
 And *we* hear not (for the wheels in their
 resounding)

Strangers speaking at the door: [Him,
 Is it likely God, with angels singing round
 Hears our weeping any more?

"Two words, indeed, of prayer, we re-
 member,

And at midnight's hour of harm,
 'Our Father,' looking upward in the
 chamber,

We say softly for a charm.* [Father,
 We know no other words, except 'Our
 And we think that, in some pause of
 angels' song, [sweet to gather,
 God may pluck them with the silence
 And hold both within His right hand
 which is strong. [surely

'Our Father,' if he heard us, He would
 (For they call Him good and mild)

Answer, smiling down the steep world very
 purely,

'Come and rest with me, my child.'

* A fact rendered pathetically historical by Mr.
 Horne's report of his commission.

"But, no!" say the children, weeping faster,
 "He is speechless as a stone!

And they tell us, of His image is the master
 Who commands us to work on.

Go to!" say the children,— "up in heaven,
 Dark, wheel-like, turning clouds are all
 we find. [believing—

Do not mock us; grief has made us un-
 We look up for God, but tears have made
 us blind." [proving,

Do you hear the children weeping and dis-
 O my brothers, what ye preach?

For God's possible is taught by His world's
 loving—

And the children doubt of each.

And well may the children weep before you!
 They are weary ere they run; [glory
 They have never seen the sunshine, nor the
 Which is brighter than the sun:

They know the grief of man, without his
 wisdom; [calm,—

They sink in man's despair, without his
 Are slaves, without the liberty in Christ-
 dom,— [palm,—

Are martyrs, by the pang without the
 Are worn, as if with age, yet unretreivingly
 The blessings of its memory cannot
 keep,— [ly:

Are orphans of the earthly love and heaven-
 Let them weep! let them weep!

They look up, with their pale and sunken
 faces,

And their look is dread to see,
 For they mind you of their angels in their
 places,

With eyes turned on Deity;—
 "How long," they say, "how long, O cruel
 nation, [child's heart,—

Will you stand, to move the world, on a
 Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpi-
 tion, [the mart?

And tread onward to your throne amid
 Our blood splashes upward, O gold-heaper,
 And its purple shows your path!

But the child's sob curses deeper in the
 silence

Than the strong man in his wrath!"



NOTHING SMALL.

"THERE'S nothing great
 Nor small," has said a poet of our day,
 And truly I reiterate. Nothing's small!
 No lily-muffled hum of summer bee

But finds some coupling with the spinning
stars:

No pebble at your foot but proves a sphere ;
No chaffinch, but implies the cherubim.
Ay, glancing on my own thin-veined wrist,
In such a little tremor of the blood [soul
The whole strong clamour of a vehement
Doth utter itself distinct. Earth's crammed
with heaven,

And every common bush afire with God ;
But only he who sees takes off his shoes ;
The rest sit round it and pluck blackberries,
And daub their natural faces unaware
More and more from the first similitude.

—O—

A YEAR'S SPINNING.

HE listened at the porch that day,
To hear the wheel go on and on,
And when it stopped—ran back away—
While through the door he brought the
But now my spinning is all done. [sun,

He sat beside me, with an oath
That love ne'er ended, once begun ;
I smiled—believing for us both
What was the truth for only one,
And now my spinning is all done.

My mother cursed me that I heard
A young man's wooing as I spun.
Thanks, cruel mother, for that word,
For I have since a harder known ;
And now my spinning is all done.

I thought—O God!—my firstborn's cry
Both voices to my ear would drown.
I listened in mine agony—
It was the *silence* made me groan,
And now my spinning is all done.

Bury me 'twixt my mother's grave,
Who cursed me on her death-bed lone,
And my dead baby's—(God it save!)
Who not to bless me would not moan,
And now my spinning is all done.

A stone upon my heart and head,
But no name written on the stone.
Sweet neighbours! whisper low instead,
"This sinner was a loving one—
And now her spinning is all done."

And let the door ajar remain,
In case he should pass by anon ;
And leave the wheel out very plain,
That HE when passing in the sun
May see the spinning is all done!

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

1819—1861.

STANZAS.

SAY not the struggle nought availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain:
The enemy faints not nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars ;
In, may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful niche to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly!
But westward, look, the land is bright.

—:O:—

ALEXANDER SMITH.

1830—1867.

GREEN OLD AGE.

My head is gray, my blood is young,
Red, leaping in my veins ;
The spring doth stir my spirit yet
To seek the cloistered violet,
The primrose in the lanes.
In heart I am a very boy,
Haunting the woods, the waterfalls,
The ivies on grey castle walls ;
Weeping in silent joy
When the broad sun goes down the west ;
Or trembling o'er a sparrow's nest.
The world might laugh were I to tell
What most my old age cheers,—
Mem'ries of stars and crescent moons,
Of nutting strolls through autumn noons,
Rainbows 'mong April's tears.
But chief, to live that hour again,
When first I stood on sea-beach old,
First heard the voice, first saw unrolled
The glory of the main.
Many rich draughts hath memory,
The soul's cupbearer, brought to me.

—:O:—

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

1835—1864.

THE OLD YEAR'S BLESSING.

I AM fading from you,
 But one draweth near,
 Called the Angel Guardian
 Of the coming year.
 If my gifts and graces
 Coldly you forget,
 Let the New Year's Angel
 Bless and crown them yet;
 For we work together,
 He and I are one,—
 Let him end and perfect
 All I leave undone.
 I brought good desires,
 Though as yet but seeds,—
 Let the New Year make them
 Blossom into deeds.
 I brought joy to brighten
 Many happy days,—
 Let the New Year's Angel
 Turn it into praise.
 If I gave you sickness,
 If I brought you care,
 Let him make one Patience,
 And the other Prayer.
 Where I brought you sorrow,
 Through his care at length
 It may rise triumphant
 Into future strength.
 If I brought you plenty,
 Ali wealth's boundless charms,
 Shall not the New Angel
 Turn them into alms?
 I gave health and leisure,
 Skill to dream and plan,—
 Let him make them nobler—
 Work for God and man.
 If I broke your idols,
 Showed you they were dust,
 Let him turn the knowledge
 Into heavenly trust.
 If I brought temptation,
 Let sin die away
 Into boundless pity
 For all hearts that stray.
 If your list of errors
 Dark and long appears,
 Let this new-born monarch
 Melt them into tears.
 May you hold this angel
 Dearer than the last,—
 So I bless his future,
 While he crowns my past!

—:o:—

JULIAN FANE.

1827—1870.

LA FILEUSE.

[round,
 WHIRL, whirl, fleet wheel, your ringing
 Beneath my keen foot's rapid tread,
 Your changeless circle swiftly sweep,
 And twist the ever-lengthening thread;
 While fierce beneath my beating heart
 That throbs, o'erwrought with pain and
 strife,
 The swift blood, whirling through my veins,
 Spins out the thread of weary life.
 Whirl, whirl, fleet wheel, and while you
 whirl
 Beneath my keen foot's rapid tread,
 A thousand filaments enwreath,
 To swell the ever-growing thread;
 And so beneath my beating heart
 A thousand broken memories move,
 A thousand tangled thoughts entwine
 To twist the cord of hopeless love.

Now sinks the day-star to his rest,
 The wheel shall cease its circling sweep,
 The weary foot forego its toil,
 The thread upon the spindle sleep;
 Oh that with these my breaking heart
 Might cease to beat, to throb, to quiver,
 The swift blood sleep within my veins,
 And life and love be still for ever!

—:o:—

HENRY HART MILMAN.

1791—1868.

THE COMING OF THE JUDGE.

EVEN thus, amid thy pride and luxury,
 O Earth! shall that last coming burst on thee,
 That secret coming of the SON OF MAN!
 When all the cherub-throning clouds shall
 shine,
 Irradiate with His bright advancing sign:
 When that Great Husbandman shall
 wave His fan, [away.
 Sweeping, like chaff, thy wealth and pomp
 Still, to the noontide of that nightless day,
 Shalt thou thy wonted dissolute course
 maintain;
 Along the busy mart and crowded street,
 The buyer and the seller still shall meet,
 And marriage-feasts begin their jocund
 strain.

Still to the pouring out the CUP OF WOE;
Till Earth, a drunkard, reeling to and fro,
And mountains molten by His burning feet,
And heaven His presence own, all red with
furnace heat.

The hundred-gated Cities then,
The Towers and Temples named of men
Eternal, and the Thrones of Kings;
The gilded summer palaces,
The courtly bowers of love and ease,
Where still the Bird of Pleasure sings:
Ask ye the destiny of them?
Go, gaze on fallen Jerusalem!
Yea, mightier names are in the fatal roll,
'Gainst earth and heaven God's standard
is unfurled; [scroll,
The skies are shrivelled like a burning
And the vast common doom ensepulchres
the world.

Oh! who shall then survive?
Oh! who shall stand and live?
When all that hath been is no more;
When for the round earth hung in air,
With all its constellations fair
In the sky's azure canopy; [ling Sea,
When for the breathing Earth and spark-
Is but a fiery deluge without shore,
Heaving along the abyss profound and dark,
A fiery deluge, and without an ARK.

Lord of all power, when Thou art there alone
On Thy eternal fiery-wheeled Throne,
That in its high meridian noon
Needs not the perished sun nor moon:
When Thou art there in Thy presiding state,
Wide-sceptred Monarch o'er the realm
of doom; [darkest womb,
When from the sea-depths, from earth's
The dead of all the ages round Thee wait:
And when the tribes of wickedness are
strown
Like forest-leaves in th' autumn of Thine
ire, [own!
Faithful and True! Thou still wilt save Thine
The Saints shall dwell within th' unharm-
ing fire, [palm.
Each white robe spotless, blooming every
Even safe as we by this still fountain's side,
So shall the Church, Thy bright and
mystic Bride, [calm.
Sit on the stormy gulf a halcyon bird of
Yes, 'mid yon angry and destroying signs,
O'er us the rainbow of Thy mercy shines;
We hail, we bless the covenant of its
beam,
Almighty to avenge, Almighty to redeem.

HENRY ALFORD.

1810—1871.

PEACE.

I HAVE found peace in the bright earth,
And in the sunny sky;
By the low voice of summer seas,
And where streams murmur by.

I find it in the quiet tone
Of voices that I love;
By the flickering of a twilight fire,
And in a leafless grove.

I find it in the silent flow
Of solitary thought;
In calm, half-meditated dreams,
And reasonings self-taught.

But seldom have I found such peace,
As in the soul's deep joy
Of passing onward, free from harm,
Through every day's employ.

If gems we seek we only tire,
And lift our hopes too high;
The constant flowers that line our way
Alone can satisfy.

—o—

LAST WORDS.

REFRESH me with the bright blue violet,
And put the pale, faint-scented primrose
near,
For I am breathing yet,
Shed not one silly tear.
But when mine eyes are set, [bier,
Scatter the fresh flowers thick upon the
And let my early grave with morning dew
be wet.

I have passed swiftly o'er the pleasant earth,
My life hath been the shadow of a dream;
The joyousness of birth
Did ever with me seem;
My spirit had no dearth,
But dwelt for ever by a full swift stream,
Kept in a golden trance of never-failing
mirth.

[hand
Touch me once more, my father, ere my
Have not an answer for thee; kiss my
cheek,
Ere the blood fix and stand
Where flits the hectic streak;

Give me thy last command,
Before I lie all undisturbed and meek,
Wrapt in the snowy folds of funeral swathing band.

—:O:—

CAROLINE SOUTHEY.

(*Née* BOWLES.)

1787—1854.

THE PAUPER'S DEATH-BED.

TREAD softly, bow the head—
In reverent silence bow—
No passing-bell doth toll,
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

Stranger, however great,
With lowly reverence bow;
There's one in that poor shed,
One by that paltry bed,
Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,
Lo! Death doth keep his state;
Enter—no crowds attend—
Enter—no guards defend—
This palace-gate.

That pavement damp and cold
No smiling courtiers tread;
One silent woman stands,
Lifting with meagre hands
A dying head.

No mingling voices sound;
An infant wail alone.
A sob suppressed—again
That short deep gasp—and then
The parting groan.

Oh, change!—oh, wondrous change!
Burst are the prison bars!
This moment *there*, so low,
So agonized—and now
Beyond the stars!

Oh, change! stupendous change!
There lies the soulless clod;
The sun eternal breaks
The new Immortal wakes—
Wakes with his God.

—:O:—

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

LIFE THROUGH DEATH.

A DEWDROP, falling on the wild sea-wave,
Exclaimed in fear, "I perish in this grave!"
But, in a shell received, that drop of dew
Unto a pearl of marvellous beauty grew;
And, happy, now the grave did magnify
Which thrust it forth, as it had feared, to
die;

Until again, "I perish quite!" it said,
Torn by rude diver from its ocean bed.
Oh, unbelieving! So it came to gleam
Chief jewel in a monarch's diadem.

—:O:—

JOHN KEBLE.

1800—1866.

CONSOLATION.

AND wilt Thou hear the fevered heart
To Thee in silence cry?
And as th' inconstant wildfires dart
Out of the restless eye,
Wilt Thou forgive the wayward thought,
By kindly woes yet half untaught
A Saviour's right, so dearly bought,
That Hope should never die?

Thou wilt; for many a languid prayer
Has reached Thee from the wild,
Since the lorn mother, wandering there,
Cast down her fainting child,*
Then stole apart to weep and die,
Nor knew an angel form was nigh
To show soft waters gushing by,
And dewy shadows mild.

Thou wilt; for Thou art Israel's God,
And Thine unwearied arm
Is ready yet with Moses' rod,
The hidden rill to charm
Out of the dry unfathomed deep
Of sands, that lie in lifeless sleep,
Save when the scorching whirlwinds heap
Their waves in rude alarm.

Those moments of wild wrath are Thine,
Thine too the drearier hour
When o'er the horizon's silent line
Fond hopeless fancies cower,

* Hagar. See Gen. xxi. 15.

And on the traveller's listless way
Rises and sets the unchanging day,
No cloud in heaven to slake its ray,
On earth no sheltering bower.

Thou wilt be there, and not forsake,
To turn the bitter pool
Into a bright and breezy lake,
The throbbing brow to cool;
Till left awhile with Thee alone,
The wilful heart be fain to own
That He, by whom our bright hours shone,
Our darkness best may rule.

The scent of water far away
Upon the breeze is flung;
The desert pelican to-day
Securely leaves her young,
Reproving thankless man, who fears
To journey on a few lone years,
Where on the sand Thy step appears,
Thy crown in sight is hung.

Thou, who didst sit on Jacob's Well
The weary hour of noon,
The languid pulses Thou canst tell,
The nerveless spirit tune.
Thou, from whose cross in anguish burst
The cry that owned Thy dying thirst,
To Thee we turn, our Last and First,
Our Sun and soothing Moon.

From darkness here and dreariness
We ask not full repose,
Only be Thou at hand, to bless
Our trial hour of woes.
Is not the pilgrim's toil o'erpaid
By the clear rill and palmy shade?
And see we not, up earth's dark glade,
The gate of heaven unclosed?



CHILDREN'S THANKFULNESS.

"A joyful and pleasant thing it is to be thankful."

Why so stately, maiden fair,
Rising in thy nurse's arms
With that condescending air;
Gathering up thy queenly charms
Like some gorgeous Indian bird,
Which, when at eve the balmy copse is
stirred,

Turns the glowing neck to chide [hide
Th' irreverent footfall, then makes haste to
Again its lustre deep [downy sleep?
Under the purple wing, best home of

Not as yet she comprehends
How the tongues of men reprove;
But a spirit o'er her bends,
Trained in heaven to courteous love,
And with wondering grave rebuke
Tempers, to-day, shy tone and bashful
Graceless one, 'tis all of thee, [look.
Who for maiden bounty, full and free,
The violet from her gay [thanks repay.
And guileless bosom, didst no word of

Therefore, lo! she opens wide
Both her blue and wistful eyes,—
Breathes her grateful chant, to chide
Our too tardy sympathies.
Little babes and angels bright—[night,
They muse, be sure, and wonder, day and
How th' all-holy Hand should give,
The sinner's hand in thanklessness receive.
We see it and we hear, [near.
But wonder not; for why? we feel it all too

Not in vain, when feasts are spread,
To the youngest at the board
Call we to incline the head,
And pronounce the solemn word.
Not in vain they clasp and raise
The soft pure fingers in unconscious praise;
Taught, perchance, by pictured wall
How little ones before the Lord may fall;
How to His loved caress
Reach out the restless arm, and near and
nearer press.

Children in their joyous ranks,
As you pace the village street,
Fill the air with smiles and thanks
If but once one babe you greet.
Never weary, never dim, [hymn.
From thrones seraphic mounts th' eternal
Babes and angels grudge no praise;
But elder souls, to whom His saving ways
Are open, fearless take
Their portion, hear the grace, and no meek
answer make.

Save our blessing, Master, save
From the blight of thankless eye;
Teach us for all joys to crave
Benediction pure and high.
Own them given, endure them gone,
Shrink from their hardening touch, yet
prize them won:
Prize them as rich odours, meet
For love to lavish on His sacred feet;
Prize them as sparkles bright
Of heavenly dew, from yon o'erflowing
well of light.

WILLIAM HOWITT.

1796—1879.

MIDSUMMER MUSINGS.

It is the summer of the fleeting year,
 On the brown sward the flowers are faint
 and few; [halloo
 All songs are hushed; and but the clear
 And 'larum of the bird-boy reach the ear.
 Through the warm air floats far the lime's
 perfume, [bloom.
 But wayside boughs have lost the rose's

The corn is golden on a thousand slopes,
 All crisply rustling to the living breeze;
 And 'mid the billowy sound of summer trees
 I wander, pondering on departed hopes;
 Nor hopes alone, but pleasant lives de-
 parted,—
 I walk alone—for I am lonely hearted.

What of those blest affections have I found,
 Which life should ripen like its summer
 corn, [torn,
 Which has not from my feeble grasp been
 Of all the love with which young life was
 crowned? [where
 Hearts which if I should seek, I know not
 To find their graves—yet have they long
 been there.

These fell away like leaves when life was
 new, [clings;
 Smitten by that blight which to the fairest
 And though I have lived on through many
 springs, [grew.
 No greenness follows where those first buds
 Still glows the heart, but glows without the
 power
 To give or gain the freshness of that hour.

Yet why should I be sad?—for Nature
 spreads [heart,
 Her wealth before me daily; from her
 Doth joys, proud thoughts, sweet sympa-
 thies impart,
 Which I drink in as one who nothing
 dreads.
 Fearless that hers, like man's weak mind
 should fall, [pall.
 Her face should darken, or her pleasures

Yet why should I be sad?—for I have found
 One true companion,—one dear soul is
 mine, [refine;
 Whose converse still doth soothe, arouse,
 And on my hearth there is a cheerful sound

Of lightsome feet, and tones that in my ears
 Ring like the hopes and joys of other years.

Then, though the false depart, the weak
 descend,
 Though lights which seemed immortal
 cease to burn,
 Though it be mine with bitter tears to mourn
 Life's sorest sight—a soul-debased friend;
 Firm is my faith in truth and virtue's lot,
 Though thousands feign, and myriads feel
 them not.

—:O:—

CHARLES SWAIN.

1802—1874.

LIKING AND DISLIKING.

YE who know the reason, tell me
 How is it that instinct still
 Prompts the heart to like or like not,
 At its own capricious will?
 Tell me by what hidden magic
 Our impressions first are led
 Into liking or disliking,
 Oft before a word is said?

Why should smiles sometimes repel us?
 Bright eyes turn our feelings cold?
 What is it that comes to tell us
 All that glitters is not gold?
 Oh! no feature, plain or striking,
 But a power we cannot shun
 Prompts our liking and disliking,
 Ere acquaintance hath begun.

Is it instinct? or some spirit
 Which protects us, and controls
 Every impulse we inherit,
 By some sympathy of souls?
 Is it instinct? is it nature?
 Or some freak or fault of chance,
 Which our liking or disliking
 Limits to a single glance?

I like presentiment of danger,
 Though the sky no shadow flings;
 Or that inner sense, still stranger,
 Of unseen, unuttered things?
 Is it?—oh! can no one tell me,
 No one show sufficient cause
 Why our likings and dislikings
 Have their own instinctive laws?

—:O:—

MARY HOWITT.

SURREY IN CAPTIVITY.

'Twas a May morning, and the joyous sun
Rose o'er the city with a proud array,
As though he knew the month of flowers
begun,

And came bright vested for a holiday:
On the wide river barge and vessel lay,
Each with its pennon floating on the gale;
And garlands hung in honour of the May,
Wreathed round the mast, or o'er the
furlèd sail, [prevail.
Or scattered on the deck, as fancy might

And quick, on every side, were busy feet,
Eagerly thronging, passing to and fro;
Bands of young dancers gathering in the
street;

And, ever and anon, apart and low,
Was heard of melody the quiet flow,
As some musician tuned his instrument,
And practised o'er his part for masque or
show; [ments bent,
And dames and maidens o'er their case-
And scattered flowers about that a sweet
perfume lent.

From every church the pealing bells rang
out, [square,
The gay parades were thronging every
With flaunting banners, revelry, and rout;
And, like a tide, the gale did music bear,
Now loud, then softened;—and in that
low air [tread
Came, on the listener's ear, the regular
Of the gay multitude; the brave, the fair
Passed on,—the high born and the lowly
bred, [led.
All, for one little day, a round of pleasure

Who saw that city on that joyous morn
Might deem her people held a truce with
care; [forlorn,
What was there then to speak of those
Who in her pastimes might not have a
share?

Of her best nobles many were not there,
The heart of valour and the arm of might:
The sun shone on the tower in prison,
where, [knight,
Wailing his hard hap, lay the worthiest
The proudest and the best, at banquet or
in fight.

There lay he, the young Surrey,—that
brave heart [the day
That knighthood might not peer. He chid

That, with its sunny light, could not impart
To him the freedom of its pleasant ray.

Oh, doom unmerited! There, as he lay,
Came on his ear the jocund sounds without;
He thought how once unnoted was the May
Unless the merry people hailed with shout
The gallant Surrey there, in revel and in
[rout.

He thought, how he had been the one of all;
The knight in contest never yet unhorsed,
The courtliest gallant in the proudest hall.
His sword and name by no dishonour
crossed;—

Alone and captived now, from joy divorced,
The thought of Geraldine some solace lent;
How he, in foreign courts, made chivalrous
boast,

Holding her beauty all pre-eminent,
And by his own good arm maintained
where'er he went.

He thought of her, and of the magic glass
Wherein, by skill of secret science raised,
He saw her pale and faithful, as she was,
She whom his love-lorn lyre so oft had
praised: [faced,—

He thought of times in memory unde-
The pleasures of the woods,—the royal
sport,— [chased,—

The cry of hounds,—the hart each morning
The tennis-ground,—the race,—the tilting
court,— [made resort.

And all the love-known scenes where ladies

His looks were such as ladies love to see,
For, as his spirit, was his bearing bold;
His speech the "mirror of all courtesy;"
Of such as he romance hath often told.
And in his hand a tablet he did hold,
Wherein he noted down, from time to time,
The heavy thoughts that o'er his spirit
rolled; [his prime,—
Grief seemed to prey on him, and blight
His name without a blot, his heart without
a crime.

From the dim window of his cell his eye
Gazed on the revel scene that lay below,
Then glanced upon the beautiful blue sky;
The gale blew fresh,—'twas free,—he was
not so:

He wept awhile the captive's bitter woe,—
He sang the captive's bitter fate. Ere long,
Through street and square, moved a pro-
cession slow,

A coffined noble, and a mourning throng,
With murmuring lament, for gallant Sur-
rey's wrong!

ELIZA COOK.

THE CHURCHYARD STILE.

I LEFT thee young and gay, Mary,
 When last the thorn was white;
 I went upon my way, Mary,
 And all the world seemed bright;
 For though my love had ne'er been told,
 Yet, yet I saw thy form
 Beside me, in the midnight watch;
 Above me, in the storm.
 And many a blissful dream I had,
 That brought thy gentle smile,
 Just as it came when last we leaned
 Upon the Churchyard Stile.

I'm here to seek thee now, Mary,
 As all I love the best;
 To fondly tell thee how, Mary,
 I've hid thee in my breast.
 I came to yield thee up my heart,
 With hope, and truth, and joy,
 And crown with Manhood's honest faith
 The feelings of the Boy.
 I breathed thy name, but every pulse
 Grew still and cold the while
 For I was told thou wert asleep
 Just by the Churchyard Stile.

My messmates deemed me brave, Mary,
 Upon the sinking ship;
 But flowers o'er thy grave, Mary,
 Have power to blanch my lip.
 I felt no throb of quailing fear
 Amid the wrecking surf;
 But pale and weak I tremble here,
 Upon the osiered turf.
 I came to meet thy happy face,
 And woo thy gleesome smile,
 And only find thy resting-place
 Close by the Churchyard Stile.

Oh! years may pass away, Mary,
 And sorrow lose its sting;
 For Time is kind, they say, Mary,
 And flies with healing wing;
 The world may make me old and wise,
 And Hope may have new birth;
 And other joys and other ties
 May link me to the earth;
 But Memory, living to the last,
 Shall treasure up thy smile,
 That called me back to find thy grave
 Close to the Churchyard Stile.

CHARLES MACKAY.

LITTLE, BUT GREAT.

A TRAVELLER through a dusty road
 Strewed acorns on the lea,
 And one took root, and sprouted up,
 And grew into a tree.
 Love sought its shade at evening-time
 To breathe its early vows,
 And Age was pleased, in heats of noor
 To bask beneath its boughs.
 The dormouse loved its dangling twig,
 The birds sweet music bore;
 It stood a glory in its place,
 A blessing evermore!

A little spring had lost its way
 Amid the grass and fern;
 A passing stranger scooped a well,
 Where weary men might turn;
 He walled it in, and hung with care
 A ladle at the brink:
 He thought not of the deed he did,
 But judged that toil might drink.
 He passed again—and lo! the well,
 By summers never dried,
 Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
 And saved a life beside.

A dreamer dropped a random thought,
 'Twas old, and yet 'twas new,—
 A simple fancy of the brain,
 But strong in being true;
 It shone upon a genial mind,
 And lo! its light became
 A lamp of life, a beacon-ray,
 A monitory flame.
 The thought was small—its issue great:
 A watch-fire on the hill,—
 It sheds its radiance far adown,
 And cheers the valley still.

A nameless man, amid a crowd
 That thronged the daily mart,
 Let fall a word of Hope and Love,
 Unstudied from the heart;
 A whisper on the tumult thrown,
 A transitory breath,—
 It raised a brother from the dust,
 It saved a soul from death.
 O germ! O fount! O word of love!
 O thought at random cast!
 Ye were but little at the first,
 But mighty at the last.

A REVERIE IN THE GRASS.

HERE let me rest amid the bearded grass,
 Sprinkled with buttercups, and idly pass
 One hour of sunshine on the green hill
 slope,
 Watching the ridged clouds that o'er the
 cope
 Of visible heaven sail quietly along ;
 Listening the wind, or rustling leaves, or
 song
 Of blackbird, or sweet ringdove in the copse
 Of pines and sycamores, whose dark green
 tops
 Form a clear outline right against the blue :
 Here let me lie and dream, losing from view
 All vexed and worldly things, and for one
 hour
 Living such life as green leaf in a bower
 Might live ! breathing the calm pure air,
 Heedless of hope, or fear, or joy, or care.

Oh ! it is pleasant in this summer-time
 To sit alone and meditate or rhyme ;
 To hear the bee plying his busy trade,
 Or grasshopper, alert in sun and shade,
 With bright large eyes and ample forehead
 bald,
 Clad in cuirass and cuishes emerald.
 Here let me rest, and for a little space
 Shut out the world from my abiding-place ;
 Seeing around me nought but grass and
 bent,
 Nothing above me but the firmament ;
 For such my pleasure, that in solitude
 Over my seething fancies I may brood,
 Encrusted and moulded as I list,
 And I expectant as an alchemist.

O beautiful green grass ! Earth-covering
 fair !
 What shall be sung of thee, nor bright, nor
 Nor highly thought of ? Long green grass
 that waves
 By the wayside, over the ancient graves,
 Or shoulders of the mountain looming high,
 Or skulls of rocks, bald in their majesty,
 Except for thee, that in the crevices
 Liv'st on the nurture of the sun and breeze ;
 Adorner of the nude rude breast of hills,
 Mantle of meadows, fringe of gushing rills,
 Humblest of all the humble, thou shalt be,
 If to none else, exalted unto me,
 And for a time, a type of joy on earth—
 Joy unobtrusive, of perennial birth,
 Common as light and air, and warmth and
 rain,
 And all the daily blessings that in vain

Woo us to gratitude ; the earliest born
 Of all the juicy verdures that adorn
 The fruitful bosom of the kindly soil ;
 Pleasant to eyes that ache and limbs that
 toil.

Lo ! as I muse, I see the bristling spears
 Of thy seed-bearing stalks, which some,
 thy peers,
 Lift o'er their fellows, nodding to and fro
 Their lofty foreheads as the wild winds blow,
 And think thy swarming multitudes a host,
 Drawn up embattled on their native coast,
 And officered for war, the spearmen free
 Raising their weapons, and the martial bee
 Blowing his clarion, while some poppy tall
 Displays the blood-red banner over all.

—:O:—

WILLIAM DOUBLEDAY.

STANZAS TO AN OLD FRIEND.

Tandemque nobis exsilibus placent
 Relicta.—CASIMIR.

COME, here's a health to thee and thine ;
 Trust me, whate'er we may be told,
 Few things are better than old wine.
 When tasted with a friend that's old ;
 We're happy yet ; and, in our track,
 New pleasures if we may not find,
 There is a charm in gazing back,
 On sunny prospects left behind.

Like that famed hill in western clime,
 Through gaudy noonday dark and bare,
 That tinges still, at vesper-time,
 With purple gleam the evening air ;
 So there's a joy in former days,
 In times, and scenes, and thoughts gone
 by,
 As beautified their heads they raise
 Bright in Imagination's sky.

Time's glass is filled with varied sand,
 With fleeting joy and transient grief ;
 We'll turn, and with no sparing hand,
 O'er many a strange fantastic leaf ;
 And fear not, but 'mid many a blot,
 There are some pages written fair,
 And flowers, that time can wither not,
 Preserved, still faintly fragrant there.

As the hushed night glides gentler on,
 Our music shall breathe forth its strain,
 And tell of pleasures that are gone,
 And heighten those that yet remain ;
 And that creative breath divine
 Shall waken many a slumbering thrill,
 And call forth many a mystic line
 Of faded joys, remembered still.

Again the moments shall she bring
 When youth was in his freshest prime,
 We'll pluck the roses that still spring
 Upon the grave of buried time.
 There's magic in the olden song ;
 Yea, e'en ecstatic are the tears
 Which will steal down our smiles among,
 Roused by the sounds of other years.

And, as the mariner can find
 Wild pleasure in the voiced roar
 E'en of the often-dreaded wind
 That wrecked his every hope before :
 If there's a pang that lurks beneath—
 For youth had pangs—oh ! let it rise ;
 'Tis sweet to feel the poet breathe
 The spirit of our former sighs.

We'll hear the strains we heard so oft
 In life's first warm, impassioned hours,
 That fell on our young hearts as soft
 As summer dews on summer flowers ;
 And as the stream, where'er it hies,
 Steals something in its purest flow,
 Those strains shall taste of ecstasies
 O'er which they floated long ago.

E'en in our morn, when fancy's eye
 Glanced, sparkling o'er a world of bliss,
 When joy was young, and hope was high,
 We could not feel much more than this.
 Howe'er, then, time our day devours,
 Why should our smiles be overcast,
 Why should we grieve for fleeting hours,
 Who find a future in the past ?

—:O:—

THOMAS WADE.

THE VOICE OF THE WATERS.

If rivers, between green and fragrant banks
 Flowing, through scenes which are a Para-
 Unto the vision of a soul at peace, [dise
 With its own state and essence, and calm
 lakes,

And murmurous fountains, in recesses dim
 Far in old forests, where ubiquitous life
 Inhabiteeth, in small and myriad forms
 Astir on every leaf—could, human-voiced,
 Tell of the human wailings they have heard,
 Tell of the human writhings they have seen,
 Tell of the human sighs which with their
 music,
 Tell of the human tears which with their
 waters
 Have mingled sorrowing ; and the human
 life
 That hath exhaled within them, and its clay
 Left to their liquid keeping,—there would
 sound
 A never-ceasing utterance in the air
 Of mortal woe, and make the ear's fine
 sense
 Even a perpetual torture to men's hearts.

—:O:—

DENNIS F. M'CARTHY.

THE ANGELUS.

At noon, as he lay in the sultriness under
 his broad leafy limes,
 Far sweeter than murmuring waters came
 the toll of the Angelus chimes ;
 Pious and tranquil he rose, and uncovered
 his reverend head,
 And thrice was the Ave Maria and thrice
 was the Angelus said.
 Sweet custom the South still retaineth, to
 turn for a moment away
 From the pleasures and pains of existence,
 from the trouble and turmoil of day,
 From the tumult within and without, to the
 peace that abideth on high,
 When the deep solemn sound from the
 belfry comes down like a voice from
 the sky.

And thus round the heart of the old man,
 at morning, at noon, and at eve,
 The bells with their rich woof of music the
 network of happiness weave.
 They ring in the clear tranquil evening, and
 lo ! all the air is alive,
 As the sweet-laden thoughts come like bees
 to abide in his heart as a hive.
 They blend with his moments of joy, as
 the odour doth blend with the flower,
 They blend with his light falling tears, as the
 sunshine doth blend with the shower ;

As their music is mirthful or mournful his
pulse beateth sluggish or fast,
And his breast takes its hue, like the ocean,
as the sunshine or shadows are cast.



WAITING FOR THE MAY.

Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing,
Throbbing for the May;
Throbbing for the seaside billows,
Or the water-wooing willows,
Where in laughing and in sobbing
Glide the streams away.
Ah! my heart, my heart is throbbing,
Throbbing for the May.

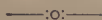
Waiting, sad, dejected, weary,
Waiting for the May,
Spring goes by with wasted warnings,
Moonlit evenings, sunbright mornings;
Summer comes, yet dark and dreary,
Life still ebbs away;
Man is ever weary, weary,
Waiting for the May.



PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

VIRTUE IN DEEDS, NOT WORDS.

We live in deeds, not years—in thoughts,
not breaths;—
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He
most lives
Who thinks most,—feels the noblest,—acts
the best.



ROBERT BROWNING.

THE PATRIOT.

It was roses, roses all the way,
With myrtle mixed in my path like mad.
The house-roofs seemed to heave and
sway,
The church-spires flamed such flags
they had,
A year ago on this very day!

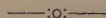
The air broke into a mist with bells,
The old walls rocked with the crowds
and cries, [repels,
Had I said, "Good folks, mere noise
But give me your sun from yonder
skies!" [what else?"
They had answered, "And afterwards

Alack! it was I who leaped at the sun,
To give it my loving friends to keep,
Nought man could do have I left undone,
And you see my harvest; what I reap
This very day, now a year is run.

There's nobody on the housetops now,
Just a palsied few at the windows set,
For the best of the sight is, all allow,
At the shambles' gate—or, better yet,
By the very scaffold's foot, I trow.

I go in the rain, and more than needs,
A rope cuts both my wrists behind,
And I think, by the feel, my forehead
bleeds,
For they fling, whoever has a mind,
Stones at me for my year's misdeeds.

Thus I entered Brescia, and thus I go!
In such triumphs people have dropped
down dead. [thou owe
"Thou, paid by the world, what dost
Me?" God might have questioned;
but now instead
'Tis God shall requite! I am safer so.



WILLIAM MORRIS.

APRIL.

O FAIR mid-spring, besung so oft and oft,
How can I praise thy loveliness now?
Thy sun that burns not, and thy breezes soft,
That o'er the blossoms of the orchard blow,
The thousand things that 'neath the young
leaves grow:
The hopes and chances of the growing
year,
Winter forgotten long, and summer near.

When Summer brings the lily and the rose,
She brings us fear—her very death she
brings
Hid in her anxious heart, the forge of woes;
And, dull with fear, no more the mavis
sings.

But thou! thou diest not, but thy fresh
 life clings
 About the fainting autumn's sweet decay,
 When in the earth the hopeful seed they
 lay.

Ah! life of all the year, why yet do I,
 Amid thy snowy blossoms' fragrant drift,
 Still long for that which never draweth nigh,
 Striving my pleasure from my pain to sift,
 Some weight from off my fluttering mirth
 to lift?

—Now, when far bells are ringing "Come
 again,
 Come back, past years! why will ye pass
 in vain?"

—o—

OCTOBER.

O LOVE, turn from the changing sea and
 gaze,
 Down these grey slopes, upon the year
 grown old,
 A-dying mid the autumn-scented haze
 That hangeth o'er the hollow in the wold,
 Where the wind-bitten ancient elms infold
 Grey church, long barn, orchard, and red-
 roofed stead,
 Wrought in dead days for men a long
 while dead.

Come down, O love; may not our hands
 still meet,
 Since still we live to-day, forgetting June,
 Forgetting May, deeming October sweet?—
 —Oh, hearken! hearken! through the af-
 ternoon,
 The grey tower sings a strange old tink-
 ling tune!
 Sweet, sweet, and sad, the toiling year's
 last breath,
 To satiate of life, to strive with death.

And we too—will it not be soft and kind,
 That rest from life, from patience, and
 from pain,
 That rest from bliss we know not when we
 find,
 That rest from Love which ne'er the end
 can gain?
 —Hark! how the tune swells, that erewhile
 did wane!
 Look up, love!—Ah! cling close, and never
 move!
 How can I have enough of life and love?

—:o:—

W. M. ROSSETTI.

Written in 1849.

IN THE HILL SHADOW.

THE large grey hills are standing round,
 The full moon looks upon their peaks.
 A stream flows through the vale, and
 speaks
 With low calm voice—a sleep of sound—
 To all things in their rest profound.

And stretching, stretching over all,
 Bends the unmeasured sky, that glows
 With its pale stars—like the full close
 Wherewith eternity shall wall
 Time round about when time shall fall.

This place was made that *she* might sleep;
 Her young limbs softly resting here
 As in a shrine built to the fear
 Of God—where men may come and weep,
 And He will know their grief flows deep.

Yes, she lies here and is at rest,
 In the dim valley clasped about
 By silence from the things without—
 A callow bird within the nest,
 Which feels that being there is best.

She told me she would wake again,
 And kiss me when the sun should rise:
 That grave child's smile was in her eyes
 (It comes before me now, like rain
 Fresh falling on the thirsty plain).

And then she fell asleep; but God
 Knew that his heaven was better far,
 Where little children's angels are;
 And so, for paths she should have trod,
 Through flowers and thorns, gave her this
 [sod.

He gave her rest for troublousness;
 And a calm sleep for fitful dreams
 Of what is—and of more that seems;
 For tossings upon earth and seas
 Gave her to Him where He is.

The very breezes are afraid
 To come between my grief and her;
 Through all the night here not a stir
 Of any living thing is made—
 Through all the night, till the stars fade.

But when the moon and they are gone,
 And light bursts forth on everything,
 A skylark from her grave will sing,
 Pouring his notes out all on one,
 And fly right upward to the sun.

I think he does so that I may
Remember how her spirit flew
Up from my side unto the blue ;
And there's an echo in his lay
Of my own voice to praise or pray.

But now the night is round my feet,
Now stars are looking in my eyes ;
Now from the vale and stream there rise
Remoter influences, replete
With heart-pang lulled to bitter-sweet ;

Wrapping me as the mists of eve
Wrap dusky meadows, blending so
The pale sky with the lands below ;
Making me feel Love near, and leave
For solemn quiet thoughts that grieve.

Giving, He took that He had lent ;
He blessed her more at last than first ;
And so, albeit I am athirst
To follow her the way she went,
My soul bows down and is content.

—:O:—

DORA GREENWELL.

LILIES.

"The evening and the morning make our day."—E. B. BROWNING.

By woody walks, near pathways dank,
With the drip of the thick-wove boughs
they grew,

By the side of the garlic wild and rank,
The Valley-lilies, pure as dew.

Shrouded and swathed in a tender gleam,
Gold in the sun, and dim in the shade,
Lilies globe-like, and orbéd, and rayed,
Flashed, afloat on the glittering stream ;

Each on its cool thick leaf apart,
Flung eager-wide to day's golden dart,
As a door will ope, with a secret thrill,
To a touch beloved, each warm trem-
bling heart [fill.
For the light of the morning to flood and
At midday the lilies stood up tall,
Stood up straight, 'neath the garden wall,
White and regal like queens that bear
Beneath their crowns disconsolate
A weight of woe and a world of care,
Who are glad when the night * bears all
away, [day,
Yet are ever queens through their long white
Robed and fair and desolate.
Golden were some, and some had curled
Their leaves back in pride, or in scorn of
the world,

And some were tawny, and streaked, and
pied,
And frecked, as if in them something ill
Had passed, but had left them lilies still.
And after them came a sworded strife
Of lilies that warred with death or with life,
Flushed or pallid with love or hate,
I know not which, for to living flame
They changed from their rose-bloom
delicate,

And strove, so that neither overcame :
For as I marvelled thereat, day grew
More dim, and the flowers' † sweet miracle
Went by, and a sudden twilight fell,
And with it brought to my soul the scent
Of mossy wood-walks drenched in dew,
And of Valley-lilies crushed and bent.

* The lines,

"Be the day never so long,
It ringeth at last unto even-song,"

are written in Queen Elizabeth's "Book of Hours."

† "I die," said a Dutch botanist, who had encountered some deadly exhalations in a Javanese forest, "*but I have seen the miracle of flowers.*"



POEMS OF FANCY AND IMAGINATION.

JOHN MILTON.

1608—1674.

L'ALLEGRO.

HENCE, loathèd Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and
sights unholy;

Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his
jealous wings,
And the night raven sings;
There, under ebon shades, and low-browed
rocks,

As ragged as thy locks,

In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.

But come, thou Goddess fair and free,

In heaven ycleped Euphrosyne.

And by men, heart-easing Mirth,

Whom lovely Venus at a birth

With two sister Graces more,

To ivy-crownèd Bacchus bore;

Or whether (as some sages sing)

The frolic wind that breathes the spring,

Zephyr with Aurora playing,

As he met her once a-Maying;

There on beds of violets blue,

And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,

Filled her with thee, a daughter fair,

So buxom, blithe, and debonair.

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee

Jest, and youthful Jollity,

Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,

Nods, and Becks, and wreathèd Smiles,

Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,

And love to live in dimple sleek;

Sport that wrinkled Care derides,

And Laughter holding both his sides.

Come, and trip it as you go,

On the light fantastic toe;

And in thy right hand lead with thee

The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;

And if I give thee honour due,

Mirth, admit me of thy crew,

To live with her, and live with thee,

In unprovèd pleasures free.

To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow,
Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine;
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before.
Oft list'n'ing how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill,
Some time walking, not unseen,
By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green.
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state,
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the ploughman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale. [sures,
Straight mine eye hath caught new plea-
Whilst the landscape round it measures;
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The lab'ring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosomed high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
Are at their savoury dinner set,
Of herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
And then in haste the bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;

Or, if the earlier season lead
 To the tanned haycock in the mead,
 Sometimes with secure delight
 The upland hamlets will invite,
 When the merry bells ring round,
 And the jocund rebecks sound
 To many a youth and many a maid,
 Dancing in the chequered shade;
 And young and old come forth to play
 On a sunshine holiday,
 Till the livelong daylight fail;
 Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
 With stories told of many a feat,
 How fairy Mab the junkets eat;
 She was pinched and pulled, she said,
 And he by friar's lanthorn led;
 Tells how the drudging Goblin sweat,
 To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
 When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
 His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn
 That ten day-lab'ers could not end;
 Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
 And, stretched out all the chimney's length,
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
 And, crop-full, out of doors he flings
 Ere the first cock his matin rings.
 Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
 By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.
 Towered cities please us then,
 And the busy hum of men,
 Where throngs of knights and barons bold
 In weeds of peace high triumphs hold
 With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
 Rain influence, and judge the prize
 Of wit or arms, while both contend
 To win her grace, whom all commend.
 There let Hymen oft appear
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,
 And pomp and feast and revelry,
 With mask and antique pageantry,—
 Such sights as youthful poets dream
 On summer eves by haunted stream.
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,
 If Jonson's learned sock be on,
 Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
 Warble his native wood-notes wild.

And ever against eating cares,
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
 Married to immortal verse,
 Such as the melting soul may pierce,
 In notes, with many a winding bout
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out;
 With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
 The melting voice through mazes running,
 Untwisting all the chains that tie
 The hidden soul of harmony;
 That Orpheus' self may heave his head
 From golden slumber on a bed

Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
 Such strains as would have won the ear
 Of Pluto, to have quite set free
 His half-regained Eurydice.

These delights if thou canst give,
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

—o—

IL PENSEROSO.

HENCE, vain deluding joys,
 The brood of folly without father bred,
 How little you bestead,
 Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!
 Dwell in some idle brain,
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes
 possess,
 As thick and numberless [beams,
 As the gay notes that people the sun-
 Or likest hovering dreams,
 The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.
 But hail, thou Goddess sage and holy,
 Hail, Divinest Melancholy,
 Whose saintly visage is too bright
 To hit the sense of human sight,
 And therefore to our weaker view
 O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;
 Black, but such as in esteem
 Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
 Or that starred Ethiop queen that strove
 To set her beauty's praise above [ed:
 The Sea-Nymphs, and their powers offend-
 Yet thou art higher far descended;
 Thee, bright-haired Vesta, long of yore,
 To solitary Saturn bore;
 His daughter she (in Saturn's reign
 Such mixture was not held a stain).
 Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
 He met her, and in secret shades
 Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
 While yet there was no fear of Jove.
 Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
 Sober, steadfast, and demure,
 All in a robe of darkest grain,
 Flowing with majestic train,
 And sable stole of cyprus lawn,
 Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
 Come, but keep thy wonted state,
 With even step, and musing gait,
 And looks commercing with the skies,
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes;
 There held in holy passion still,
 Forget thyself to marble, till
 With a sad leaden downward cast
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast;
 And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
 Spare Fast, that oft with Gods doth diet,

And hears the Muses in a ring
 Aye round about Jove's altar sing;
 And add to these retired Leisure,
 That in trim gardens takes his pleasure;
 But first, and chiefest, with thee bring
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,
 Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
 The cherub Contemplation;
 And the mute Silence hist along,
 'Less Philomel will deign a song,
 In her sweetest, saddest plight,
 Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
 While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
 Gently o'er the accustomed oak;
 Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly
 Most musical, most melancholy!
 Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among
 I woo, to hear thy even-song;
 And missing thee, I walk unseen
 On the dry, smooth-shaven green,
 To behold the wandering moon,
 Riding near her highest noon,
 Like one that had been led astray
 Through the heav'n's wide pathless way;
 And oft, as if her head she bowed,
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
 Oft on a plat of rising ground,
 I heard the far-off curfew sound,
 Over some wide watered shore,
 Swinging slow with sullen roar;
 Or if the air will not permit,
 Some still removed place will fit,
 Where glowing embers through the room
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom;
 Far from all resort of mirth,
 Save the cricket on the hearth,
 Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
 To bless the doors from nightly harm.
 Or let my lamp at midnight hour
 Be seen in some high lonely tower,
 Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
 With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere
 The spirit of Plato, to unfold
 What worlds, or what vast regions hold
 The immortal mind, that hath forsook
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook;
 And of those Demons that are found
 In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
 Whose power hath a true consent
 With planet or with element.
 Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
 In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
 Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
 Or the tale of Troy divine,
 Or what (though rare) of later age
 Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.
 But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
 Might raise Musæus from his bower,

Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
 Such notes as warbled to the string,
 Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
 And made Hell grant what love did seek.
 Or call up him that left half told
 The story of Cambuscan bold,
 Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
 And who had Canacè to wife,
 That owned the virtuous ring and glass,
 And of the wondrous horse of brass
 On which the Tartar king did ride;
 And if aught else great bards beside
 In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
 Of turneys and of trophies hung,
 Of forests, and enchantments drear,
 Where more is meant than meets the ear.
 Thus Night oft see me in thy pale career,
 Till civil-suited Morn appear,
 Not tricked and frownced as she was wont
 With the Attic boy to hunt,
 But kerchiefed in a comely cloud,
 While rocking winds are piping loud,
 Or ushered with a shower still,
 When the gust hath blown his fill,
 Ending on the rustling leaves,
 With minute drops from off the eaves.
 And when the sun begins to fling
 His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring
 To archèd walks of twilight groves,
 And shadows brown that Sylvan loves
 Of pine, or monumental oak,
 Where the rude axe with heavèd stroke
 Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,
 Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.
 There in close covert by some brook,
 Where no profaner eye may look,
 Hide me from day's garish eye,
 While the bee with honied thigh,
 That at her flowery work doth sing,
 And the waters murmuring
 With such consort as they keep,
 Entice the dewy-feathered sleep;
 And let some strange mysterious dream
 Wave at his wings in airy stream
 Of lively portraiture displayed,
 Softly on my eyelids laid.
 And as I wake, sweet music breathe
 Above, about, or underneath,
 Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,
 Or the unseen Genius of the wood.
 But let my due feet never fail
 To walk the studious cloisters pale,
 And love the high embowèd roof,
 With antique pillars massy proof,
 And storied windows richly dight,
 Casting a dim religious light:
 There let the pealing organ blow,
 To the full-voiced quire below,

In service high, and anthems clear,
 As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
 Dissolve me into ecstasies,
 And bring all heaven before mine eyes.
 And may at last my weary age
 Find out the peaceful hermitage,
 The hairy gown and mossy cell,
 Where I may sit and rightly spell
 Of every star that heaven doth show,
 And every herb that sips the dew;
 Till old experience do attain
 To something like prophetic strain.
 These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
 And I with thee will choose to live.

—:O:—

ALEXANDER POPE.

1688—1744.

BELINDA AND THE SYLPHS.

NOR with more glories, in th' ethereal plain,
 The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
 Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
 Launched on the bosom of the silver
 Thames.

Fair nymphs and well-dressed youths
 around her shone,

But every eye was fixed on her alone.
 On her white breast a sparkling cross she
 wore,

Which Jews might kiss and infidels adore.
 Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
 Quick as her eyes, and as unfixed as those.
 Favours to none, to all she smiles extends;
 Oft she rejects, but never once offends.

Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
 And, like the sun, they shine on all alike;
 Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of
 pride, [to hide;

Might hide her faults, if belles had faults
 If to her share some female errors fall,
 Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all.

This nymph, to the destruction of man-
 kind, [behind

Nourished two locks, which graceful hung
 In equal curls, and well conspired to deck
 With shining ringlets the smooth iv'ry neck.
 Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
 And mighty hearts are held in slender
 chains.

With hairy springes we the birds betray,
 Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey,
 Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
 And beauty draws us with a single hair.

Th' adventurous baron the bright locks
 admired;

He saw, he wished, and to the prize aspired.
 Resolved to win, he meditates the way,
 By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
 For when success a lover's toil attends,
 Few ask if fraud or force attained his ends.

For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had im-
 plored [adored,

Propitious Heaven, and every power
 But chiefly Love—to Love an altar built.

Of twelve vast French romances, neatly gilt:
 There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves,
 And all the trophies of his former loves;
 With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
 And breathes three amorous sighs to raise
 the fire. [eyes

Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent
 Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize.
 The powers gave ear, and granted half his
 prayer,

The rest the winds dispersed in empty air.

But now secure the painted vessel glides,
 The sunbeams trembling on the floating
 tides;

While melting music steals upon the sky,
 And softened sounds along the waters die;
 Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently
 play,

Belinda smiled, and all the world was gay.
 All but the sylph: with careful thoughts
 oppress,

Th' impending woe sat heavy on his breast.
 He summons straight his denizens of air;
 The lucid squadrons round the sails repair;
 Soft o'er the shrouds aerial whispers breathe
 That seemed but zephyrs to the train be-
 neath.

Some to the sun their insect wings unfold,
 Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of
 gold;

Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
 Their fluid bodies half dissolved in light.
 Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
 Thin glittering textures of the filmy dew,
 Dipped in the richest tincture of the skies,
 Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes,
 While every beam new transient colours
 flings,

Colours that change whene'er they wave
 their wings.

Amid the circle, on the gilded mast,
 Superior by the head, was Ariel placed;
 His purple pinions opening to the sun,

He raised his azure wand, and thus begun:
 "Ye sylphs and sylphids, to your chief
 give ear!

Fays, fairies, genii, elves, and demons, hear!

Ye know the spheres and various tasks assigned

By laws eternal to th' ærial kind.

Some in the fields of purest ether play,
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day;
Some guide the course of wand'ring orbs
on high, [sky;

Or roll the planets through the boundless
Some less refined, beneath the moon's pale
light [night,

Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the
Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main,
Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain;
Others on earth o'er human race preside,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions
guide:

Of these the chief the care of nations own,
And guard with arms divine the British
throne.

"Our humbler province is to tend the fair,
Not a less pleasing, though less glorious
care;

To save the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let th' imprisoned essences exhale;
To draw fresh colours from the vernal
flowers; [showers

To steal from rainbows ere they drop in
A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;
Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
To change a flounce or add a furbelow.

"This day, black omens threat the
brightest fair

That e'er deserved a watchful spirit's care;
Some dire disaster, or by force or slight;
But what, or where, the Fates have wrapt
in night. [law,

Whether the nymph shall break Diana's
Or some frail china jar receive a flaw;
Or stain her honour or her new brocade;
Forget her prayers, or miss a masquerade;
Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball;
Or whether Heaven has doomed that
Shock must fall. [repair:

Haste, then, ye spirits! to your charge
The flutt'ring fan be Zephyretta's care;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign;
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her favourite lock;
Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

"To fifty chosen sylphs of special note
We trust th' important charge, the petti-
coat; [to fail,

Oft have we known that seven-fold fence
Though stiff with hoops, and armed with
ribs of whale;

Form a strong line about the silver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around.

"Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake
his sins,—

Be stopped in vials or transfixed with pins;
Or plunged in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedged, whole ages, in a bodkin's eye;
Gums and pomatums shall his flight re-
strain,

While clogged he beats his silken wings in
vain;

Or alum styptics with contracting power
Shrink his thin essence like a rivelled flower;
Or, as Ixion fixed, the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling mill,
In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,
And tremble at the sea that froths below!"

He spoke: the spirits from the sails
descend; tend;

Some, orb in orb, around the nymph ex-
Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair;
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear:
With beating hearts the dire event they
wait,

Anxious, and trembling for the birth of
fate.

—o—

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

O THOUGHTLESS mortals! ever blind to
fate,

Too soon dejected, and too soon elate.
Sudden, these honours shall be snatched
away,

And cursed for ever this victorious day.

For lo! the board with cups and spoons
is crowned, [round;

The berries crackle, and the mill turns
On shining altars of Japan they raise
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze;
From silver spouts the grateful liquors
glide, [tide:

While China's earth receives the smoking
At once they gratify their scent and taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
Straight hover round the fair her airy band;
Some, as she sipped, the fuming liquor
fanned,

Some o'er her lap their careful plumes dis-
played,

Trembling, and conscious of the rich bro-
cade.

Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-
shut eyes)

Sent up in vapours to the baron's brain
New stratagems, the radiant lock to gain.
Ah, cease, rash youth! desist ere 'tis too
late, [fate!

Fear the just gods, and think of Scylla's
Changed to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Nisus' injured hair!

But when to mischief mortals bend their
will,

How soon they find fit instruments of ill!
Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting
grace [case:

A two-edged weapon from her shining
So ladies in romance assist their knight,
Present the spear, and arm him for the
fight.

He takes the gift with rev'rence, and extends
The little engine on his fingers' ends;
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant steam she bends her
head.

Swift to the lock a thousand sprites repair,
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the
hair; [her ear;
And thrice they twitched the diamond in
Thrice she looked back, and thrice the foe
drew near.

Just in that instant anxious Ariel sought
The close recesses of the virgin's thought;
As on the nosegay in her breast reclined,
He watched th' ideas rising in her mind,
Sudden he viewed, in spite of all her art,
An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
Amazed, confused, he found his power
expired,

Resigned to fate, and with a sigh retired.
The peer now spreads the glittering
forfex wide,

T' inclose the lock; now joins it, to divide.
E'en then, before the fatal engine closed,
A wretched sylph too fondly interposed;
Fate urged the shears, and cut the sylph
in twain

(But airy substance soon unites again):
The meeting-points the sacred hair dissever
From the fair head, for ever and for ever!

Then flashed the living lightning from
her eyes, [skies.
And screams of horror rend th' affrighted
Not louder shrieks to pitying Heaven are
cast [their last,

When husbands or when lapdogs breathe
Or when rich china vessels fall'n from high,
In glittering dust and painted fragments
lie!

"Let wreaths of triumph now my
temples twine," [mine!
The victor cried, "the glorious prize is

While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach and six the British fair,
As long as Atalantis shall be read,
Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed,
While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
When numerous wax lights in bright order
blaze, [give,
While nymphs take treats, or assignations
So long my honour, name, and praise shall
live!" [its date,

What time would spare, from steel receives
And monuments, like men, submit to fate.
Steel could the labour of the gods destroy,
And strike to dust th' imperial towers of
Troy;

Steel could the works of mortal pride con-
found,

And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder, then, fair nymph, thy hairs
should feel

The conquering force of unresisted steel?

—:O:—

JOHN KEATS.

1795—1821.

BEAUTY.

A THING of beauty is a joy for ever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet
breathing. [wreathing
Therefore, on every morrow, are we
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman
dearth

Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways
Made for our searching: yes, in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the
moon, [boon
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady
For simple sheep; and such are daffodils,
With the green world they live in; and
clear rills

That for themselves a cooling covert make
'Gainst the hot season; the mid-forest brake,
Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose
blooms;

And such too is the grandeur of the domes
We have imagined for the mighty dead;
All lovely tales that we have heard or read:

An endless fountain of immortal drink,
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

Nor do we merely feel these essences
For one short hour; no, even as the trees
That whisper round a temple become soon
Dear as the temple's self, so does the moon,
The passion poesy, glories infinite,
Haunt us till they become a cheering light
Unto our souls, and bound to us so fast,
That, whether there be shine or gloom
o'ercast,
They always must be with us, or we die.



THE FOREST.

UPON the sides of Latmos was outspread
A mighty forest; for the moist earth fed
So plenteously all weed-hidden roots
Into o'er-hanging boughs, and precious
fruits. [deep,
And it had gloomy shades, sequestered
Where no man went; and if from shep-
herd's keep [glens,
A lamb strayed far a-down those inmost
Never again saw he the happy pens
Whither his brethren, bleating with content,
Over the hills at every nightfall went.
Among the shepherds, 'twas believed ever
That not one fleecy lamb which thus did
sever
From the white flock, but passed unworried
By angry wolf, or pard with prying head,
Until it came to some unfooted plains
Where fed the herds of Pan: ay, great his
gains [were many,
Who thus one lamb did lose. Paths there
Winding through palmy fern, and rushes
fenny,
And ivy banks; all leading pleasantly
To a wide lawn, whence one could only see
Stems thronging all around between the
swell [tell
Of turf and slanting branches; who could
The freshness of the space of heaven above,
Edged round with dark tree-tops? through
which a dove
Would often beat its wings, and often too
A little cloud would move across the blue.



THE SACRIFICE TO PAN.

FULL in the middle of this pleasantness
There stood a marble altar, with a tress

Of flowers budded newly; and the dew
Had taken fairy phantasies to strew
Daisies upon the sacred sward last eve,
And so the dawned light in pomp receive.
For 'twas the morn: Apollo's upward fire
Made every eastern cloud a silvery pyre
Of brightness so unsullied, that therein
A melancholy spirit well might win
Oblivion, and melt out his essence fine
Into the winds; rain-scented eglantine
Gave temperate sweets to that well-wooing
sun; [run
The lark was lost in him; cold springs had
To warm their chilliest bubbles in the grass;
Man's voice was on the mountains; and
the mass [fold,
Of nature's lives and wonders pulsed ten-
To feel the sunrise and its glories old.

Now, while the silent workings of the
dawn
Were busiest, into that self-same lawn
All suddenly, with joyful cries, there sped
A troop of little children garlanded,
Who, gathering round the altar, seemed
to pry
Earnestly round, as wishing to espy
Some folk of holiday; nor had they waited
For many moments, ere their ears were sated
With a faint breath of music, which e'en
then
Filled out its voice, and died away again.
Within a little space again it gave
Its airy swellings, with a gentle wave,
To light-hung leaves, in smootheest echoes
breaking [o'ertaking
Through copse-clad valleys, ere their death
The surgy murmurs of the lonely sea.

And now, as deep into the wood as we
Might mark a lynx's eye, there glimmered
light
Fair faces, and a rush of garments white,
Plainer and plainer showing, till at last
Into the widest alley they all passed,
Making directly for the woodland altar.
O kindly Muse! let not my weak tongue
falter
In telling of this goodly company,
Of their old piety, and of their glee;
But let a portion of ethereal dew
Fall on my head, and presently unmew
My soul, that I may dare, in wayfaring,
To stammer where old Chaucer used to sing,

Leading the way, young damsels danced
along,
Bearing the burden of a shepherd's song,

Each having a white wicker over-brimmed
With April's tender younglings: next, well
trimmed,

A crowd of shepherds with as sunburnt looks
As may be read of in Arcadian books,
Such as sat listening round Apollo's pipe,
When the great deity, for earth too ripe,
Let his divinity o'erflowing die
In music, through the vales of Thessaly;
Some idly trailed their sheep-hooks on the
ground,

And some kept up a shrilly mellow sound
With ebon-tipped flutes; close after these,
Now coming from beneath the forest-trees,
A venerable priest full soberly,
Begirt with minist'ring looks; alway his eye
Steadfast upon the matted turf he kept,
And after him his sacred vestments swept.
From his right hand there swung a vase,
milk-white,

Of mingled wine, outsparkling generous
light;

And in his left he held a basket full
Of all sweet herbs that searching eye could
cull,—

Wild thyme, and valley-lilies whiter still
Than Leda's love, and cresses from the rill.
His aged head, crowned with beechen
wreath,

Seemed like a poll of ivy in the teeth
Of winter hoar. Then came another crowd
Of shepherds, lifting in due time aloud
Their share of the ditty. After them ap-
peared,

Up-followed by a multitude that reared
Their voices to the clouds, a fair-wrought
Easily rolling so as scarce to mar [car,
The freedom of three steeds of dapple
brown: [nawn

Who stood therein did seem of great re-
Among the throng. His youth was fully
blown, [grown;

Showing like Ganymede to manhood
And, for those simple times, his garments
were [bare,

A chieftain king's; beneath his breast, half
Was hung a silver bugle, and between
His nery knees there lay a boar-spear keen:
A smile was on his countenance; he seemed,
To common lookers on, like one who
dreamed

Of idleness in groves Elysian; [scan
But there were some who feelingly could
A lurking trouble in his nether lip, [slip
And see that oftentimes the reins would
Through his forgotten hands; then would
they sigh,

And think of yellow leaves, of owlets' cry,

Of logs piled solemnly. Ah, well-a-day!
Why should our young Endymion pine
away?

Soon the assembly, in a circle ranged,
Stood silent round the shrine; each look
was changed

To sudden veneration; women meek [cheek
Beckoned their sons to silence; while each
Of virgin bloom paled gently for slight fear.
Endymion, too, without a forest peer,
Stood, wan and pale, and with an awed face,
Among his brothers of the mountain chase.
In midst of all, the venerable priest
Eyed them with joy, from greatest to the
least,

And, after lifting up his aged hands,
Thus spake he: "Men of Latmos! shep-
herd bands!

Whose care it is to guard a thousand flocks:
Whether descended from beneath the rocks
That overtop your mountains; whether
come

From valleys where the pipe is never dumb;
Or from your swelling downs, where sweet
air stirs [furze

Blue harebells lightly, and where prickly
Buds lavish gold; or ye, whose precious
chARGE

Nibbled their fill at ocean's very marge,
Whose mellow reeds are touched with
sounds forlorn

By the dim echoes of old Triton's horn;
Mothers and wives! who day by day pre-
pare [air;

The scrip with needments for the mountain
And all ye gentle girls who foster up
Udderless lambs, and in a little cup

Will put choice honey for a favoured youth:
Yea, every one attend! for in good truth
Our vows are wanting to our great god Pan.

Are not our lowing heifers sleeker than
Night-swollen mushrooms? Are not our
wide plains [not rains

Speckled with countless fleeces? Have
Greened over April's lap? No howling sad
Sickens our fearful ewes; and we have had
Great bounty from Endymion our lord.

The earth is glad: the merry lark has
poured

His early song against yon breezy sky,
That spreads so clear o'er our solemnity."

Thus ending, on the shrine he heaped a
spire

Of teeming sweets, enkindling sacred fire;
Anon he stained the thick and spongy sod
With wine, in honour of the shepherd-god.

Now while the earth was drinking it, and
 while [pile,
 Bay-leaves were crackling in the fragrant
 And gummy frankincense was sparkling
 bright [light
 'Neath smothering parsley, and a hazy
 Spread greyly eastward, thus a chorus sang:

"O thou whose mighty palace roof doth hang
 From jagged trunks, and overshadoweth
 Eternal whispers, glooms, the birth, life,
 death

Of unseen flowers in heavy peacefulness;
 Who lov'st to see the hamadryads dress
 Their ruffled locks where meeting hazels
 darken; [and hearken
 And through whole solemn hours dost sit,
 The dreary melody of bedded reeds—
 In desolate places, where dank moisture
 breeds

The pipy hemlock to strange overgrowth;
 Bethinking thee, how melancholy loth
 Thou wast to lose fair Syrinx—do thou
 By thy love's milky brow! [now,
 By all the trembling mazes that she ran,
 Hear us, great Pan!

[turtles
 "O thou for whose soul-soothing quiet,
 Passion their voices cooingly 'mong myrtles,
 What time thou wanderest at eventide
 Through sunny meadows, that outskirt the
 side [whom
 Of thine emossed realms: O thou to
 Broad-leaved fig-trees even now foredoom
 Their ripened fruitage; yellow-girted bees
 Their golden honeycombs; our village leas
 Their fairest blossomed beans and popped
 corn;

The chuckling linnet its five young unborn,
 To sing for thee; low-creeping strawberries
 Their summer coolness; pent-up butterflies
 Their freckled wings; yea, the fresh-bud-
 ding year

All its completions—be quickly near,
 By every wind that nods the mountain-pine,
 O forester divine!

[flies
 "Thou to whom every fawn and satyr
 For willing service; whether to surprise
 The squatted hare while in half-sleeping
 Or upward ragged precipices flit [fit;
 To save poor lambkins from the eagle's
 maw;
 Or by mysterious enticement draw
 Bewildered shepherds to their path again;
 Or to tread breathless round the frothy
 main,

And gather up all fancifullest shells
 For thee to tumble into Naiads' cells,
 And, being hidden, laugh at their out-
 peeping;

Or to delight thee with fantastic leaping,
 The while they pelt each other on the crown
 With silvery oak-apples, and fir-cones
 brown,—

By all the echoes that about thee ring,
 Hear us, O satyr king!

[shears,
 "O Harkener to the loud-clapping
 While ever and anon to his shorn peers
 A ram goes bleating! Winder of the horn,
 When snouted wild boars routing tender
 corn [farms,

Anger our huntsman! Breather round our
 To keep off mildews and all weather harms!
 Strange ministrant of undescrib'd sounds,
 That come a-swooning over hollow
 grounds,

And wither drearily on barren moors!
 Dread opener of the mysterious doors
 Leading to universal knowledge!—see,
 Great son of Dryope,
 The many that are come to pay their vows
 With leaves about their brows!

"Be still the unimaginable lodge
 For solitary thinkings; such as dodge
 Conception to the very bourne of heaven,
 Then leave the naked brain: be still the
 leaven, [earth,
 That spreading in this dull and clodded
 Gives it a touch ethereal—a new birth:
 Be still a symbol of immensity;
 A firmament reflected in a sea;
 An element filling the space between;
 An unknown—but no more: we humbly
 screen

With uplift hands our foreheads, lowly
 bending,
 And giving out a shout most heaven-rend-
 ing,

Conjure thee to receive our humble prayer,
 Upon thy Mount Lycæan!"

—O—

DIANA.

[apace,
 ———A BRIGHT something, sailing down
 Making me quickly veil my eyes and face:
 Again I looked, and, O ye deities,
 Who from Olympus watch our destinies!
 Whence that completed form of all com-
 pleteness? [sweetness?
 Whence came that high perfection of all

Speak, stubborn earth, and tell me where,
oh! where

Hast thou a symbol of her golden hair?
Not eat-sheaves drooping in the western
sun;

Not—thy soft hand, fair sister! let me shun
Such folly before thee—yet she had,
Indeed, locks bright enough to make me
mad; [braided,

And they were simply gordianed up and
Leaving, in naked comeliness, unshaded
Her pearl-round ears, white neck, and
orbéd brow; [how,

The which were blended in, I know not
With such a Paradise of lips and eyes,
Blush-tinted cheeks, half-smiles, and
faintest sighs, [clings

That, when I think thereon, my spirit
And plays about its fancy, till the stings
Of human neighbourhood evenom all.

Unto what awful power shall I call?
To what high fane?—Ah! see her hovering
feet, [whitely sweet

More bluely veined, more soft, more
Than those of sea-born Venus, when she
rose [blows

From out her cradle shell. The wind out-
Her scarf into a fluttering pavilion;
'Tis blue, and over-spangled with a million
Of little eyes, as though thou wert to shed
Over the darkest, lushest bluebell bed,
Handfuls of daisies.

She took an airy range,
And then, towards me, like a very maid
Came blushing, waning, willing, and afraid,
And pressed me by the hand. Ah! 'twas
too much;

Methought I fainted at the charmed touch.

—o—

SLEEP.

O MAGIC sleep! O comfortable bird,
That broodest o'er the troubled sea of the
mind

Till it is hushed and smooth! O unconfined
Restraint! imprisoned liberty! great key
To golden palaces, strange minstrelsy,
Fountains grotesque, new trees, bespangled
caves,

Echoing grottoes, full of tumbling waves
And moonlight; ay, to all the mazy world
Of silvery enchantment!—who, upfurled
Beneath thy drowsy wing a triple hour,
But renovates and lives?

—o—

CAST ASLEEP.

AFTER a thousand mazes overgone,
At last, with sudden step, he came upon
A chamber, myrtle walled, embowered high,
Full of light, incense, tender minstrelsy,
And more of beautiful and strange beside:
For on a silken couch of rosy pride,
In midst of all, there lay a sleeping youth
Of fondest beauty; fonder, in fair sooth,
Than sighs could fathom or contentment
reach:

And coverlids gold-tinted like the peach,
Or ripe October's faded marigolds,
Fell sleek about him in a thousand folds—
Not hiding up an Apollonian curve
Of neck and shoulder, nor the tenting swerve
Of knee from knee, nor ankles pointing light;
But rather, giving them to the filled sight
Officiously. Sideway his face reposed
On one white arm, and tenderly unclosed,
By tenderest pressure, a faint damask mouth
To slumbry pout; just as the morning south
Disparts a dew-lipped rose. Above his head,
Four lily-stalks did their white honours wed
To make a coronal; and round him grew
All tendrils green, of every bloom and hue,
Together intertwined and trammelled fresh:
The vine of glossy sprout; the ivy mesh,
Shading its Æthiop berries; and woodbine,
Of velvet leaves and bugle-blooms divine;
Convolvulus in streaked vases flush;
The creeper mellowing for an autumn blush;
And virgin's-bower, trailing airily;
With others of the sisterhood. Hard by,
Stood serene Cupids watching silently.
One, kneeling to a lyre, touched the strings,
Muffling to death the pathos with his wings;
And, ever and anon, uprose to look
At the youth's slumber; while another took
A willow-bough, distilling odoriferous dew,
And shook it on his hair; another flew
In through the woven roof, and, fluttering-
wise,
Rained violets upon his sleeping eyes.

—o—

HYPERION.

SUDDENLY a splendour, like the morn,
Pervaded all the beetling gloomy steeps,
All the sad spaces of oblivion,
And every gulf, and every chasm old,
And every height, and every sullen depth,
Voiceless, or hoarse with loud tormented
streams;

And all the everlasting cataracts,

And all the headlong torrents far and near,
Mantled before in darkness and huge shade,
Now saw the light and made it terrible.
It was Hyperion:—a granite peak
His bright feet touched, and there he
stayed to view

The misery his brilliance had betrayed
To the most hateful seeing of itself.
Golden his hair of short Numidian curl,
Regal his shape majestic, a vast shade
In midst of his own brightness, like the bulk
Of Memnon's image at the set of sun
To one who travels from the dusking East:
Sighs, too, as mournful as that Memnon's
harp

He uttered, while his hands contemplative
He pressed together, and in silence stood.

—o—

APOLLO.

REJOICE, O Delos, with thine olives green,
And poplars, and lawn-shading palms, and
beech, [song,
In which the Zephyr breathes the loudest
And hazels thick, dark-stemmed beneath
the shade;

Apollo is once more the golden theme!
Where was he when the Giant of the Sun
Stood bright, amid the sorrow of his peers?
Together had he left his mother fair
And his twin-sister sleeping in their bower,
And in the morning twilight wandered forth
Beside the osiers of a rivulet,
Full ankle-deep in lilies of the vale.
The nightingale had ceased, and a few stars
Were lingering in the heavens, while the
thrush [isle

Began calm-throated. Throughout all the
There was no covert, no retired cave
Unhaunted by the murmurous noise of
waves,
Though scarcely heard in many a green
recess.

He listened, and he wept, and his bright
tears held.
Went trickling down the golden bow he
Thus with half-shut suffused eyes he stood,
While from beneath some cumbrous boughs
hard by

With solemn step an awful Goddess came,
And there was purport in her looks for him,
Which he with eager guess began to read
Perplexed, the while melodiously he said:
"How cam'st thou over the unfooted sea?
Or hath that antique mien and robed form
Moved in these vales invisible till now?

Sure I have heard those vestments sweeping
o'er

The fallen leaves when I have sat alone
In cool mid-forest. Surely I have traced
The rustle of those ample skirts about
These grassy solitudes, and seen the flowers
Lift up their heads, as still the whisper
passed.

Goddess! I have beheld those eyes before,
And their eternal calm, and all that face,
Or I have dreamed."—"Yes," said the
supreme shape, [up,

"Thou hast dreamed of me; and awaking
Didst find a lyre all golden by thy side,
Whose strings touched by thy fingers, all
the vast

Unwearied ear of the whole universe
Listened in pain and pleasure at the birth
Of such new tuneful wonder. Is't not
strange [me, youth,

That thou shouldst weep, so gifted? Tell
What sorrow thou canst feel: for I am sad
When thou dost shed a tear; explain thy
griefs

To one who in this lonely isle hath been
The watcher of thy sleep and hours of life,
From the young day when first thy infant
hand [arm

Plucked witless the weak flowers, till thine
Could bend that bow heroic to all times.
Show thy heart's secret to an ancient Power
Who hath forsaken old and sacred thrones
For prophecies of thee, and for the sake
Of loveliness new born."—Apollo then
With sudden scrutiny and gloomless eyes,
Thus answered, while his white melodious
throat

Throbbled with the syllables: "Mnemosyne!
Thy name is on my tongue, I know not how;
Why should I tell thee what thou so well
seest? [thy lips

Why should I strive to show what from
Would come no mystery? For me, dark,
dark,

And painful vile oblivion seals my eyes:
I strive to search wherefore I am so sad,
Until a melancholy numbs my limbs;
And then upon the grass I sit and moan,
Like one who once had wings. Oh, why
should I [less air

Feel cursed and thwarted, when the liege-
Yields to my step aspirant? why should I
Spurn the green turf as hateful to my feet?
Goddess benign, point forth some unknown
thing:

Are there not other regions than this isle?
What are the stars? There is the sun, the
sun!

And the most patient brilliance of the
moon! [the way
And stars by thousands! Point me out
To any one particular beauteous star,
And I will flit into it with my lyre, [bliss.
And make its silvery splendour pant with
I have heard the cloudy thunder. Where
is power?

Whose hand, whose essence, what divinity
Makes this alarum in the elements,
While I here idle listen on the shores
In fearless yet in aching ignorance?
Oh, tell me, lonely Goddess, by thy harp,
That waileth every morn and eventide,
Tell me why thus I rave about these groves!
Mute thou remainest—mute! yet I can read
A wondrous lesson in thy silent face:
Knowledge enormous makes a god of me.
Names, deeds, grey legends, dire events,
rebellions,

Majesties, sovran voices, agonies,
Creations and destroyings, all at once
Pour into the wide hollows of my brain,
And deify me, as if some blithe wine
Or bright elixir peerless I had drunk,
And so become immortal." Thus the God,
While his enkindled eyes, with level glance
Beneath his white soft temples, steadfast
kept

Trembling with light upon Mnemosyne.
Soon wild commotions shook him, and
made flush

All the immortal fairness of his limbs;
Most like the struggle at the gate of death,
Or liker still to one who should take leave
Of pale immortal death, and with a pang
As hot as death's is chill, with fierce con-
vulse

Die into life: so young Apollo anguished;
His very hair, his golden tresses famed,
Kept undulation round his eager neck.
During the pain Mnemosyne upheld
Her arms as one who prophesied.

—:O:—

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

1792—1822.

THE SENSITIVE PLANT.

A SENSITIVE PLANT in a garden grew,
And the young winds fed it with silver dew,
And it opened its fan-like leaves to the light,
And closed them beneath the kisses of
night.

And the Spring arose on the garden fair,
Like the Spirit of Love felt everywhere;
And each flower and herb on Earth's dark
breast

Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

But none ever trembled and panted with
bliss

In the garden, the field, and the wilderness,
Like a doe in the noontide with love's sweet
want,

As the companionless Sensitive Plant.

The snowdrop, and then the violet,
Arose from the ground with warm rain
wet,

And their breath was mixed with fresh
odour, sent

From the turf, like the voice and the in-
strument.

Then the pied wind-flowers and the tulip
tall,

And narcissi, the fairest among them all,
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's
recess,

Till they die of their own dear loveliness;

And the Naiad-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair and passion so
pale,

That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
Through their pavilions of tender green;

And the hyacinth, purple, and white, and
blue,

Which flung from its bells a sweet peal
anew

Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
It was felt like an odour within the sense;

And the rose like a nymph to the bath
address,

Which unveiled the depth of her glowing
breast,

Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare;

And the wand-like lily, which lifted up,
As a Mænad, its moonlight-coloured cup,
Till the fiery star, which is its eye, [sky;
Gazed through clear dew on the tender

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet
tuberose,

The sweetest flower for scent that blows;
And all rare blossoms from every clime
Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

And on the stream whose inconstant bosom
Was pranked under boughs of embowering
blossom, [through
With golden and green light, slanting
Their heaven of many a tangled hue,

Broad water-lilies lay tremulously,
And starry river-buds glimmered by,
And around them the soft stream did glide
and dance
With a motion of sweet sound and radiance.

And the sinuous paths of lawn and moss,
Which led through the garden along and
across,
Some open at once to the sun and the breeze,
Some lost among bowers of blossoming
trees,

[bells
Were all paved with daisies and delicate
As fair as the fabulous asphodels, [ed too
And flow'rets which drooping as day droop-
Fell into pavilions, white, purple, and blue,
To roof the glowworm from the evening dew.

And from this undefiled Paradise
The flowers (as an infant's awakening eyes
Smile on its mother, whose singing sweet
Can first lull, and at last must awaken it),

When Heaven's blithe winds had unfolded
them,
As mine-lamps enkindle a hidden gem,
Shone smiling to Heaven, and every one
Shared joy in the light of the gentle sun ;

For each one was interpenetrated
With the light and the odour its neighbour
shed, [make dear
Like young lovers whom youth and love
Wrapped and filled by their mutual atmo-
sphere.

[small fruit
But the Sensitive Plant, which could give
Of the love which it felt from the leaf to
the root, [ever,
Received more than all, it loved more than
Where none wanted but it, could belong
to the giver,—

[flower;
For the Sensitive Plant has no bright
Radiance and odour are not its dower ;
It loves, even like Love, its deep heart is full,
It desires what it has not,—the Beautiful !

The light winds which from unsustaining
wings
Shed the music of many murmurings ;

The beams which dart from many a star
Of the flowers whose hues they bear afar ;

The plumed insects swift and free,
Like golden boats on a sunny sea,
Laden with light and odour, which pass
Over the gleam of the living grass ,

The unseen clouds of the dew, which lie
Like fire in the flowers till the sun rides high,
Then wander like spirits among the spheres,
Each cloud faint with the fragrance it bears ;

The quivering vapours of dim noontide,
Which like a sea o'er the warm earth glide,
In which every sound, and odour, and beam,
Move, as reeds in a single stream ;

Each and all like ministering angels were
For the Sensitive Plant sweet joy to bear,
Whilst the lagging hours of the day went by
Like windless clouds o'er a tender sky.

And when evening descended from Heaven
above, [all love,
And the Earth was all rest, and the air was
And delight, though less bright, was far
more deep,
And the day's veil fell from the world of
sleep,

And the beasts, and the birds, and the
insects were drowned
In an ocean of dreams without a sound ;
Whose waves never mark, though they ever
impress [ness ;
The light sand which paves it, conscious-

(Only overhead the sweet nightingale
Ever sang more sweet as the day might fail,
And snatches of its Elysian chant
Were mixed with the dreams of the Sensi-
tive Plant.)

— — —
The Sensitive Plant was the earliest
Up-gathered into the bosom of rest ;
A sweet child weary of its delight,
The feeblest and yet the favourite,
Cradled within the embrace of night.

There was a Power in this sweet place,
An Eve in this Eden ; a ruling grace
Which to the flowers, did they waken or
dream,
Was as God is to the starry scheme.

A Lady, the wonder of her kind,
Whose form was upborne by a lovely mind

Which, dilating, had moulded her mien and motion
Like a sea-flower unfolded beneath the ocean,

Tended the garden from morn to even ;
And the meteors of that sublunar heaven,
Like the lamps of the air when night walks forth,
Laughed round her footsteps up from the Earth !

She had no companion of mortal race,
But her tremulous breath and her flushing face
Told, whilst the moon kissed the sleep from her eyes,
That her dreams were less slumber than Paradise :

As if some bright Spirit for her sweet sake
Had deserted heaven while the stars were awake,
As if yet around her he lingering were,
Though the veil of daylight concealed him from her.

Her step seemed to pity the grass it prest ;
You might hear by the heaving of her breast
That the coming and going of the wind
Brought pleasure there, and left passion behind.

And wherever her airy footstep trod,
Her trailing hair from the grassy sod
Erased its light vestige, with shadowy sweep, [deep.
Like a sunny storm o'er the dark green

I doubt not the flowers of that garden sweet
Rejoiced in the sound of her gentle feet ;
I doubt not they felt the spirit that came
From her glowing fingers through all their frame.

She sprinkled bright water from the stream
On those that were faint with the sunny beam ;
And out of the cups of the heavy flowers
She emptied the rain of the thunder showers.

She lifted their heads with her tender hands,
And sustained them with rods and osier bands ;
If the flowers had been her own infants she
Could never have nursed them more tenderly.

And all killing insects and gnawing worms,
And things of obscene and unlovely forms,
She bore in a basket of Indian woof,
Into the rough woods far aloof,

In a basket, of grasses and wild flowers full,
The freshest her gentle hands could pull
For the poor banished insects, whose intent,
Although they did ill, was innocent.

But the bee and the beamlike ephemeris
Whose path is the lightning's, and soft moths that kiss [not, did she
The sweet slips of the flowers, and harm
Make her attendant angels be.

And many an antenatal tomb,
Where butterflies dream of the life to come,
She left clinging round the smooth and dark
Edge of the odorous cedar bark.

This fairest creature from earliest spring
Thus moved through the garden ministering
All the sweet season of summer-tide,
And ere the first leaf looked brown—she died !

Three days the flowers of the garden fair,
Like stars when the moon is awakened,
were,
Or the waves of Baiæ, ere luminous [vius.
She floats up through the smoke of Vesu-

And on the fourth, the Sensitive Plant
Felt the sound of the funeral chant,
And the steps of the bearers, heavy and slow, [low ;
And the sobs of the mourners deep and

The weary sound and the heavy breath,
And the silent motions of passing death,
And the smell, cold, oppressive, and dank,
Sent through the pores of the coffin plank ;

The dark grass, and the flowers among the grass, [pass ;
Were bright with tears as the crowd did
From their sighs the wind caught a mourn-ful tone, [groan.
And sate in the pines, and gave groan for

The garden, once fair, became cold and foul, [soul,
Like the corpse of her who had been its
Which at first was lively as if in sleep,
Then slowly changed, till it grew a heap
To make men tremble who never weep.

Swift summer into the autumn flowed,
And frost in the mist of the morning rode,
Though the noonday sun looked clear and
bright,
Mocking the spoil of the secret night.

The rose-leaves, like flakes of crimson now,
Paved the turf and the moss below. [wan,
The lilies were drooping, and white, and
Like the head and the skin of a dying man.

And Indian plants, of scent and hue
The sweetest that ever were fed on dew,
Leaf after leaf, day after day,
Were massed into the common clay.

And the leaves, brown, yellow, and grey,
and red, [dead,
And white with the whiteness of what is
Like troops of ghosts on the dry wind
past; [aghast.
Their whistling noise made the birds

And the gusty winds waked the winged
seeds,
Out of their birthplace of ugly weeds,
Till they clung round many a sweet flower's
stem,
Which rotted into the earth with them.

The water-blooms under the rivulet
Fell from the stalks on which they were set;
And the eddies drove them here and there,
As the winds did those of the upper air.

Then the rain came down, and the broken
stalks,
Were bent and tangled across the walks;
And the leafless network of parasite
bowers
Massed into ruin; and all sweet flowers.

Between the time of the wind and the
snow,
All loathliest weeds began to grow,
Whose coarse leaves were splashed with
many a speck, [back.
Like the water-snake's belly and the toad's

And thistles, and nettles, and darnels rank,
And the dock, and henbane, and hemlock
dank,
Stretched out its long and hollow shank,
And stifled the air till the dead wind stank.

And plants, at whose names the verse feels
loath, [growth,
Filled the place with a monstrous under-

Prickly and pulpous and blistering and
blue,
Livid, and starred with a lurid dew

And agaries and fungi, with mildew and
mould,
Started like mist from the wet ground cold;
Pale, fleshy, as if the decaying dead
With a spirit of growth had been animated!

Their moss rotted off them flake by flake,
Till the thick stalk stuck like a murderer's
stake, [high,
Where rags of loose flesh yet tremble on
Infecting the winds that wander by.

Spawn, weeds, and filth, a leprous scum,
Made the running rivulet thick and dumb,
And at its outlet flags huge as stakes
Dammed it up with roots knotted like
water-snakes.

And hour by hour, when the air was still,
The vapours arose which have strength to
kill: [felt,
At morn they were seen, at noon they were
At night they were darkness no star could
melt.

And unctuous meteors from spray to spray
Crept and flitted in broad noonday
Unseen; every branch on which they alit
By a venomous blight was burned and bit.

The Sensitive Plant like one forbid
Wept, and the tears within each lid
Of its folded leaves which together grew
Were changed to a blight of frozen glue.

For the leaves soon fell, and the branches
soon
By the heavy axe of the blast were hewn;
The sap shrank to the root through every
pore
As blood to a heart that will beat no more.

For Winter came: the wind was his whip:
One choppy finger was on his lip:
He had torn the cataracts from the hills
And they clanked at his girdle like manacles;

His breath was a chain which, without a
sound,
The earth and the air and the water
bound;
He came, fiercely driven, in his chariot-
throne,
By the tenfold blasts of the arctic zone.

Then the weeds which were forms of living
 death
 Fled from the frost to the earth beneath,
 Their decay and sudden flight from frost
 Was but like the vanishing of a ghost !

And under the roots of the Sensitive Plant
 The moles and the dormice die for want ;
 The birds dropped stiff from the frozen air,
 And were caught in the branches naked
 and bare.

First there came down a thawing rain,
 And its dull drops froze on the boughs
 again,
 Then there steamed up a freezing dew
 Which to the drops of the thaw-rain grew ;

And a northern whirlwind, wandering about
 Like a wolf that had smelt a dead child out,
 Shook the boughs thus laden and heavy
 and stiff,
 And snapped them off with his rigid griff.

When winter had gone and spring came
 back,
 The Sensitive Plant was a leafless wreck ;
 But the mandrakes, and toadstools, and
 docks, and darnels,
 Rose like the dead from their ruined
 channels.

Whether the Sensitive Plant, or that
 Which within its boughs like a spirit sat
 Ere its outward form had known decay,
 Now felt this change, I cannot say.

Whether that Lady's gentle mind
 No longer with the form combined
 Which scattered love, as stars do light,
 Found sadness, where it left delight,

I dare not guess ; but in this life
 Of error, ignorance, and strife,
 Where nothing is, but all things seem,
 And we the shadows of the dream,

It is a modest creed, and yet
 Pleasant if one considers it,
 To own that death itself must be,
 Like all the rest, a mockery.

That garden sweet, that Lady fair,
 And all sweet shapes and odours there,
 In truth have never passed away :
 'Tis we, 'tis ours, are changed ; not they.

For love and beauty and delight
 There is no death nor change ; their might
 Exceeds our organs, which endure
 No light, being themselves obscure.

—o—

IANTHE SLEEPING.

HOW WONDERFUL is Death,—
 Death and his brother Sleep !
 One, pale as yonder waning moon,
 With lips of lurid blue ;
 The other, rosy as the morn,
 When throned on ocean's wave
 It blushes o'er the world :
 Yet both so passing wonderful !

Hath, then, the gloomy Power,
 Whose reign is in the tainted sepulchres,
 Seized on her sinless soul ?
 Must, then, that peerless form,
 Which love and admiration cannot view
 Without a beating heart, those azure veins
 Which steal like streams along a field of
 snow,

That lovely outline, which is fair
 As breathing marble, perish ?
 Must putrefaction's breath
 Leave nothing of this heavenly sight
 But loathsomeness and ruin ?—
 Spare nothing but a gloomy theme,
 On which the lightest heart might moralize ?
 Or is it only a sweet slumber
 Stealing o'er sensation,
 Which the breath of roseate morning
 Chaseth into darkness ?
 Will Ianthé wake again,
 And give that faithful bosom joy
 Whose sleepless spirit waits to catch
 Light, life, and rapture from her smile ?

Yes ! she will wake again,
 Although her glowing limbs are motionless,
 And silent those sweet lips,
 Once breathing eloquence
 That might have soothed a tiger's rage,
 Or thawed the cold heart of a conqueror ;
 Her dewy eyes are closed,
 And on their lids, whose texture fine
 Scarce hides the dark blue orbs beneath,
 The baby Sleep is pillowèd ;
 Her golden tresses shade
 The bosom's stainless pride,
 Curling like tendrils of the parasite
 Around a marble column.

—o—

ARETHUSA.

ARETHUSA arose
 From her couch of snows
 In the Acroceranlian mountains;
 From cloud and from crag,
 With many a jag,
 Shepherding her bright fountains.
 She leapt down the rocks
 With her rainbow locks
 Streaming among the streams;
 Her steps paved with green
 The downward ravine
 Which slopes to the western gleams;
 And gliding and springing,
 She went, ever singing,
 In murmurs as soft as sleep;
 The earth seemed to love her,
 And heaven smiled above her,
 As she lingered towards the deep.

Then Alpheus bold,
 On his glacier cold,
 With his trident the mountains strook;
 And opened a chasm
 In the rocks; with the spasm
 All Erymanthus shook.
 And the black south wind
 It concealed behind
 The urns of the silent snow,
 And earthquake and thunder
 Did rend in sunder
 The bars of the springs below.
 The beard and the hair
 Of the river-god were
 Seen through the torrent's sweep,
 As he followed the light
 Of the fleet nymph's flight
 To the brink of the Dorian deep.

"Oh, save me! Oh, guide me!
 And bid the deep hide me,
 For he grasps me now by the hair!"
 The loud ocean heard,
 To its blue depth stirred,
 And divided at her prayer;
 And under the water
 The Earth's white daughter
 Fled like a sunny beam,
 Behind her descended,
 Her billows unblended
 With the brackish Dorian stream:
 Like a gloomy stain
 On the emerald main,
 Alpheus rushed behind,—
 As an eagle pursuing
 A dove to its ruin
 Down the streams of the cloudy wind.

Under the bowers
 Where the Ocean Powers
 Sit on their pearlèd thrones,
 Through the coral woods
 Of the weltering floods,
 Over heaps of unvalued stones;
 Through the dim beams
 Which amid the streams
 Weave a network of coloured light;
 And under the caves
 Where the shadowy waves
 Are as green as the forest's night;
 Outspeeding the shark,
 And the swordfish dark,
 Under the ocean foam,
 And up through the rifts
 Of the mountain cliffs
 They passed to their Dorian home.

And now from their fountains
 In Enna's mountains,
 Down one vale where the morning basks,
 Like friends once parted
 Grown single-hearted,
 They ply their watery tasks.
 At sunrise they leap
 From their cradles steep
 In the cave of the shelving hill;
 At noon tide they flow
 Through the woods below
 And the meadows of Asphodel;
 And at night they sleep
 In the rocking deep
 Beneath the Ortygian shore;
 Like spirits that lie
 In the azure sky,
 When they love but live no more.

—o—

THE QUESTION.

I DREAMED that, as I wandered by the way,
 Bare winter suddenly was changed to
 spring,
 And gentle odours led my steps astray,
 Mixed with a sound of waters murmuring
 Along a shelving bank of turf, which lay
 Under a copse, and hardly dared to fling
 Its green arms round the bosom of the
 stream, [est in dream.
 But kissed it and then fled, as thou might-

There grew pied wind-flowers and violets,
 Daisies, those pearlèd Arcturi of the earth,
 The constellated flower that never sets;
 Faint oxlips; tender bluebells, at whose
 birth

The sod scarce heaved ; and that tall flower
that wets
Its mother's face with heaven-collected
tears, [it hears.
When the low wind, its playmate's voice,

And in the warm hedge grew lush eglantine,
Green cow-bind and the moonlight-
coloured May, [whose wine
And cherry blossoms, and white cups,
Was the bright dew yet drained not by
the day ;

And wild roses, and ivy serpentine,
With its dark buds and leaves, wander-
ing astray ; [gold,
And flowers azure, black, and streaked with
Fairer than any wakened eyes behold.

And nearer to the river's trembling edge
There grew broad flag-flowers, purple
prankt with white,
And starry river buds among the sedge,
And floating water-lilies, broad and
bright,

Which lit the oak that overhung the hedge
With moonlight beams of their own
watery light ; [green
And bulrushes, and reeds of such deep
Assoothed the dazzled eye with sober sheen.

Methought that of these visionary flowers
I made a nosegay, bound in such a way
That the same hues which in their natural
bowers

Were mingled or opposed, the like array
Kept these imprisoned children of the
Hours [gay,
Within my hand,—and then, elate and
I hastened to the spot whence I had come,
That I might there present it,—Oh ! to
whom ?

—:o:—

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

1770—1850.

LAODAMIA.

“ WITH sacrifice before the rising morn,
Vows have I made by fruitless hope inspired ;
And from the infernal gods, 'mid shades
forlorn [required :
Of night, my slaughtered lord have I
Celestial pity I again implore ;—
Restore him to my sight—great Jove,
restore ! ”

So speaking, and by fervent love endowed
With faith, the suppliant heavenward lifts
her hands ;
While, like the sun emerging from a cloud,
Her countenance brightens, and her eye
expands ; [grows ;
Her bosom heaves and spreads, her stature
And she expects the issue in repose.

Oh, terror ! what hath she perceived ?—Oh,
joy ! [behold ?
What doth she look on ?—whom doth she
Her hero slain upon the beach of Troy ?
His vital presence—his corporeal mould ?
It is—if sense deceive her not—'tis he !
And a god leads him—wingèd Mercury !

Mild Hermes spake, and touched her with
his wand
That calms all fear : “ Such grace hath
crowned thy prayer,
Laodamia ; that at Jove's command
Thy husband walks the paths of upper air :
He comes to tarry with thee three hours'
space :
Accept the gift—behold him face to face ! ”

Forth sprang the impassioned queen her
lord to clasp !
Again that consummation she essayed ;
But unsubstantial form eludes her grasp
As often as that eager grasp was made.
The phantom parts—but parts to re-unite,
And re-assume his place before her sight.

“ Protesilaüs, lo ! thy guide is gone !
Confirm, I pray, the vision with thy voice :
This is our palace,—yonder is thy throne :
Speak, and the floor thou tread'st on will
rejoice.

Not to appal me have the gods bestowed
This precious boon, and blest a sad abode.”

“ Great Jove, Laodamia ! doth not leave
His gifts imperfect :—spectre though I be,
I am not sent to scare thee or deceive ;
But in reward of thy fidelity.
And something also did my worth obtain ;
For fearless virtue bringeth boundless gain.

“ Thou know'st, the Delphic oracle foretold
That the first Greek who touched the Trojan
strand
Should die ; but me the threat could not
withhold.

A generous cause a victim did demand,
And forth I leapt upon the sandy plain,
A self-devoted chief—by Hector slain.”

"Supreme of heroes—bravest, noblest, best!
Thy matchless courage I bewail no more,
Which then, when tens of thousands were
deprest
By doubt, propelled thee to the fatal shore;
Thou found'st—and I forgive thee—here
thou art—
A nobler counsellor than my poor heart.

"But thou, though capable of sternest deed,
Wert kind as resolute, and good as brave;
And he, whose power restores thee, hath
decreed [the grave;
That thou shouldst cheat the malice of
Redundant are thy locks, thy lips as fair
As when their breath enriched Thessalian
air.

"No spectre greets me, no vain shadow this:
Come, blooming hero, place thee by my side!
Give, on this well-known couch, one nuptial
kiss
To me, this day, a second time thy bride!"
Jove frowned in heaven; the conscious
Parcæ threw
Upon those roseate lips a Stygian hue.

"This visage tells thee that my doom is past:
Know, virtue were not virtue if the joys
Of sense were able to return as fast
And surely as they vanish.—Earth destroys
Those raptures duly—Erebus disdains:
Calm pleasures there abide, majestic pains.

"Be taught, O faithful consort, to control
Rebellious passion; for the gods approve
The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul;
A fervent, not ungovernable love. [mourn
Thy transports moderate; and meekly
When I depart, for brief is my sojourn."

"Ah, wherefore? Did not Hercules by force
Wrest from the guardian monster of the
tomb
Alcestis, a reanimated corse, [bloom?
Given back to dwell on earth in vernal
Medea's spells dispersed the weight of years,
And Æson stood a youth 'mid youthful
peers.

"The gods to us are merciful, and they
Yet further may relent; for mightier far
Than strength of nerve and sinew, or the
sway
Of magic potent over sun and star,
Is love, though oft to agony distrest,
And though his favourite seat be feeble
woman's breast,

"But if thou goest I follow." "Peace!"
he said. [cheered.
She looked upon him, and was calmed and
The ghastly colour from his lips had fled;
In his deportment, shape, and mien ap-
peared
Elysian beauty, melancholy grace, [place.
Brought from a pensive though a happy

He spake of love, such love as spirits feel
In worlds whose course is equable and pure;
No fears to beat away, no strife to heal,
The past unsighed for, and the future sure;
Spake of heroic arts in graver mood
Revived, with finer harmony pursued:

Of all that is most beauteous, imaged there
In happier beauty; more pellucid streams,
An ampler ether, a diviner air,
And fields invested with purpureal gleams;
Climes which the sun, who sheds the
brightest day
Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey.

Yet there the soul shall enter which hath
earned
That privilege by virtue.—"Ill," said he,
"The end of man's existence I discerned,
Who from ignoble games and revelry
Could draw, when we had parted, vain
delight, [and night;
While tears were thy best pastime,—day

"And while my youthful peers, before my
eyes
(Each hero following his peculiar bent),
Prepared themselves for glorious enterprise
By martial sports; or, seated in the tent,
Chieftains and kings in council were de-
tained,
What time the fleet at Aulis lay enchained.

"The wished-for wind was given: I then
revolved
The oracle upon the silent sea;
And, if no worthier led the way, resolved
That, of a thousand vessels, mine should be
The foremost prow in pressing to the
strand,— [sand.
Mine the first blood that tinged the Trojan

"Yet bitter, oftentimes bitter, was the pang
When of thy loss I thought, beloved wife!
On thee too fondly did my memory hang,
And on the joys we shared in mortal life,
The paths which we had trod, these foun-
tains, flowers, [towers.
My new-planned cities, and unfinished

"But should suspense permit the foe to cry,
 'Behold, they tremble!—haughty their
 array,
 Yet of their number no one dares to die!'
 In soul I swept the indignity away:
 Old frailties then recurred; but lofty
 thought,
 In act embodied, my deliverance wrought.

"And thou, though strong in love, art all
 too weak
 In reason, in self-government too slow;
 I counsel thee by fortitude to seek
 Our blest re-union in the shades below.
 The invisible world with thee hath sympathy;
 Be thy affections raised and solemnized.

"Learn by a mortal yearning to ascend
 Towards a higher object. Love was given,
 Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that
 end;
 For this the passion to excess was driven,
 That self might be annulled—her bondage
 prove
 The fetters of a dream, opposed to love."

Aloud she shrieked! for Hermes reappears.
 Round the dear shade she would have
 clung—'tis vain. [been years;
 The hours are past—too brief had they
 And him no mortal effort can detain.
 Swift toward the realms that know not
 earthly day,
 He through the portal takes his silent way,
 And on the palace floor a lifeless corse she
 lay.

By no weak pity might the gods be moved:
 She who thus perished, not without the
 crime
 Of lovers that in reason's spite have loved,
 Was doomed to wander in a grosser clime,
 Apart from happy ghosts, that gather
 flowers
 Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading bowers.

Yet tears to human suffering are due;
 And mortal hopes defeated and o'erthrown
 Are mourned by man, and not by man alone,
 As fondly he believes.—Upon the side
 Of Hellepont (such faith was entertained)
 A knot of spiry trees for ages grew
 From out the tomb of him for whom she
 died; [gained
 And ever, when such stature they had
 That Ilium's walls were subject to their
 view,

The trees' tall summits withered at the
 sight;
 A constant interchange of growth and
 blight!

—:o:—

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

1774—1843.

THE FUNERAL OF ARVALAN.

MIDNIGHT, and yet no eye
 Thro' all the Imperial City closed in sleep!
 Behold her streets ablaze
 With light that seems to kindle the red sky,
 Her myriads swarming thro' the crowded
 ways!
 Master and slave, old age and infancy,
 All, all abroad to gaze;
 House-top and balcony
 Clustered with women, who threw back
 their veils,
 With unimpeded and insatiate sight
 To view the funeral pomp which passes by,
 As if the mournful rite
 Were but to them a scene of joyance and
 delight.

Vainly, ye blessèd twinklers of the night,
 Your feeble beams ye shed,
 Quenched in the unnatural light which
 might outstare
 Even the broad eye of day;
 And thou from thy celestial way
 Pourest, O Moon, an ineffectual ray!
 For lo! ten thousand torches flame and
 flare
 Upon the midnight air,
 Blotting the lights of heaven
 With the portentous glare.
 Behold the fragrant smoke in many a fold
 Ascending, floats along the fiery sky,
 And hangeth visible on high,
 A dark and waving canopy.

Hark! 'tis the funeral trumpet's breath!
 'Tis the dirge of death!
 At once ten thousand drums begin,
 With one long thunder-peal the ear assail-
 ing;
 Ten thousand voices then join in,
 And with one deep and general din
 Pour their wild wailing.
 The song of praise is drowned
 Amid that deafening sound;

You hear no more the trumpet's tone,
 You hear no more the mourner's moan,
 Though the trumpet's breath and the dirge
 of death
 Mingle and swell the funeral yell.

But rising over all in one acclaim
 Is heard the echoed and re-echoed name,
 From all that countless rout :
 Arvalan ! Arvalan !
 Arvalan ! Arvalan !
 Ten times ten thousand voices in one shout
 Call Arvalan ! The overpowering sound
 From house to house repeated rings about,
 From tower to tower rolls round.
 The death-procession moves along.
 Their bald heads shining to the torches'
 ray,
 The Brahmins lead the way,
 Chanting the funeral song.
 And now at once they shout,
 Arvalan ! Arvalan !
 With quick rebound of sound,
 All in according cry,
 Arvalan ! Arvalan !
 The universal multitude reply.

Far, far behind, beyond all reach of sight,
 In ordered files the torches flow along,
 One ever-lengthening line of gliding light :
 Far, far behind,
 Rolls on the undistinguishable clamour
 Of horn, and trump, and tambour ;
 Incessant as the roar
 Of streams which down the wintry moun-
 tain pour,
 And louder than the dread commotion
 Of stormy billows on a rocky shore,
 When the winds rage o'er the waves,
 And ocean to the tempest raves.

And now toward the bank they go,
 Where, winding on their way below,
 Deep and strong the waters flow.
 Here doth the funeral pile appear,
 With myrrh and ambergris bestrewn,
 And built of precious sandal-wood.
 They cease their music and their outcry
 here ;
 Gently they rest the bier :
 They wet the face of Arvalan—
 No sign of life the sprinkled drops excite !
 They feel his breast,—no motion there !
 They feel his lips,—no breath !
 For not with feeble nor with erring hand,
 The stern Avenger dealt the blow of death,
 Then with a doubling peal and deeper blast

The tambours and the trumpets sound on
 high,
 And with a last and loudest cry,
 They call on Arvalan.

—o—

CURSE OF KEHAMA.

I CHARM thy life
 From the weapons of strife,
 From stone and from wood,
 From fire and from flood,
 From the serpent's tooth,
 And the beasts of blood.
 From sickness I charm thee,
 And time shall not harm thee ;
 But earth, which is mine,
 Her fruits shall deny thee.
 And the winds shall not touch thee
 When they pass by thee,
 And the dews shall not wet thee
 When they fall nigh thee ;
 And thou shalt seek death
 To release thee in vain.
 Thou shalt live in thy pain
 While Kehama shall reign,
 With a fire in thy heart
 And a fire in thy brain ;
 And sleep shall obey me,
 And visit thee never,
 And the curse shall be on thee
 For ever and ever !

—o—

ENDURANCE OF THE CURSE.

OH, force of faith ! oh, strength of virtuous
 will !
 Behold him in his endless martyrdom,
 Triumphant still !
 The curse still burning in his heart and
 brain,
 And yet he doth remain
 Patient the while, and tranquil and content :
 The pious soul hath framed unto itself
 A second nature, to exist in pain
 As in its own allotted element !

—o—

FREEDOM OF THE WILL.

IDLY, rajah, dost thou reason thus
 Of destiny ! for though all other things
 Were subject to the starry influences,
 And howed submissive to thy tyranny,

The virtuous heart and resolute mind are free.

Thus, in their wisdom did the gods decree,
When they created man. Let come what will,

This is our rock of strength in every ill,—
Sorrow, oppression, pain, and agony,—
The spirit of the good is unsubdued,
And, suffer as they may, they triumph still.

—o—

THALABA.

WHOSE is yon dawning form,
That in the darkness meets
The delegated youth?
Dim as the shadow of a fire at noon,
Or pale reflection on the evening brook
Of glowworm on the bank,
Kindled to guide her winged paramour.

A moment, and the brightening image
shaped
His mother's form and features. "Go,"
she cried,
"To Babylon, and from the angels learn
What talisman thy task requires."

The spirit hung towards him when she
ceased, [given
As though with actual lips she would have
A mother's kiss. His arms outstretched;
His body bending on; [speech.
His mouth unclosed and trembling into
He prest to meet the blessing . . . but the
wind [beheld
Played on his cheek; he looked, and he
The darkness close. "Again! again!" he
cried, [darkness
"Let me again behold thee!" From the
His mother's voice went forth:
"Thou shalt behold me in the hour of
death!"

Day dawns, the twilight gleam dilates,
The sun comes forth, and, like a god,
Rides through rejoicing heaven.
Old Moath and his daughter from their
tent
Beheld the adventurous youth,
Dark moving o'er the sands, [tears.
A lessening image, trembling through their
Visions of high emprise
Beguiled his lonely road;
And, if sometimes to Moath's tent
Th' involuntary mind recurred,
Fancy, impatient of all painful thoughts,

Pictured the bliss should welcome his return.

In dreams like these he went, [part,
And still of every dream Oneiza formed a
And hope and memory made a mingled
joy.

—:o:—

SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE.

1772—1834.

CHRISTABEL GIVES SHELTER TO GERALDINE.

THEY crossed the moat, and Christabel
Took the key that fitted well;
A little door she opened straight,
All in the middle of the gate, [out,
The gate that was ironed within and with-
Where an army in battle array had march-
ed out.

The lady sank, belike through pain,
And Christabel with might and main
Lifted her up, a weary weight,
Over the threshold of the gate:
Then the lady rose again,
And moved, as she were not in pain.

So free from danger, free from fear, [were,
They crossed the court: right glad they
And Christabel devoutly cried
To the lady by her side,
"Praise we the Virgin all divine
Who hath rescued thee from thy distress."
"Alas, alas!" said Geraldine,
"I cannot speak for weariness."
So free from danger, free from fear,
They crossed the court: right glad they
were.

Outside her kennel, the mastiff old
Lay fast asleep in moonshine cold.
The mastiff old did not awake,
Yet she an angry moan did make!
And what can ail the mastiff bitch?
Never till now she uttered yell
Beneath the eye of Christabel:
Perhaps it is the owl's scritch,
For what can ail the mastiff bitch?

They passed the hall, that echoes still,
Pass as lightly as you will!
The brands were flat, the brands were dying,
Amid their own white ashes lying;
But when the lady passed, there came
A tongue of light, a fit of flame,

And Christabel saw the lady's eye,
And nothing else saw she thereby, [tall,
Save the boss of the shield of Sir Leoline
Which hung in a murky old niche in the
wall.

"Oh, softly tread," said Christabel,
"My father seldom sleepeth well."

Sweet Chistabel her feet doth bare,
And jealous of the list'ning air,
They steal their way from stair to stair,
Now in glimmer and now in gloom,
And now they pass the Baron's room,
As still as death with stifled breath!
And now have reached her chamber door;
And now doth Geraldine press down
The rushes of the chamber floor.

The moon shines dim in the open air,
And not a moonbeam enters there.
But they without its light can see
The chamber carved so curiously,
Carved with figures strange and sweet,
All made out of the carver's brain,
For a lady's chamber meet:
The lamp with twofold silver chain
Is fastened to an angel's feet.
The silver lamp burns dead and dim;
But Christabel the lamp will trim.
She trimmed the lamp and made it bright,
And left it swinging to and fro,
While Geraldine in wretched plight
Sank down upon the floor below.

"O weary lady, Geraldine,
I pray you drink this cordial wine!
It is a wine of virtuous powers;
My mother made it of wild flowers."

"And will your mother pity me,
Who am a maiden most forlorn?"
Christabel answered—"Woe is me!
She died the hour that I was born.
I have heard the grey-haired friar tell,
How on her death-bed she did say
That she should hear the castle bell
Strike twelve upon my wedding day.
O mother dear! that thou wert here!"
"I would," said Geraldine, "she were!"

But soon with altered voice, said she—
"Off, wandering mother! Peak and pine!
I have power to bid thee flee."
Alas! what ails poor Geraldine?
Why stares she with unsettled eye?
Can she the bodiless dead espy?
And why with hollow voice cries she,
"Off, woman, off! this hour is mine—

Though thou her guardian spirit be,
Off, woman, off! 'tis given to me."

Then Christabel knelt by the lady's side,
And raised to heaven her eyes so blue:
"Alas!" said she, "this ghastly ride—
Dear lady! it hath withered you!"
The lady wiped her moist cold brow,
And faintly said, "'Tis over now!"

Again the wild-flower wine she drank:
Her fair large eyes 'gan glitter bright,
And from the floor whereon she sank
The lofty lady stood upright;
She was most beautiful to see,
Like a lady of a far countree.

And thus the lofty lady spake—
"All they who live in the upper sky,
Do love you, holy Christabel!
And you love them, and for their sake
And for the good which me befell,
Even I in my degree will try,
Fair maiden, to requite you well.
But now unrobe yourself; for I
Must pray, ere yet in bed I lie."

Quoth Christabel, "So let it be!"
And as the lady bade, did she.
Her gentle limbs did she undress,
And lay down in her loveliness.

—O—

A CHILD.

A LITTLE child, a limber elf,
Singing, dancing to itself,
A fairy thing with red round cheeks,
That always finds and never seeks,
Makes such a vision to the sight
As fills a father's eyes with light;
And pleasures flow in so thick and fast
Upon his heart, that he at last
Must needs express his love's excess
With words of unmeant bitterness.
Perhaps 'tis pretty to force together
Thoughts so unlike each other;
To mutter and mock a broken charm,
To dally with wrong that does no harm.
Perhaps 'tis tender too and pretty
At each wild word to feel within
A sweet recoil of love and pity.
And what, if in a world of sin [true!]
(Oh, sorrow and shame should this be
Such giddiness of heart and brain
Comes seldom save from rage and pain,
So talks as it's most used to do.

THE CALM.

THE fair breeze blew, the white foam
flew,
The furrow followed free—
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt
down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion,
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

And some in dreams assurèd were
Of the spirit that plagued us so:
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

Ah! well-a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

MOONLIGHT AND THE
BLESSING.

THE moving Moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide:
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside—
Her beams bemoaned the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmed water burnt away,
A still and awful red.



CREATURES OF THE CALM.

BEYOND the shadow of the ship
I watched the water-snakes;
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire;
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare;
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware:
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

The selfsame moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.



SLEEP AND THE WIND.

OH, sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from heaven,
That slid into my soul.

The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew;
And when I awoke—it rained.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.



I moved, and could not feel my limbs,
 I was so light—almost
 I thought that I had died in sleep,
 And was a blessed ghost.

And soon I heard a roaring wind:
 It did not come anear;
 But with its sound it shook the sails,
 That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life!
 And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
 To and fro they were hurried about,
 And to and fro, and in and out,
 The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
 And the sails did sigh like sedge;
 And the rain poured down from one black
 The Moon was at its edge. [cloud;

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
 The Moon was at its side:
 Like waters shot from some high crag
 The lightning fell with never a jag,
 A river steep and wide.

The loud wind never reached the ship,
 Yet now the ship moved on!
 Beneath the lightning and the Moon
 The dead men gave a groan.

They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
 Nor spake nor moved their eyes:
 It had been strange, even in a dream,
 To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on,
 Yet never a breeze up blew;
 The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
 Where they were wont to do:
 They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
 We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son
 Stood by me, knee to knee:
 The body and I pulled at one rope,
 But he said nought to me.

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!"
 Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest!
 'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
 Which to their corpses come again,
 But a troop of spirits blest;

For when it dawned—they dropped their
 And clustered round the mast; [arms,
 Sweet sounds rose slowly through their
 And from their bodies passed. [mouths,

Around, around flew each sweet sound,
 Then darted to the Sun;
 Slowly the sounds came back again,
 Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
 I heard the skylark sing;
 Sometimes all little birds that are,
 How they seemed to fill the sea and air
 With their sweet jargoning!

And now 'twas like all instruments,
 Now like a lonely flute,
 And now it is an angel's song
 That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on
 A pleasant noise till noon,—
 A noise like of a hidden brook
 In the leafy month of June,
 That to the sleeping woods all night
 Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,
 Yet never a breeze did breathe:
 Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
 Moved onward from beneath.

Under the keel, nine fathom deep,
 From the land of mist and snow,
 The spirit slid; and it was he
 That made the ship to go.
 The sails at noon left off their tune,
 And the ship stood still also.

The Sun, right up above the mast,
 Had fixed her to the ocean;
 But in a minute she 'gan stir
 With a short uneasy motion—
 Backwards and forwards half her length.
 With a short uneasy motion.

Then, like a pawing horse let go,
 She made a sudden bound;
 It flung the blood into my head,
 And I fell down in a swoond.

How long in that same fit I lay
 I have not to declare;
 But ere my living life returned,
 I heard and in my soul discerned
 Two voices in the air.

"Is it he?" quoth one. "Is this the man?
 By Him who died on cross,
 With his cruel bow he laid full low
 The harmless Albatross.

"The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow."

The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew:
Quoth he, "The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do."

—o—

THE TEACHING OF THE STORY.

"O WEDDING-GUEST! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide wide sea;
So lonely 'twas, that God Himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

"Oh, sweeter than the marriage feast!
'Tis sweeter far to me
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!—

"To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay.

"Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!
He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone; and now the Wedding-Guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn;
A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn.

—o—

KUBLA KHAN.

IN Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree,
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.

So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round:
And there were gardens bright with sinuous
rills

Where blossomed many an incense-bearing
tree;

And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

[slanted
But oh! that deep romantic chasm which
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!
And from this chasm, with ceaseless tur-
moil seething, [breathing,

As if this earth in fast thick pants were
A mighty fountain momentarily was forced,
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding
hail,

Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail;
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and
It flung up momentarily the sacred river. [ever
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river
ran, [man,

Then reached the caverns measureless to
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean;
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war!

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves,

Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.

It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!
A damsel with a dulcimer

In a vision once I saw:

It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.

Could I revive within me

Her symphony and song,

To such a deep delight 'twould win me
That with music loud and long,

I would build that dome in air,

That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!

Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

—:o:—

THOMAS MOORE.

1779—1852.

NOURMAHAL
AND THE ENCHANTRESS.

'Twas midnight—through the lattice,
wreathed
With woodbine, many a perfume breathed
From plants that wake when others sleep
From timid jasmine-buds that keep
Their odour to themselves all day,
But, when the sunlight dies away,
Let the delicious secret out
To every breeze that roams about ;—
When thus Namouna :—“ 'Tis the hour
That scatters spells on herb and flower,
And garlands might be gathered now,
That, twined around the sleeper's brow,
Would make him dream of such delights,
Such miracles and dazzling sights,
As Genii of the Sun behold,
At evening, from their tents of gold,
Upon the horizon—where they play
Till twilight comes, and, ray by ray,
Their sunny mansions melt away!
Now, too, a chaplet might be wreathed
Of buds o'er which the moon has breathed,
Which worn by her whose love has strayed,
Might bring some Peri from the skies,
Some sprite, whose very soul is made
Of flowerets' breaths and lovers' sighs.
And who might tell——”

“For me, for me,”

Cried Nourmahal impatiently,—
“Oh! twine that wreath for me to-night.”
Then, rapidly, with foot as light
As the young musk-roe's, out she flew
To cull each shining leaf that grew
Beneath the moonlight's hallowing beams
For this enchanted Wreath of Dreams.
Anemones, and Seas of Gold,
And new-blown lilies of the river,
And those sweet flowerets, that unfold
Their buds on Camadeva's quiver ;
The tuberose, with her silvery light,
That in the gardens of Malay
Is called the Mistress of the Night,
So like a bride, scented and bright,
She comes out when the sun's away ;
Amaranths, such as crown the maids
That wander through Zamara's shades ;
And the white moon-flower, as it shows
On Serendib's high crags to those
Who near the isle at evening sail,
Scenting her clove-trees in the gale ;—

In short, all flowerets and all plants
From the divine Amrita-tree,
That blesses heaven's inhabitants
With fruits of immortality,
Down to the basil-tuft, that waves
Its fragrant blossom over graves,
And to the humble rosemary,
Whose sweets so thanklessly are shed
To scent the desert and the dead,—
All in that garden bloom, and all
Are gathered by young Nourmahal,
Who heaps her baskets with the flowers
And leaves, till they can hold no more ;
Then to Namouna flies, and showers
Upon her lap the shining store.

With what delight th' Enchantress views
So many buds, bathed with the dews
And beams of that blessed hour ! her glance
Spoke something, past all mortal pleasures,
As, in a kind of holy trance,
She hung above those fragrant treasures,
Bending to drink their balmy airs,
As if she mixed her soul with theirs.
And 'twas, indeed, the perfume shed
From flowers and scented flame that fed
Her charmed life—for none had e'er
Beheld her taste of mortal fare,
Nor ever in aught earthly dip,
But the morn's dew, her roseate lip.
Filled with the cool inspiring smell,
Th' Enchantress now begins her spell,
Thus singing, as she winds and weaves
In mystic form the glittering leaves :—

I know where the wingèd visions dwell
That around the night-bed play ;
I know each herb and floweret's bell,
Where they hide their wings by day.
Then hasten we, maid,
To twine our braid,
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will
fade.

The image of love, that nightly flies
To visit the bashful maid,
Steals from the jasmine-flower, that sighs
Its soul, like her, in the shade.
The hope, in dreams, of a happier hour
That alights on misery's brow,
Springs out of the silvery almond-flower,
That blooms on a leafless bough.
Then hasten we, maid,
To twine our braid,
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will
fade.

The visions, that oft to worldly eyes
 The glitter of mines unfold,
 Inhabit the mountain herb, that dyes
 The tooth of the fawn like gold.
 The phantom shapes, oh, touch not them,
 That appal the murderer's sight,
 Lurk in the fleshly mandrake's stem,
 That shrieks when torn at night!
 Then hasten we, maid,
 To twine our braid,
 To-morrow the dreams and flowers will
 fade.

The dream of the injured, patient mind,
 That smiles at the wrongs of men,
 Is found in the bruised and wounded rind
 Of the cinnamon, sweetest then!
 Then hasten we, maid,
 To twine our braid,
 To-morrow the dreams and flowers will
 fade.

No sooner was the flowery crown
 Placed on her head, than sleep came down,
 Gently as nights of summer fall,
 Upon the lids of Nourmahal;
 And, suddenly a tuneful breeze,
 As full of small rich harmonies
 As ever wind, that o'er the tents
 Of Azab blew, was full of scents,
 Steals on her ear, and floats and swells,
 Like the first air of morning creeping
 Into those wreathy Red-Sea shells,
 Where Love himself of old lay sleeping;
 And now a spirit formed, 'twould seem,
 Of music and of light, so fair,
 So brilliantly his features beam,
 And such a sound is in the air
 Of sweetness, when he waves his wings,
 Hovers around her, and thus sings:—

From Chindara's warbling fount I come,
 Called by that moonlight garland's spell;
 From Chindara's fount, my fairy home,
 Where in music, morn and night, I dwell.
 Where lutes in the air are heard about,
 And voices are singing the whole day long,
 And every sigh the heart breathes out
 Is turned, as it leaves the lips, to song!
 Hither I come
 From my fairy home,
 And if there's a magic in music's strain,
 I swear by the breath
 Of that moonlight wreath,
 Thy lover shall sigh at thy feet again.

For mine is the lay that lightly floats,
 And mine are the murmuring, dying notes,

That fall as soft as snow on the sea,
 And melt in the heart as instantly!
 And the passionate strain that, deeply going,
 Refines the bosom it trembles through,
 As the musk-wind, over the water blowing,
 Ruffles the wave, but sweetens it too!

Mine is the charm, whose mystic sway
 The Spirits of past Delight obey;—
 Let but the tuneful talisman sound,
 And they come, like Genii, hovering round.
 And mine is the gentle song, that bears
 From soul to soul the wishes of love,
 As a bird, that wafts through genial airs
 The cinnanon-seed from grove to grove.

'Tis I that mingle in one sweet measure
 The past, the present, and future of pleasure;
 When memory links the tone that is gone
 With the blissful tone that's still in the ear;
 And hope from a heavenly note flies on
 To a note more heavenly still that is near!

The warrior's heart when touched by me,
 Can as downy soft and as yielding be
 As his own white plume, that high amid
 death [with a breath.
 Through the field has shone—yet moves
 And, oh, how the eyes of beauty glisten
 When music has reached her inmost soul,
 Like the silent stars, that wink and listen
 While heaven's eternal melodies roll!
 So hither I come
 From my fairy home,
 And if there's a magic in music's strain,
 I swear by the breath
 Of that moonlight wreath,
 Thy lover shall sigh at thy feet again.

—o—

PARADISE AND THE PERI.*

NOW UPON Syria's land of roses
 Softly the light of eve reposes,
 And, like a glory, the broad sun
 Hangs over sainted Lebanon,
 Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,
 And whitens with eternal sleet,
 While summer, in a vale of flowers,
 Is sleeping rosy at his feet.
 To one who looked from upper air
 O'er all th' enchanted regions there,
 How beauteous must have been the glow,
 The life, the sparkling from below!

* She is seeking an offering which will admit her to Paradise.

Fair gardens, shining streams, with ranks
Of golden melons on their banks,
More golden where the sunlight falls ;—
Gay lizards, glittering on the walls
Of ruined shrines, busy and bright;
As they were all alive with light ;—
And, yet more splendid, numerous flocks
Of pigeons, settling on the rocks,
With their rich restless wings, that gleam
Variously in the crimson beam
Of the warm west,—as if inlaid
With brilliants from the mine, or made
Of fearless rainbows, such as span
Th' unclouded skies of Peristan!
And then, the mingling sounds that come,
Of shepherd's ancient reed, with hum
Of the wild bees of Palestine

Banqueting through the flowery vales;
And, Jordan, those sweet banks of thine,
And woods, so full of nightingales!

But nought can charm the luckless Peri;
Her soul is sad—her wings are weary—
Joyless she sees the sun look down
On that great Temple, once his own,
Whose lonely columns stand sublime,
Flinging their shadows from on high,
Like dials, which the wizard, Time,
Had raised to count his ages by!

Yet haply there may lie concealed
Beneath those chambers of the sun,
Some amulet of gems, annealed,
In upper fires, some tablet sealed
With the great name of Solomon,
Which spelled by her illumined eyes,
May teach her where, beneath the moon,
In earth or ocean, lies the boon,
The charm that can restore so soon
An erring Spirit to the skies!

Cheered by this hope, she bends her
thither ;—

Still laughs the radiant eye of heaven,
Nor have the golden bowers of even
In the rich west begun to wither;
When, o'er the vale of Balbec winging
Slowly, she sees a child at play,
Among the rosy wild flowers singing,
As rosy and as wild as they;
Chasing with eager hands and eyes,
The beautiful blue damsel-flies,
That fluttered round the jasmine-stems
Like winged flowers or flying gems.
And, near the boy, who, tired with play,
Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,
She saw a wearied man dismount
From his hot steed, and on the brink

Of a small imaret's rustic fount
Impatient fling him down to drink.
Then swift his haggard brow he turned
To the fair child, who fearless sat,
Though never yet hath day-beam burned
Upon a brow more fierce than that,—
Sullenly fierce—a mixture dire,
Like thunder-clouds of gloom and fire,
In which the Peri's eye could read
Dark tales of many a ruthless deed;
The ruined maid—the shrine profaned—
Oaths broken—and the threshold stained
With blood of guests!—*there* written all,
Black as the damning drops that fall
From the denouncing Angel's pen,
Ere Mercy weeps them out again!
Yet tranquil now that man of crime
(As if the balmy evening-time
Softened his spirit) looked and lay,
Watching the rosy infant's play;
Though still, when'er his eye by chance
Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance
Met that unclouded joyous gaze,
As torches that have burnt all night
Through some impure and godless rite,
Encounter morning's glorious rays.

But hark! the vesper call to prayer,
As slow the orb of daylight sets,
Is rising sweetly on the air
From Syria's thousand minarets.
The boy has started from the bed
Of flowers, where he had laid his head,
And down upon the fragrant sod
Kneels, with his forehead to the south,
Lisping th' eternal name of God
From purity's own cherub mouth,
And looking, while his hands and eyes
Are lifted to the glowing skies,
Like a stray babe of Paradise,
Just lighted on that flowery plain,
And seeking for its home again! [child—
Oh! 'twas a sight—that heaven—that
A scene which might have well beguiled
E'en haughty Eblis of a sigh
For glories lost and peace gone by!

And how felt *he*, the wretched Man
Reclining there—while memory ran
O'er many a year of guilt and strife,
Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,
Nor found one sunny resting-place,
Nor brought him back one branch of grace?
“There *was* a time,” he said, in mild,
Heart-humbled tones—“thou blessed
child!—

When, young and haply pure as thou,
I looked and prayed like thee; but now—”

He hung his head—each nobler aim
And hope and feeling, which had slept
From boyhood's hour, that instant came
Fresh o'er him, and he wept—he wept!

Blest tears of soul-felt penitence!
In whose benign, redeeming flow
Is felt the first, the only sense
Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.
"There's a drop," said the Peri, "that
down from the moon

Falls through the withering airs of June
Upon Egypt's land, of so healing a power,
So balmy a virtue, that e'en in the hour
That drop descends, contagion dies,
And health reanimates earth and skies!—
Oh! is it not thus, thou man of sin,

The precious tears of repentance fall?
Though foul thy fiery plagues within, [all!]
One heavenly drop hath dispelled them
And now—behold him kneeling there
By the child's side, in humble prayer,
While the same sunbeam shines upon
The guilty and the guiltless one,
And hymns of joy proclaim through heaven
The triumph of a soul forgiven.

'Twas when the golden orb had set,
While on their knees they lingered yet,
There fell a light, more lovely far
Than ever came from sun or star,
Upon the tear that, warm and meek,
Dewed that repentant sinner's cheek:
To mortal eye this light might seem
A northern flash or meteor beam;
But well th' enraptured Peri knew
'Twas a bright smile the Angel threw
From heaven's gate, to hail that tear
Her harbinger of glory near.

"Joy, joy for ever! my task is done—
The gates are passed, and heaven is won!
Oh! am I not happy? I am, I am!

To thee, sweet Eden! how dark and sad
Are the diamond turrets of Shadukiam,
And the fragrant bowers of Amberabad!
Farewell, ye odours of earth, that die,
Passing away like a lover's sigh:
My feast is now of the tooba-tree,
Whose scent is the breath of eternity.

"Farewell, ye vanishing flowers, that shone
In my fairy wreath, so bright and brief:
Oh! what are the brightest that e'er have
blown,

To the lote-tree, springing by Alla's Throne,
Whose flowers have a soul in every leaf?
Joy, joy for ever!—my task is done—
The gates are passed, and heaven is won!"

JAMES HOGG,
(THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD).
1770—1835.

THE RAPTURE OF KILMENY.

BONNY Kilmeny gaed up the glen;
But it wasna to meet Duneira's men,
Nor the rosy monk of the isle to see,
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
It was only to hear the Yorlin sing,
And pu' the cress-flower round the spring;
The scarlet hypp and the hindberryc,
And the nut that hangs frae the hazel-tree;
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
But lang may her minny look o'er the wa',
And lang may she seek i' the green-wood
shaw;
Lang the laird of Duneira blame, [hame.
And lang, lang greet, or Kilmeny come

When many a day had come and fled,
When grief grew calm and hope was dead,
When mass for Kilmeny's soul had been
sung, [dead-bell rung,
When the bedesman had played, and the
Late, late in a gloamin' when all was still,
When the fringe was red on the westlin' hill,
The wood was sere, the moon i' the wane,
The reek o' the cot hung over the plain,
Like a little wee cloud in the world its lane;
When the ingle low'd with an eiry leme,
Late, late in the gloamin' Kilmeny came
hame!

"Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?
Lang hae we sought baith holt and den;
By linn, by ford, by green-wood tree,
Yet you are halesome and fair to see.
Where gat you that joup o' the lily scheen?
That bonny snood o' the birk sae green?
And these roses, the fairest that ever were
seen?

Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?"
Kilmeny looked up with a lovely grace,
But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny's face;
As still was her look, and as still was her e'e,
As the stillness that lay on the emerant lea,
Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless sea.
For Kilmeny had been she knew not where,
And Kilmeny had seen what she could not
declare: [crew,
Kilmeny had been where the cock never
Where the rain never fell, and the wind
never blew; [rung,
But it seemed as the harp of the sky had
And the airs of heaven played round her
tongue,

When she spake of the lovely forms she had
seen,
And a land where sin had never been ;
A land of love and a land of light,
Withouten sun, or moon, or night ;
Where the river swa'd a living stream,
And the light a pure celestial beam :
The land of vision it would seem,
A still, an everlasting dream.
In yon green-wood there is a waik,
And in that waik there is a wene,
And in that wene there is a maik,
That neither has flesh, blood, nor bane ;
And down in yon green-wood he walks
his lane.

In that green wene Kilmeny lay,
Her bosom happ'd wi' the flowerets gay,
But the air was soft, and the silence deep,
And bonny Kilmeny fell sound asleep ;
She kend nae mair, nor opened her e'e,
Till waked by the hymns of a far countrie,
She 'wakened on a couch of the silk sae slim,
All striped wi' the bars of the rainbow's rim ;
And lovely beings round were rife,
Who erst had travelled mortal life ;
And aye they smiled, and 'gan to speer,
"What spirit has brought this mortal
here ?"

They clasped her waist and her hands sae
fair,
They kissed her cheek, and they kemed
her hair,
And round came many a blooming fere,
Saying, "Bonny Kilmeny, ye're welcome
here !

Oh, would the fairest of mortal kind
Aye keep the holy truths in mind
That kindred spirits their motions see,
Who watch their ways with anxious e'e,
And grieve for the guilt of humanitie !
Oh, sweet to Heaven the maiden's prayer,
And the sigh that heaves a bosom sae fair !
And dear to Heaven the words of truth,
And the praise of virtue frae beauty's mouth !
And dear to the viewless forms of air,
The minds that kythe as the body fair !
O bonny Kilmeny ! free frae stain,
If ever you seek the world again—
That world of sin, of sorrow, and fear—
Oh, tell of the joys that are waiting here,
And tell of the signs you shall shortly see ;
Of the times that are now, and the times
that shall be."

They lifted Kilmeny, they led her away,
And she walked in the light of a sunless
day :

The sky was a dome of crystal bright,
The fountain of vision and fountain of
light ;
The emerald fields were of dazzling glow,
And the flowers of everlasting blow.
Then deep in the stream her body they
laid,
That her youth and beauty never might
fade ;
And they smiled on heaven when they saw
her lie
In the stream of life that wandered by.
And she heard a song, and she heard it
sung
She kend not where ; but sae sweetly it
rung,
It fell on her ear like a dream of the morn.

"Oh ! blest be the day Kilmeny was born !
Now shall the land of the spirits see,
Now shall it ken what a woman may be !
The sun that shines on the world sae bright,
A borrowed gleid of the fountain of light ;
And the moon that sleeks the sky sae dun,
Like a gouden bow or a beamless sun,
Shall wear away, and be seen nae mair,
And the angels shall miss them travelling
the air.

But lang, lang after baith night and day,
When the sun and the world have elyed
away,
When the sinner has gane to his waesome
doom,
Kilmeny shall smile in eternal bloom !"

Then Kilmeny begged again to see
The friends she had left in her own countrie,
To tell of the place where she had been,
And the glories that lay in the land unseen ;
To warn the living maidens fair,
The loved of Heaven, the spirits' care,
That all whose minds unmeled remain
Shall bloom in beauty when time is gane.

With distant music, soft and deep,
They lulled Kilmeny sound asleep ;
And when she awakened, she lay her lane,
All happ'd with flowers in the green-wood
wene.

When seven long years were come and
fled,

When grief was calm and hope was dead,
When scarce was remembered Kilmeny's
name,

Late, late in a gloamin' Kilmeny came
hame !

And oh ! her beauty was fair to see,
But still and steadfast was her e'e :

Such beauty bard may never declare,
 For there was no pride nor passion there,
 And the soft desire of maiden's een
 In that mild face could never be seen.
 Her seymar was the lily flower,
 And her cheek the moss-rose in the shower,
 And her voice like the distant melodye
 That floats along the twilight sea.
 But she loved to raikie the lanely glen,
 And keeped afar frae the haunts of men ;
 Her holy hymns unheard to sing,
 To suck the flowers, and drink the spring.
 But wherever her peaceful form appeared,
 The wild beasts of the hill were cheered ;
 The wolf played blithely round the field,
 The lordly bison lowed and kneeled ;
 The dun deer wooed with manner bland,
 And cowered aneath her lily hand.
 And when at even the woodlands rung,
 When hymns of other worlds she sung
 In ecstasy of sweet devotion,
 Oh, then the glen was all in motion !
 The wild beasts of the forest came,
 Broke from their bughts and faulds the
 tame,

And goved around, charmed and amazed :
 Even the dull cattle crooned and gazed,
 And murmured, and looked with anxious
 pain

For something the mystery to explain.
 The buzzard came with the throstle-cock ;
 The corby left her houf in the rock ;
 The blackbird along wi' the eagle flew ;
 The hind came tripping o'er the dew ;
 The wolf and the kid their raikie began,
 And the tod, and the lamb, and the leveret
 ran ;
 The hawk and the hern attour them hung,
 And the merl and the mavis forhooyed
 their young ;
 And all in a peaceful ring were hurled ;—
 It was like an eve in a sinless world !

When a month and a day had come and
 gane,

Kilmeny sought the green-wood wene ;
 There laid her down on the leaves sae green,
 And Kilmeny on earth was never mair seen.
 But oh, the words that fell from her mouth
 Were words of wonder and words of truth !
 But all the land were in fear and dread,
 For they kendna whether she was living or
 dead ;

It wasna her hame, and she couldna remain ;
 She left this world of sorrow and pain,
 And returned to the Land of Thought again.

—:O:—

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

1771—1832.

THE WATER-SPIRIT.

WHAT I am I must not show,
 What I am thou couldst not know,—
 Something betwixt heaven and hell,
 Something that neither stood nor fell,
 Something that through thy wit or will
 May work thee good—may work thee ill.
 Neither substance quite, nor shadow,
 Haunting lonely moor and meadow,
 Dancing by the haunted spring,
 Riding on the whirlwind's wing ;
 Aping in fantastic fashion
 Every change of human passion,
 While o'er our frozen minds they pass,
 Like shadows from the mirrored glass.
 Wayward, fickle is our mood,
 Hovering betwixt bad and good ;
 Happier than brief-dated man,
 Living ten times o'er his span ;
 Far less happy, for we have
 Help nor hope beyond the grave.

—:O:—

LORD BYRON.

1788—1824.

ALP'S VISION.

THERE is a temple in ruin stands,
 Fashioned by long-forgotten hands ;
 Two or three columns, and many a stone,
 Marble and granite, with grass o'ergrown.
 Out upon Time ! it will leave no more
 Of the things to come than the things before !
 Out upon Time ! who for ever will leave
 But enough of the past for the future to
 grieve [which must be :
 O'er that which hath been, and o'er that
 What we have seen, our sons shall see,—
 Remnants of things that have passed away,
 Fragments of stone, reared by creatures of
 clay !

He sate him down at a pillar's base,
 And passed his hand athwart his face ;
 Like one in dreary musing mood,
 Declining was his attitude ;
 His head was drooping on his breast,
 Fevered, throbbing, and opprest ;
 And o'er his brow, so downward bent,
 Oft his beating fingers went

Hurriedly, as you may see
 Your own run over the ivory key,
 Ere the measured tone is taken
 By the chords you would awaken.
 There he sate all heavily,
 As he heard the night wind sigh.
 Was it the wind, through some hollow
 stone,
 Sent that soft and tender moan?
 He lifted his head, and he looked on the
 sea,
 But it was unrippled as glass may be;
 He looked on the long grass—it waved
 not a blade;
 How was that gentle sound conveyed?
 He looked to the banners—each flag
 lay still,
 So did the leaves on Cithæron's hill,
 And he felt not a breath come over his
 cheek:
 What did that sudden sound bespeak?
 He turned to the left—is he sure of sight?
 There sate a lady, youthful and bright!

He started up with more of fear
 Than if an armed foe were near.
 "God of my fathers! what is here?
 Who art thou, and wherefore sent
 So near a hostile armament?"
 His trembling hands refused to sign
 The cross he deemed no more divine:
 He had resumed it in that hour,
 But conscience wrung away the power.
 He gazed—he saw; he knew the face
 Of beauty and the form of grace;
 It was Francesca by his side,
 The maid who might have been his
 bride!

The rose was yet upon her cheek,
 But mellowed with a tenderer streak:
 Where was the play of her soft lips fled?
 Gone was the smile that enlivened their
 red.
 The ocean's calm within their view,
 Beside her eye, had less of blue;
 But like that cold wave it stood still,
 And its glance, though clear, was chill.
 Around her form a thin robe twining,
 Nought concealed her bosom shining;
 Through the parting of her hair,
 Floating darkly downward there,
 Her rounded arm showed white and bare;
 And ere yet she made reply,
 Once she raised her hand on high;
 It was so wan and transparent of hue,
 You might have seen the moon shine
 through,

"I come from my rest to him I love best,
 That I may be happy, and he may be blest.
 I have passed the guards, the gate, the
 wall,
 Sought thee in safety through foes and all;
 'Tis said the lion will turn and flee
 From a maid in the pride of her purity;
 And the Power on high that can shield the
 good
 Thus from the tyrant of the wood,
 Hath extended its mercy to guard me as
 well
 From the hands of the leaguering infidel.
 I come—and if I come in vain,
 Never, oh, never, we meet again!
 Thou hast done a fearful deed
 In falling away from thy fathers' creed;
 But dash that turban to earth, and sign
 The sign of the cross, and for ever be mine;
 Wring the black drop from thy heart,
 And to-morrow unites us no more to part."

"And where should our bridal couch be
 spread?
 In the midst of the dying and the dead?
 For to-morrow we give to the slaughter
 and flame ^{[name.}
 The sons and the shrines of the Christian
 None, save thou and thine, I've sworn,
 Shall be left upon the morn;
 But thee will I bear to a lovely spot,
 Where our hands shall be joined, and our
 sorrow forgot.
 There thou yet shalt be my bride,
 When once again I've quelled the pride
 Of Venice; and her hated race
 Have felt the arm they would debase
 Scourge, with the whip of scorpions, those
 Whom vice and envy made my foes."

Upon his hand she laid her own—
 Light was the touch, but it thrilled to the
 bone,
 And shot a chillness to his heart,
 Which fixed him beyond the power to start.
 Though slight was that grasp, so mortal
 cold,
 He could not loose him from its hold;
 But never did clasp of one so dear
 Strike on the pulse with such feeling of fear,
 As those thin fingers, long and white,
 Froze through his blood by their touch that
 night.
 The feverish glow of his brow was gone,
 And his heart sank so still that it felt like
 stone, ^{[hue,}
 As he looked on the face, and beheld its
 So deeply changed from what he knew:

Fair but faint—without the ray
 Of mind that made each feature play
 Like sparkling waves on a sunny day;
 And her motionless lips lay still as death,
 And her words came forth without her
 breath, [swell,
 And there rose not a heave o'er her bosom's
 And there seemed not a pulse in her veins
 to dwell.
 Though her eye shone out, yet the lids
 were fixed,
 And the glance that it gave was wild, and
 unmixed [seem
 With aught of change, as the eyes may
 Of the restless who walk in a troubled
 dream; [glare,
 Like the figures on arras, that gloomily
 Stirred by the breath of the wintry air,
 So seen by the dying lamp's fitful light,
 Lifeless, but lifelike, and awful to sight;
 As they seem, through the dimness, about
 to come down [frown;
 From the shadowy wall where their images
 Fearfully flitting to and fro,
 As the gusts on the tapestry come and go.

"If not for love of me be given
 Thus much, then for the love of Heaven,
 Again I say, that turban tear
 From off thy faithless brow, and swear
 Thine injured country's sons to spare.
 Or thou art lost; and ne'er shalt see—
 Not earth, that's past—but heaven or
 If this thou dost accord, albeit [me.
 A heavy doom 'tis thine to meet,
 That doom shall half absolve thy sin,
 And mercy's gate may receive thee within.
 But pause one moment more, and take
 The curse of Him thou didst forsake;
 And look once more to heaven, and see
 Its love for ever shut from thee.
 There is a light cloud by the moon,—
 'Tis passing, and will pass full soon,—
 If by the time its vapoury sail
 Hath ceased her shaded orb to veil,
 Thy heart within thee is not changed,
 Then God and man are both avenged,
 Dark will thy doom be, darker still
 Thine immortality of ill."

Alp looked to heaven, and saw on high
 The sign she spake of in the sky,
 But his heart was swollen and turned aside
 By deep interminable pride;
 This first false passion of his breast,
 Rolled like a torrent o'er the rest.
He sue for mercy! He dismayed
 By the wild words of a timid maid!

He, wronged by Venice, vow to save
 Her sons devoted to the grave!
 No—though that cloud were thunder's
 worst,
 And charged to crush him—let it burst!

He looked upon it earnestly,
 Without an accent of reply,
 He watched it passing; it is flown!
 Full on his eye the clear moon shone:
 And thus he spake: "Whate'er my fate,
 I am no changeling, 'tis too late.
 The reed in storms may bow and quiver,
 Then rise again; the tree must shiver,
 What Venice made me I must be,
 Her foe in all save love to thee;
 But thou art safe. Oh, fly with me!"
 He turned to her, but she is gone!
 Nothing is there but the column stone.
 Hath she sunk in the earth, or melted
 in air?
 He saw not, he knew not; but nothing
 is there.

—:O:—

THOMAS HOOD.

1798—1845.

TIME AND THE FAIRIES.

Time is advancing to destroy the Fairies. He pauses to whet his scythe, and they thus entreat his pity. They are ultimately saved by Shakespeare. The following extracts are given from this poem.

PITY it was to hear the elfins' wail,
 Rise up in concert from their mingled dread;
 Pity it was to see them, all so pale,
 Gaze on the grass as for a dying bed;
 But Puck was seated on a spider's thread,
 That hung between two branches of a briar,
 And 'gan to swing and gambol heels o'er
 head,
 Like any Southwark tumbler on a wire,
 For him no present grief could long inspire.

Meanwhile the Queen, with many piteous
 drops,
 Falling like tiny sparks full fast and free,
 Bedews a pathway from her throne; and
 stops
 Before the foot of her arch enemy,
 And with her little arms enfolds his knee,
 That shows more grisly from that fair
 embrace; [she,
 But she will ne'er depart. "Alas!" quoth

"My painful fingers I will here enlace
Till I have gained your pity for our race.

"What have we ever done to earn this
grudge, [hating?]
And hate—if not too humble for thy
Look o'er our labours and our lives, and
judge

If there be any ills of our creating:
For we are very kindly creatures, dating
With nature's charities still sweet and
bland:

Oh, think this murder worthy of debating."
Herewith she makes a signal with her hand,
To beckon some one from the Fairy band.

Anon I saw one of those elfin things
Clad all in white like any chorister,
Come fluttering forth on his melodious
wings,

That made soft music at each little stir,
But something louder than a bee's demur
Before he 'lights upon a bunch of broom,
And thus 'gan he with Saturn to confer,—
And oh, his voice was sweet, touched with
the gloom

Of that sad theme that argued of his doom!

Quoth he, "We make all melodies our care,
That no false discords may offend the Sun,
Music's great master—tuning everywhere
All pastoral sounds and melodies, each one
Duly to place and season, so that none
May harshly interfere. We rouse at morn
The shrill sweet lark; and when the day is
done,

Hush silent pauses for the bird forlorn,
That singeth with her breast against a
thorn.

"We gather in loud choirs the twittering
race,
That make a chorus with their single note;
And tend on new-fledged birds in every
place,

That duly they may get their tunes by rote;
And oft, like echoes answering remote,
We hide in thickets from the feathered
throng, [throat,
And strain in rivalry each throbbing
Singing in shrill responses all day long,
Whilst the glad truant listens to our song.

"Wherefore, great King of Years, as thou
dost love

The raining music from a morning cloud,
When vanished larks are carolling above,
To wake Apollo with their pipings loud;

If ever thou hast heard in leafy shroud
The sweet and plaintive Sappho of the dell,
Show thy sweet mercy on this little crowd,
And we will muffle up the sheepfold bell
Whene'er thou listenest to Philomel."

Then Saturn thus:—"Sweet is the merry
lark,

That carols in man's ear so clear and strong;
And youth must love to listen in the dark
That tuneful elegy of Tereus' wrong;
But I have heard that ancient strain too long,
For sweet is sweet but when a little strange,
And I grow weary for some newer song;
For wherefore had I wings, unless to range
Through all things mutable from change
to change?

"But wouldst thou hear the melodies of
Time,

Listen when sleep and drowsy darkness roll
Over hushed cities, and the midnight chime
Sounds from their hundred clocks, and deep
bells toll

Like a last knell over the dead world's soul,
Saying, Time shall be final of all things,
Whose late, last voice must elegeize the
whole,— [wings,

Oh, then I clap aloft my brave broad
And make the wide air tremble while it
rings!"

Then next a fair Eve-Fay made meek ad-
dress,

Saying, "We be the handmaids of the
Spring,

In sign whereof, May, the quaint broderess,
Hath wrought her samplers on our gauzy
wing.

We tend upon buds' birth and blossoming,
And count the leafy tributes that they owe—
As, so much to the earth—so much to fling
In showers to the brook—so much to go
In whirlwinds to the clouds that made them
grow.

"The pastoral cowslips are our little pets,
And daisy stars, whose firmament is green;
Pansies, and those veiled nuns, meek
violets, [they screen:
Sighing to that warm world from which
And golden daffodils, plucked for May's
Queen;

And lonely harebells, quaking on the heath;
And Hyacinth, long since a fair youth seen,
Whose tuneful voice turned fragrance in
his breath,
Kissed by sad Zephyr, guilty of his death.

"The widowed primrose weeping to the moon,
 And saffron crocus in whose chalice bright,
 A cool libation hoarded for the noon
 Is kept—and she that purifies the light,
 The virgin lily, faithful to her white,
 Whereon Eve wept in Eden for her shame;
 And the most dainty rose, Aurora's spright,
 Our very godchild, by whatever name,—
 Spare us our lives, for we did nurse the same!"

Then that old Mower stamped his heel,
 and struck
 His hurtful scythe against the harmless
 ground,
 Saying, "Ye foolish imps, when am I stuck
 With gaudy buds, or like a wooer crowned
 With flowery chaplets, save when they are
 found
 Withered?—Whenever have I plucked a
 rose,
 Except to scatter its vain leaves around?
 For so all gloss of beauty I oppose,
 And bring decay on every flower that blows,

"Or when am I so wroth as when I view
 'The wanton pride of Summer,—how she
 decks
 The birthday world with blossoms ever new,
 As if Time had not lived, and heaped great
 wrecks
 Of years on years?—Oh, then I bravely vex
 And catch the gay months in their gaudy
 plight,
 And slay them with the wreaths about their
 necks,
 Like foolish heifers in the holy rite,
 And raise great trophies to my ancient
 might."

—o—

THE BABE AND THE GRASS- HOPPERS.

—WITH the hoary Shape a fresh tongue
 pleads,
 And red as rose the gentle Fairy blushed
 To read the record of her own good deeds.
 "It chanced," quoth she, "in seeking
 through the meads
 For honeyed cowslips, sweetest in the
 morn,
 Whilst yet the buds were hung with dewy
 beads,
 And Echo answered to the huntsman's
 horn,
 We found a babe left in the swarths forlorn.

"A little, sorrowful, deserted thing,
 Begot of love, and yet no love begetting,
 Guiltless of shame, and yet for shame to
 wring;
 And too soon banished from a mother's
 petting,
 To churlish nurture and the wide world's
 fretting,
 For alien pity and unnatural care;
 Alas! to see how the cold dew kept wetting
 His childish coats, and dabbled all his hair,
 Like gossamers across his forehead fair.

"His pretty pouting mouth, witless of
 speech,
 Lay half-way open like a rose-lipped shell;
 And his young cheek was softer than a peach,
 Whereon his tears, for roundness, could
 not dwell, [fell,
 But quickly rolled themselves to pearls, and
 Some on the grass, and some against his
 hand,
 Or haply wandered to the dimpled well
 Which love beside his mouth had sweetly
 planned,
 Yet not for tears, but mirth and smilings
 bland.

"Pity it was to see those frequent tears
 Falling regardless from his friendless eyes;
 There was such beauty in those twin blue
 spheres,
 As any mother's heart might leap to prize;
 Blue were they, like the zenith of the skies
 Softened betwixt two clouds, both clear
 and mild;
 Just touched with thought, and yet not
 over-wise,
 They showed the gentle spirit of a child,
 Not yet by care or any craft defiled.

"Pity it was to see the ardent sun
 Scorching his helpless limbs—it shone so
 warm;
 For kindly shade or shelter he had none,
 Nor mother's gentle breast, come fair or
 storm. [form
 Meanwhile I bade my pitying mates trans-
 Like grasshoppers, and then, with shrilly
 cries,
 All round the infant noisily we swarm,
 Haply some passing rustic to advise—
 Whilst providential Heaven our care espies,

"And sends full soon a tender-hearted hind,
 Who, wondering at our loud unusual note,
 Strays curiously aside, and so doth find
 The orphan child laid in the grass remote,

And laps the foundling in his russet coat,
 Who thence was nurtured in his kindly cot;
 But how he prospered let proud London
 quote, [got,
 How wise, how rich, and how renowned he
 And chief of all her citizens, I wot.

"Witness his goodly vessels on the Thames,
 Whose holds were fraught with costly
 merchandise—

Jewels from Ind, and pearls for courtly
 dames,

And gorgeous silks that Samarcand
 supplies:

Witness that Royal Bourse he bade arise,
 The mart of merchants from the East and
 West,

Whose slender summit, pointing to the skies,
 Still bears, in token of his grateful breast,
 The tender grasshopper, his chosen crest—

"The tender grasshopper, his chosen crest,
 That all the summer, with a tuneful wing,
 Makes merry chirpings in its grassy nest,
 Inspirited with dew to leap and sing:

So let us also live, eternal King!

Partakers of the green and pleasant earth.

Pity it is to slay the meanest thing

That, like a mote, shines in the smile of
 mirth:

Enough there is of joy's decrease and
 dearth!

"Enough of pleasure, and delight, and
 beauty

Perished and gone, and hasting to decay;

Enough to sadden even thee, whose duty

Or spite it is to havoc and to slay:

Too many a lovely race razed quite away,

Hath left large gaps in life and human

loving:

Here, then, begin thy cruel war to stay,

And spare fresh sighs, and tears, and groans,

reproving

Thy desolating hand for our removing."

—:O:—

LEIGH HUNT.

1784—1859.

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase)
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of
 peace,

And saw within the moonlight in his room,
 Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,

An Angel writing in a book of gold:—
 Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem
 bold,

And to the Presence in the room he said,
 "What writest thou?"—The Vision raised
 its head,

And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
 Answered, "The names of those who love
 the Lord."

"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay,
 not so,"

Replied the Angel. Abou spoke more low,
 But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee,
 then,

Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The Angel wrote, and vanished. The next
 night

It came again with a great wakening light,
 And showed the names whom love of God
 had blessed,

And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the
 [rest.

—:O:—

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

1801—1839.

CHILDHOOD AND HIS VISITORS.

ONCE on a time, when sunny May
 Was kissing up the April showers,
 I saw fair CHILDHOOD hard at play
 Upon a bank of blushing flowers;
 Happy,—he knew not whence or how;
 And smiling,—who could choose but
 love him?

For not more glad than CHILDHOOD'S
 brow
 Was the blue heaven that beamed above
 him.

Old TIME, in most appalling wrath,
 That valley's green repose invaded;
 The brooks grew dry upon his path,
 The birds were mute, the lilies faded;
 But Time so swiftly winged his flight,
 In haste a Grecian tomb to batter,
 That CHILDHOOD watched his paper kite,
 And knew just nothing of the matter.

With curling lip and glancing eye,
 GUILT gazed upon the scene a minute,
 But CHILDHOOD'S glance of purity
 Had such a holy spell within it,

That the dark demon to the air
 Spread forth again his baffled pinion,
 And hid his envy and despair,
 Self-tortured, in his own dominion.

Then stepped a gloomy phantom up,
 Pale, cypress-crowned, NIGHT's awful
 daughter,
 And proffered him a fearful cup,
 Full to the brim of bitter water:
 Poor CHILDHOOD bade her tell her name,
 And when the beldame muttered "SOR-
 ROW,"
 He said,—“Don't interrupt my game;
 I'll taste it, if I must, to-morrow.”

The Muse of Pindus thither came,
 And wooed him with the softest numbers
 That ever scattered wealth and fame
 Upon a youthful poet's slumbers;
 Though sweet the music of the lay,
 To CHILDHOOD it was all a riddle,
 And “Oh,” he cried, “do send away
 That noisy woman with the fiddle.”

Then Wisdom stole his bat and ball,
 And taught him, with most sage endea-
 vour,

Why bubbles rise, and acorns fall,
 And why no toy may last for ever:
 She talked of all the wondrous laws
 Which Nature's open book discloses,
 And CHILDHOOD, ere she made a pause
 Was fast asleep among the roses.

Sleep on, sleep on!—Oh! Manhood's
 dreams

Are all of earthly pain or pleasure,
 Of Glory's toils, Ambition's schemes,
 Of cherished love, or hoarded treasure:
 But to the couch where CHILDHOOD lies
 A more delicious trance is given
 Lit up by rays from Seraph-eyes,
 And glimpses of remembered heaven!

—:O:—

LETITIA E. LANDON.

1802—1838.

THE DYING CHILD.

“OH, mother! what brings music here?
 Now listen to the song—
 So soft, so sweet, so beautiful,
 The night winds bear along.”

“My child, I only hear the wind
 As with a mournful sound,
 It wanders 'mid the old oak-trees,
 And strews their leaves around.”

And dimmer grew his heavy eyes,
 His face more deadly fair,
 And down dropped from his infant hand
 His book of infant prayer.

“I know it now, my mother dear,
 That song for me is given:
 It is the angels' choral hymn
 That welcomes me to heaven.”

—O—

THE LITTLE SHROUD.

SHE put him on a snow-white shroud,
 A chaplet on his head;
 And gathered early primroses
 To scatter o'er the dead.

She laid him in his little grave,
 'Twas hard to lay him there
 When spring was putting forth its flowers,
 And everything was fair.

She had lost many children—now
 The last of them was gone,
 And day and night she sat and wept
 Beside the funeral stone.

One midnight, while her constant tears
 Were falling with the dew,
 She heard a voice, and lo! her child
 Stood by her, weeping too!

His shroud was damp, his face was white,
 He said, “I cannot sleep,
 Your tears have made my shroud so wet,
 Oh, mother, do not weep!”

Oh, love is strong!—the mother's heart
 Was filled with tender fears;
 Oh, love is strong!—and for her child
 Her grief restrained its tears.

One eve a light shone round her bed,
 And there she saw him stand
 Her infant in his little shroud,
 A taper in his hand.

“Lo! mother, see my shroud is dry,
 And I can sleep once more!”
 And beautiful the parting smile
 The little infant wore!

And down within the silent grave
 He laid his weary head,
 And soon the early violets,
 Grew o'er his grassy bed.

The mother went her household ways
 Again she knelt in prayer,
 And only asked of Heaven its aid
 Her heavy lot to bear.

—:O:—

CHARLES LAMB.

1775—1834.

ANGEL HELP.

[“Suggested by a drawing in the possession of Charles Aders, Esq., in which is represented the legend of a poor female saint who, having spun past midnight, to maintain a bedridden mother, has fallen asleep from fatigue, and angels are finishing her work. In another part of the chamber, an angel is tending a lily, the emblem of purity.”]

THIS rare tablet doth include
 Poverty with Sanctitude.
 Past midnight this poor Maid hath spun,
 And yet the work is not half done,
 Which must supply from earnings scant
 A feeble bedrid parent's want.
 Her sleep-charged eyes exemption ask,
 And holy hands take up the task;
 Unseen the rock and spindle ply,
 And do her earthly drudgery.
 Sleep, saintly poor one, sleep, sleep on;
 And, waking, find thy labours done.
 Perchance she knows it by her dreams;
 Her eye hath caught the golden gleams,
 Angelic presence testifying,
 That round her everywhere are flying;
 Ostents from which she may presume
 That much of Heaven is in the room.
 Skirting her own bright hair they run,
 And to the sunny add more sun:
 Now on that aged face they fix,
 Streaming from the Crucifix;
 The flesh-clogged spirit disabusing,
 Death-disarming sleeps infusing,
 Prelibations, foretastes high,
 And equal thoughts to live or die.
 Gardener bright from Eden's bower,
 Tend with care that lily flower;
 To its leaves and root infuse
 Heaven's sunshine, Heaven's dew.

'Tis a type, and 'tis a pledge,
 Of a crowning privilege.
 Careful as that lily flower,
 This maid must keep her precious dower;
 Live a sainted Maid, or die
 Martyr to virginity.

Virtuous poor ones, sleep, sleep on,
 And waking find your labours done.

—:O:—

WILLIAM MORRIS.

THE GOLDEN APPLES.

Hercules, accompanied by Nereus, goes to obtain the golden apples from the garden of the Hesperides. They are followed by two of the mariners of the ship which conveyed them there.

So on they* went; the many birds sang
 sweet [above,
 Through all that blossomed thicket from
 And unknown flowers bent down before
 their feet;

The very air, cleft by the grey-winged dove,
 Throbbed with sweet scent, and smote
 their souls with love; [before
 Slowly they went till those twain stayed
 A strangely wrought and iron covered door.

They stayed, too, till o'er noise of wind and
 bird [shout
 And falling flower, there rang a mighty
 As the Strong Man his steel-bound club
 upreared, [stout
 And drove it 'gainst the hammered iron
 Where 'neath his blows flew bolt and rivet
 out,
 Till shattered on the ground the great
 door lay
 And into the guarded place bright poured
 the day.

The Strong Man entered, but his fellow
 stayed [deemed.
 Leaning against a tree-trunk as they
 They faltered now, and yet all things being
 weighed
 Went on again; and thought they must
 have dreamed
 Of the old man, for now the sunlight
 streamed
 Full on the tree he had been leaning on,
 And him they saw not go, yet was he gone.

* The mariners.

Only a slim green lizard flitted there
Amidst the dry leaves; him they noted
nought, [to peer,
But, trembling, through the doorway 'gan
And still of strange and dreadful saw not
aught,

Only a garden fair beyond all thought.
And there, 'twixt sun and shade, the Strong
Man went
On some long-sought-for end belike intent.

They 'gan to follow down a narrow way
Of greensward, that the lilies trembled o'er,
And whereon thick the scattered rose-leaves
lay; [sore,

But a great wonder weighed upon them
And well they thought they should return
no more; [to meet

Yet scarce a pain that seemed; they looked
Before they died things strange and fair
and sweet.

[thrust
So, still to right and left the Strong Man
The blossomed boughs, and passed on
steadily, [trust,

As though his hardy heart he well did
Till in a while he gave a joyous cry,

And hastened on, as though the end drew
nigh; [they heard,

And women's voices then they deemed
Mixed with a noise that made desire afear'd.

Yet through sweet scents and sounds on
did they bear [now

Their panting hearts, till the path ended
In a wide space of green, a streamlet clear
From out a marble basin there did flow,
And close by that a slim-trunked tree did
grow,

And on a bough low o'er the water cold
There hung three apples of red-gleaming
gold.

About the tree, new risen e'en now to meet
The shining presence of that mighty one,
Three damsels stood, naked from head to
feet,

Save for the glory of their hair, where sun
And shadow flickered, while the wind did
run [shook the grass,

Through the green leaves o'erhead, and
Where nigh their feet the wandering bee
did pass.

[around
But 'midst their delicate limbs and all
The tree-roots, gleaming blue-black could
they see [wound

The spires of a great serpent, that, en-
About the smooth bole, looked forth
threateningly,

With glittering eyes and raised crest, o'er
the three

Fair heads fresh crowned, and hissed above
the speech [each.

Wherewith they murmured softly each to

Now the Strong Man amid the green space
stayed,

And, leaning on his club, with eager eyes
But brow yet smooth, in voice yet friendly
said:

"O daughters of old Hesperus the Wise,
Well have ye held your guard here; but
time tries

The very will of gods, and to my hand
Must give this day the gold fruit of your
land."

[west wind
Then spake the first maid,—sweet as the
Amidst of summer noon her sweet voice
was:

'Ah, me! what knows this place of chang-
ing mind

Of men or gods; here shall long ages pass,
And clean forget thy feet upon the grass,
Thy hapless bones amid the fruitful mould;
Look at thy death, envenomed, swift, and
cold!"

Hiding new flowers, the dull coils, as she
spake, [one,

Moved near her limbs: but then the second
In such a voice as when the morn doth
wake [foredone

To song of birds, said, "When the world
Has moaned its last, still shall we dwell
alone [tell

Beneath this bough, and have no tales to
Of things deemed great that on the earth
befell."

Then spake the third, in voice as of the
flute [morn:

That wakes the maiden on her wedding
"If any god should gain our golden fruit,
Its curse would make his deathless life for-
lorn; [born;

Lament thou, then, that ever thou wert
Yet all things, changed by joy or loss, or
pain, [again."

To what they were shall change and change

"So be it," he said; "the Fates that drive
me on [curse,

Shall slay me or shall save; blessing or
That followeth after when the thing is won,
Shall make my work no better now, nor
worse;

And if it be that the world's heart must
nurse
Hatred against me, how then shall I choose
To leave or take?—let your dread servant
loose!"

E'en therewith, like a pillar of black smoke,
Swift, shifting ever, drave the worm at him:
In deadly silence now that nothing broke,
Its folds were writhing round him trunk
and limb, [dim
Until his glittering gear was nought but
E'en in that sunshine; while his head and
side
And breast, the fork-tongued, pointed
muzzle tried.

Closer the coils drew, quicker all about
The forked tongue darted, and yet stiff he
stood

E'en as an oak that sees the straw flare out,
And lick its ancient bole for little good;
Until the god-like fury of his mood [cry
Burst from his heart in one great shattering
And rattling down the loosened coils did
lie;

And from the torn throat and crushed
dreadful head [grass:
Forth flowed a stream of blood along the
Bright in the sun he stood above the dead,
Panting with fury; yet as ever was
The wont of him, soon did his anger pass,
And with a happy smile at last he turned
To where the apples o'er the water burned.

Silent and moveless ever stood the three;
No change came o'er their faces, as his
hand

Was stretched aloft unto the sacred tree;
Nor shrank they aught aback, though he
did stand

So close that tresses of their bright hair
fanned [him,

By the sweet garden breeze, lay light on
And his gold fell brushed by them breast
and limb.

He drew adown the wind-stirred bough,
and took

The apples thence; then let it spring away,
And from his brow the dark hair backward
shook,

And said, "O sweet, O fair, and shall this day
A curse upon my life henceforward lay—
This day alone? Methinks of coming life
Somewhat I know, with all its loss and
strife.

"But this, I know, at least: the world shall
wend

Upon its way, and, gathering joy and grief
And deeds done, bear them with it to the
end;

So shall it, though I lie as last year's leaf
Lies 'neath a summer tree, at least receive
My life gone by, and store it, with the gain
That men alive call striving, wrong, and
pain.

"So for my part I rather bless than curse
And bless this fateful land; good be with
it; [worse,

Nor for this deadly thing's death is it
Nor for the lack of gold; still shall ye sit
Watching the swallow o'er the daisies flit;
Still shall your wandering limbs ere day is
done

Make dawn desired by the sinking sun.

"And now behold! in memory of all this,
Take ye this girdle that shall waste and fade
As fadeth not your fairness and your bliss,
That when hereafter, 'mid the blossoms
laid,

Ye talk of days and men now nothing made,
Ye may remember how the Theban man,
The Son of Jove, came o'er the waters wan."

Their faces changed not aught for all they
heard;

As though all things now fully told out
were,

They gazed upon him without any word:
Ah! craving kindness, hope, or loving care
Their fairness scarcely could have made
more fair,

As with the apples folded in his fell,
He went, to do more deeds for folk to tell.

—:O:—

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

THE FORSAKEN MERMAN.

COME, dear children, let us away;
Down and away below.

Now my brothers call from the bay;
Now the great winds shorewards blow;
Now the salt tides seawards flow;
Now the wild white horses play,
Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.

Children dear, let us away.
This way, this way.

Call her once before you go.

Call once yet.

In a voice that she will know:

"Margaret! Margaret!"

Children's voices should be dear

(Call once more) to a mother's ear:

Children's voices, wild with pain.

Surely she will come again.

Call her once and come away.

This way, this way.

"Mother dear, we cannot stay."

The wild white horses foam and fret.

Margaret! Margaret!

Come, dear children, come away down.

Call no more.

One last look at the white-walled town,

And the little grey church on the windy shore.

'Then come down.

She will not come though you call all day.

Come away, come away.

Children dear, was it yesterday

We heard the sweet bells over the bay?

In the caverns where we lay,

Through the surf and through the swell,

The far-off sound of a silver bell?

Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,

Where the winds are all asleep;

Where the spent lights quiver and gleam;

Where the salt weed sways in the stream;

Where the sea-beasts ranged all round

Feed in the ooze of their pasture-ground;

Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,

Dry their mail and bask in the brine;

Where great whales come shoaling by,

Sail and sail, with unshut eye,

Round the world for ever and aye?

When did music come this way?

Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, was it yesterday

(Call yet once) that she went away?

Once she sate with you and me,

On a red-gold throne in the heart of the sea,

And the youngest sate on her knee.

She combed its bright hair, and she tended it well, [bell.

When down swung the sound of the far-off

She sighed, she looked up through the clear green sea.

She said, "I must go, for my kinsfolk pray

In the little grey church on the shore to-day.

'Twill be Easter-time in the world—ah me!

And I lose my poor soul, Merman, here with thee."

I said, "Go up, dear heart, through the waves;

Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea caves." [in the bay.

She smiled, she went up through the surf

Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, were we long alone

"The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan; [say.

Long prayers," I said, "in the world they

Come," I said; and we rose through the

surf in the bay.

We went up the beach, by the sandy down

Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white-walled town,

Through the narrow paved streets, where all was still,

To the little grey church on the windy hill.

From the church came a murmur of folk at their prayers, [airs.

But we stood without in the cold blowing

We climbed on the graves, on the stones worn with rains,

And we gazed up the aisle through the small leaded panes.

She sate by the pillar; we saw her clear:

"Margaret, h!st! come quick, we are here.

Dear heart," I said, "we are long alone.

The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan."

But, ah! she gave me never a look,

For her eyes were sealed to the holy book.

"Loud prays the priest; shut stands the door."

Come away, children, call no more.

Come away, come down, call no more.

Down, down, down.

Down to the depths of the sea.

She sits at her wheel in the humming town,

Singing most joyfully.

Hark, what she sings, "O joy, O joy,

For the humming street, and the child with its toy. [well.

For the priest, and the bell, and the holy

For the wheel where I spun,

And the blessed light of the sun."

And so she sings her fill,

Singing most joyfully,

Till the shuttle falls from her hand,

And the whizzing wheel stands still.

She steals to the window, and looks at the sand;

And over the sand at the sea;

And her eyes are set in a stare;

And anon there breaks a sigh,

And anon there drops a tear

From a sorrow-clouded eye,
 And a heart sorrow-laden,
 A long, long sigh.
 For the cold strange eyes of a little Mer-
 maiden,
 And the gleam of her golden hair.
 Come away, away, children.
 Come, children, come down.
 The hoarse wind blows colder;
 Lights shine in the town.
 She will start from her slumber
 When gusts shake the door;
 She will hear the winds howling,
 Will hear the waves roar.
 We shall see, while above us
 The waves roar and whirl,
 A ceiling of amber,
 A pavement of pearl.
 Singing, "Here came a mortal,
 But faithless was she.
 And alone dwell for ever
 The kings of the sea."

But, children, at midnight,
 When soft the winds blow;
 When clear falls the moonlight;
 When spring-tides are low:
 When sweet airs come seaward
 From heaths starred with broom;
 And high rocks throw mildly
 On the blanched sands a gloom:
 Up the still, glistening beaches,
 Up the creeks we will hie;
 Over banks of bright seaweed
 The ebb-tide leaves dry.
 We will gaze, from the sand-hills,
 At the white sleeping town;
 At the church on the hill-side—
 And then come back down.
 Singing, "There dwells a loved one,
 But cruel is she.
 She left lonely for ever
 The kings of the sea."

—:o:—

DORA GREENWELL.

DEMETER AND CORA.

"SPEAK, daughter, speak; art speaking
 now?"
 "Seek, mother, seek; art seeking thou
 Thy dear-loved Cora?" "Daughter sweet,
 I bend unto the earth my ear
 To catch the sound of coming feet;

I listen long, but only hear
 The deep, dark waters running clear."
 "O my great mother, now the heat
 Of thy strong heart in thickened beat
 Hath reached thy Cora in her gloom.
 Is't well with thee, my mother—tell?"
 "Is't well with thee, my daughter?" "Well
 Or ill I know not; I through fate
 Queen of a wide unmeasured tomb
 Know not if it be love or hate
 That holds me fast, but I am bound
 For ever! What if I am found
 Of thee, my mother, still the bars
 Are round me, and the girdling night
 Hath passed within my soul! the stars
 Have risen on me, but the light
 Hath gone for ever." "Daughter, tell,
 Doth thy dark lord, the King of Hell,
 Still love thee?" "Oh, too well, too well
 He loves! he binds with unwrought chain.
 I was not born to be thy mate,
 Aïdes! nor the queen of pain:
 I was thy daughter Cora, vowed
 To gladness in thy world above,
 I loved the daffodil, I love
 All lovely, free, and gentle things
 Beloved of thee! a sound of wings
 Is with me in captivity
 Of birds, and bees, with her that sings
 The shrill Cicala, ever gay
 In noon's white heat." "But, daughter, say,
 Dost love Aïdes?" "Now, too bold
 Thy question, mother; this be told,
 I leave him not for love, for gold.
 One lot we share, one life we know.
 The lord is he of wealth and rest,
 As well as king of death and pain;
 He folds me to a kingly breast,
 He yields to me a rich domain.
 I leave him not for aught above,
 For any god's unsteadfast love,
 Or fairest mortal form below;
 Thou hast left heaven for earth; and thou
 For thy poor Cora's sake, self-driven,
 Hast fled its sunny heights in scorn
 And hate, of Zeus unforgiven!
 Do mortals love thee?" "Daughter, yea,
 They call me their great mother. Corn
 And wine I give them when they pray;
 Their love for me their little day
 Of life lasts out; perchance they knew
 It was not love for them that drew
 Me down to wander where the vine
 Is sweet to me, and breath of kine.
 Art listening now, my Cora dear?
 Art listening now, my child,—art near?
 Oh that thy kiss upon my cheek
 Were warm! thy little hand in mine

Once more! Yet, let me hear thee speak,
And tell me of that garden rare,
And of thy flowers, dark, fiery, sweet,
That never breathe the upper air."

"O mother, they are fair, are fair;
Large-leaved are they, large-blossomed,
frail,

And beautiful. No vexing gale
Comes ever nigh them; fed with fire,

They kindle in a torch-like flame
Half ecstasy, half tender shame
Of bloom that must so soon expire.
But, mother, tell me of the wet
Cool primrose! of the lilac-bough
And its warm gust of rapture, met
In summer days!—art listening yet?"

"Art near me, O my Cora, now?"



LYRICS, SONGS, ODES, AND BALLADS.

MARTYN PARKER.

1630.

YE GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND.

You gentlemen of England
That live at home at ease,
Ah, little do you think upon
The dangers of the seas;
Give ear unto the mariners,
And they will plainly show
[All] the cares, and the fears,
When the stormy winds do blow.

All you that will be seamen
Must bear a valiant heart,
For when you come upon the seas
You must not think to start;
Nor once to be faint-hearted,
In hail, rain, blow, or snow,
Nor to think for to shrink
When the stormy winds do blow.

The bitter storms and tempests
Poor seamen do endure,
Both day and night, with many a fright,
We seldom rest secure;
Our sleep it is disturbèd
With visions strange to know,
And with dreams on the streams,
When the stormy winds do blow.

In claps of roaring thunder,
Which darkness doth enforce,
We often find our ship to stray
Beyond our wanted course,
Which causeth great distractions,
And sinks our hearts full low;
'Tis in vain to complain,
When the stormy winds do blow.

Sometimes in Neptune's bosom
Our ship is tossed in waves,
And all our men expecting
The sea to be their graves;
Then up aloft she mounteth,
And down again so low,
'Tis with waves, oh, with waves,
When the stormy winds do blow.

Then down again we fall to prayer,
With all our might and thought:
When refuge all doth fail us,
'Tis that must bear us out;
To God we call for succour,
For He it is, we know,
That must aid us, and save us,
When the stormy winds do blow.

The lawyer and the usurer,
That sit in gowns of fur
In closets warm, can take no harm,
Abroad they need not stir;
When winter fierce with cold doth pierce,
And beats with hail and snow,
We are sure to endure,
When the stormy winds do blow.

We bring home costly merchandise,
And jewels of great price,
To serve our English gallantry
With many a rare device;
To please the English gallantry
Our pains we freely show,
For we toil and we moil,
When the stormy winds do blow.

We sometimes sail to th' Indies,
To fetch home spices rare;
Sometimes again to France and Spain,
For wines beyond compare;
Whilst gallants are carousing,
In taverns on a row,
Then we sweep o'er the deep,
When the stormy winds do blow.

When tempests are blown over,
And greatest fears are past,
In weather fair, and temperate air,
We straight lie down to rest;
But when the billows tumble,
And waves do furious grow,
Then we rouse, up we rouse,
When the stormy winds do blow.

If enemies oppose us,
When England is at war
With any foreign nations,
We fear not wounds nor scar:

Our roaring guns shall teach them
Our valour for to know,
Whilst they reel, in the keel,
When the stormy winds do blow.

We are no cowardly shrinkers,
But true Englishmen bred,
We'll play our parts, like valiant hearts,
And never fly for dread;
We'll ply our business nimbly,
Where'er we come or go,
With our mates, to the Straits,
When the stormy winds do blow.

Then courage, all brave mariners,
And never be dismayed;
Whilst we have bold adventurers
We ne'er shall want a trade;
Our merchants will employ us
To fetch them wealth, I know;
Then be bold, work for gold,
When the stormy winds do blow.

When we return in safety,
With wages for our pains,
The tapster and the vintner
Will help to share our gains;
We call for liquor roundly,
And pay before we go,
Then we'll roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow.

—:o:—

ANONYMOUS.

GENTLE HERDSMAN.

"GENTLE herdsman, tell to me,
Of courtesy I thee pray,
Unto the town of Walsingham
Which is the right and ready way?"

"Unto the town of Walsingham
The way is hard for to be gone;
And very crooked are those paths
For you to find out all alone."

"Were the miles doubled thrice,
And the way never so ill,
It were not enough for mine offence—
It is so grievous and so ill."

"Thy years are young, thy face is fair,
Thy wits are weak, thy thoughts are green,
Time hath not given thee leave as yet
For to commit so great a sin."

"Yes, herdsman, yes, so wouldst thou say
If thou knewest so much as I;
My wits, and thoughts, and all the rest,
Have well deserved for to die.

"I am not what I seem to be,
My clothes and sex do differ far—
I am a woman, woe is me!
Born to grief and irksome care.

"For my beloved, and well beloved,
My wayward cruelty could kill;
And though my tears will not avail,
Most dearly I bewail him still.

"He was the flower of noble wights,
None ever more sincere could be;
Of comely mien and shape he was,
And tenderly he loved me.

"When thus I saw he loved me well,
I grew so proud his pain to see,
That I, who did not know myself,
Thought scorn of such a youth as he;

"And grew so coy and nice to please,
As woman's looks are often so,
He might not kiss nor hand, forsooth,
Unless I willed him so to do.

"Thus being wearied with delays
To see I pitied not his grief,
He got him to a secret place,
And there he died without relief.

"And for his sake these weeds I wear,
And sacrifice my tender age;
And every day I'll beg my bread,
To undergo this pilgrimage.

"Thus every day I fast and pray,
And ever will do till I die;
And get me to some secret place,—
For so did he, and so will I.

"Now, gentle herdsman, ask no more,
But keep my secrets, I thee pray;
Unto the town of Walsingham
Show me the right and ready way."

"Now go thy ways, and God before!
For He must ever guide thee still;
Turn down that dale, the right hand path
And so, fair pilgrim, fare thee well!"

SIR PATRICK SPENCE.

The king sits in Dumferling toune,
 Drinking the blude-reid wine;
 O quhar will I get guid sailør
 To sail this schip of mine?

Up and spak an eldern knight,
 Sat at the king's richt knee:
 "Sir Patrick Spence is the best sailør
 That sails upon the sea."

The king has written a braid lettèr,
 And signed it wi' his hand,
 And sent it to Sir Patrick Spence,
 Was walking on the sand.

The first line that Sir Patrick red,
 A loud lauch lauchèd he;
 The next line that Sir Patrick red,
 The tier blinded his ee.

"Oh, quha is this has don this deid,
 This ill deid don to me,
 To send me out this time o' the yeir,
 To sail upon the se?

"Mak hast, mak hast, my mirry men all,
 Our guid schip sails the morne."
 "Oh, say na sae, my master deir,
 For I fear a deadlie storme.

"Late, late yestreen, I saw the new moone
 Wi' the auld moone in hir arme;
 And I feir, I feir, my dear master,
 That we will com to harme."

Oh! our Scots nobles were richt laith
 To weet their cork-heiled schoone;
 But lang owre a' the play were played,
 Their hats they swam aboone.

Oh! lang, lang may their ladies sit
 Wi' their fans into their hand,
 Or eir they see Sir Patrick Spence
 Cum sailing to the land.

Oh! lang, lang may the ladies stand,
 Wi' their gold kems in their hair,
 Waiting for their ain deir lords,
 For they 'll se thame na mair.

Have owre, have owre to Aberdour,
 It's fiftie fadom deep;
 And there lies guid Sir Patrick Spence,
 Wi' the Scots lords at his feit.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

1563—1632.

THE CAMBRO-BRITON'S BALLAD
OF AGINCOURT.

FAIR stood the wind for France,
 When we our sails advance,
 Nor now to prove our chance
 Longer will tarry;
 But putting to the main,
 At Caux, the mouth of Seine,
 With all his martial train
 Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,
 Furnished in warlike sort,
 Marcheth t'wards Agincourt
 In happy hour;
 Skirmishing day by day
 With those that stopped his way,
 Where the French gen'ral lay,
 With all his power.

Which in his height of pride,
 King Henry to deride,
 His ransom to provide,
 To the King sending:
 Which he neglects the while,
 As from a nation vile,
 Yet with an angry smile,
 Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
 Quoth our brave Henry then,
 "Though they to one be ten,
 Be not amazed:
 Yet have we well begun;
 Battles so bravely won,
 Have ever to the sun,
 By Fame been raised.

"And for myself (quoth he)
 This my full rest shall be,
 England ne'er mourn for me,
 Nor more esteem me:
 Victor I will remain,
 Or on this earth lie slain,
 Never shall she sustain
 Loss to redeem me.

"Poictiers and Cressy tell,
 When most their pride did swell,
 Under our swords they fell:
 No less our skill is
 Than when our Grandsire great,
 Claiming the regal seat,
 By many a warlike feat
 Lopped the French lilies.

The Duke of York so dread
 The eager vanward led;
 With the main Henry sped,
 Amongst his henchmen;
 Exeter had the rear,
 A braver man not there.
 O Lord, how hot they were
 On the false Frenchmen!

They now to fight are gone,
 Armour on armour shone,
 Drum now to drum did groan,
 To hear was wonder;
 That with the cries they make,
 The very earth did shake,
 Trumpet to trumpet spake,
 Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
 O noble Erpingham,
 Which didst the signal aim
 To our hid forces;
 When from a meadow by,
 Like a storm suddenly,
 The English archery
 Stuck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong,
 Arrows a cloth-yard long,
 That like to serpents stung,
 Piercing the weather;
 None from his fellow starts,
 But playing manly parts,
 And like true English hearts,
 Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,
 And forth their billbows drew,
 And on the French they flew,—
 Not one was tardy;
 Arms were from shoulders sent,
 Scalps to the teeth were rent,
 Down the French peasants went,—
 Our men were hardy.

This while our noble King,
 His broad sword brandishing,
 Down the French host did ding
 As to o'erwhelm it;
 And many a deep wound lent,
 His arms with blood besprent,
 And many a cruel dent
 Bruised his helmet.

Glou'ster, that Duke so good,
 Next to the royal blood,
 For famous England stood,
 With his brave brother;

Clarence, in steel so bright,
 Though but a maiden knight,
 Yet in that furious fight
 Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade,
 Oxford the foe invade,
 And cruel slaughter made,
 Still as they ran up;
 Suffolk his axe did ply,
 Beaumont and Willoughby
 Bare them right doughtily,
 Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's Day
 Fought was this noble fray,
 Which fame did not delay
 To England to carry;
 Oh, when shall Englishmen
 With such acts fill a pen,
 Or England breed again
 Such a King Harry?

—:O:—

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

1564—1616.

ARIEL'S SONGS.

I.

COME unto these yellow sands,
 And then take hands:
 Court'sied when you have, and kissed,
 (The wild waves whist,)
 Foot it feately here and there;
 And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.
 Hark, hark!

Burden. Bowgh, wowgh. [*Dispersedly.*]

The watch-dogs bark:
Burden. Bowgh, wowgh. [*Dispersedly.*]

Hark, hark! I hear
 The strain of strutting chanticleer
 Cry, Cock-a-doodle-doo.

2.

FULL fathom five thy father lies;
 Of his bones are coral made;
 Those are pearls that were his eyes;
 Nothing of him that doth fade
 But doth suffer a sea-change
 Into something rich and strange.
 Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
 Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.
 [*Burden.*: Ding-dong.]

3.

WHERE the bee sucks, there suck I;
 In a cowslip's bell I lie:
 There I couch when owls do cry.
 On the bat's back I do fly
 After summer, merrily:
 Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

—o—

SONG.

BLOW, blow, thou winter wind,
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude;
 Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen,
 Although thy breath be rude.
 Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! unto the green
 holly:
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving
 mere folly:
 Then, heigh, ho! the holly!
 This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
 That dost not bite so high
 As benefits forgot:
 Though thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp,
 As friend remembered not.
 Heigh, ho! sing, &c.

—o—

SONG.

UNDER the greenwood tree
 Who loves to lie with me,
 And turn his merry note
 Unto the sweet bird's throat,
 Come hither, come hither, come hither:
 Here shall he see
 No enemy,
 But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
 And loves to live i' the sun,
 Seeking the food he eats,
 And pleased with what he gets,
 Come hither, come hither, come hither:
 Here shall he see
 No enemy,
 But winter and rough weather.

—o—

SONG.

TAKE, oh, take those lips away,
 That so sweetly were forsworn;
 And those eyes, the break of day,
 Lights that do mislead the morn;
 But my kisses bring again,
 Seals of love, but sealed in vain.

Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow
 Which thy frozen bosom bears,
 On whose tops the pinks that grow
 Are of those that April wears;
 But first set my poor heart free,
 Bound in those icy chains by thee.

—:o:—

BEN JONSON.

1573—1637.

HYMN TO DIANA.

QUEEN and huntress, chaste and fair,
 Now the sun is laid to sleep,
 Seated in thy silver chair,
 State in wonted manner keep:
 Hesperus entreats thy light,
 Goddess, excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
 Dare itself to interpose;
 Cynthia's shining orb was made
 Heaven to clear when day did close:
 Bless us then with wished sight,
 Goddess, excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
 And thy crystal shining quiver;
 Give unto the flying hart
 Space to breathe, how short soever:
 Thou that mak'st a day of night,
 Goddess, excellently bright.

—o—

HOLIDAY SONG.

THUS, thus begin the yearly rites,
 Are due to Pan on these bright nights;
 His morn now riseth and invites
 To sports, to dances, and delights:
 All envious and profane, away,—
 This is the shepherds' holiday.

Strew, strew the glad and smiling ground
 With every flower, yet not confound
 The primrose drop, the spring's own spouse.
 Bright day's eyes, and the lips of cows,
 The garden star, the queen of May,
 The rose, to crown the holiday.

Drop, drop, you violets; change your hues,
 Now red, now pale, as lovers use,
 And in your death go out as well
 As even you lived unto the smell;
 That from your odour all may say
 This is the shepherds' holiday.

—o—

SONG OF NIGHT.

BREAK, Phant'sie, from thy cave of cloud,
 And spread thy purple wings,
 Now all thy figures are allowed
 And various shapes of things;
 Create of airy forms a stream, —
 It must have blood and nought of phlegm.
 And though it be a waking dream,
 Yet let it like an odour rise
 To all the senses here,
 And fall like sleep upon their eyes,
 Or music on their ear.

—o—

SONG.

STILL to be neat, still to be drest
 As you were going to a feast,
 Still to be powdered, still perfumed,
 Lady, it is to be presumed,
 Though art's hid causes are not found,
 All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face
 That makes simplicity a grace;
 Robes loosely flowing, hair as free;
 Such sweet neglect more taketh me
 Than all th' adulteries of art:
 That strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

—o—

GIPSY BENEDICTION.

THE faëry beam upon you—
 The stars to glisten on you—
 A moon of light
 In the noon of night,
 Till the fire-drake hath o'ergone you!
 The wheel of fortune guide you,

The boy with the bow beside you;
 Run aye in the way
 Till the bird of day,
 And the luckier lot, betide you.

—o—

GIPSY SONG.

TO THE old, long life and treasure;
 To the young, all health and pleasure;
 To the fair, their face
 With eternal grace,
 And the soul to be loved at leisure;
 To the witty, all clear mirrors;
 To the foolish, their dark errors;
 To the loving sprite
 A secure delight;
 To the jealous, his own false terrors.

—c—

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH
THINE EYES.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine;
 Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
 And I'll not look for wine.
 The thirst that from my soul doth rise
 Doth ask a drink divine;
 But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
 I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
 Not so much honouring thee,
 As giving it a hope that there
 It would not withered be;
 But thou thereon didst only breathe,
 And sent it back to me;
 Since then it grows and smells, I swear,
 Not of itself, but thee.

—:o:—

JOHN LYLY.

1554—1600.

SONG.

O CUPID, monarch over kings,
 Wherefore hast thou feet and wings?
 Is it to show how swift thou art,
 When thou wound'st a tender heart?
 Thy wings being clipped, and feet held still,
 Thy bow so many could not kill.

It is all one in Venus' wanton school,
 Who highest sits, the wise man or the fool.

Fools in love's college
Have far more knowledge
To read a woman over,
Than a neat prating lover;
Nay, 'tis confessed,
That fools please women best.

—:O:—

ROBERT HERRICK.

1591—1674.

GATHER YE ROSEBUDS.

GATHER ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a-getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

The age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while you may, go, marry;
For having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

—:O:—

JOHN MILTON.

1608—1674.

SONG ON MAY MORNING.

Now the bright morning star, day's har-
binger, [with her
Comes dancing in the east, and leads
The flow'ry May, who from her green lap
throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

—:O:—

JAMES SHIRLEY.

1594—1666.

THE SHEPHERD'S HOLIDAY.

WOODMEN, shepherds, come away,
This is Pan's great holiday;
Throw off cares;
With your heaven aspiring airs,
Help us to sing,
While valleys with your echoes ring.

Nymphs that dwell within these groves,
Leave your arbours, leave your loves;
Gather posies,
Crown your golden hair with roses;
As you pass
Foot like fairies on the grass.

Joy crowns our bowers; Philomel,
Leave off Tereus' rape to tell.
Let trees dance
As they at Thracian lyre did once,
Mountains play;
This is the shepherd's holiday.

—:O:—

JOHN DRYDEN.

1636—1700.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST;

OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC.

An Ode on St. Cecilia's Day.

'TWAS at the royal feast, for Persia won,
By Philip's warlike son:
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne:
His valiant peers were placed around;
Their brows with roses and with myrtle
bound:
So should desert in arms be crowned.
The lovely Thais by his side
Sat, like a blooming Eastern bride,
In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserve the fair.

Timotheus placed on high,
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touched the lyre:

The trembling notes ascend the sky,
 And heavenly joys inspire.
 The song began from Jove,
 Who left his blissful seats above,
 (Such is the pow'r of mighty love!)
 A dragon's fiery form belied the god:
 Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,
 When he to fair Olympia pressed.

* * * * *

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musi-
 cian sung;
 Of Bacchus, ever fair and ever young:
 The jolly god in triumph comes;
 Sound the trumpets, beat the drums:
 Flushed with a purple grace
 He shows his honest face.

Now give the hautboys breath. He comes,
 he comes!
 Bacchus, ever fair and young,
 Drinking joys did first ordain:
 Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure;
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Soothed with the sound the king grew vain;
 Fought all his battles o'er again;
 And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice
 he slew the slain.

The master saw the madness rise;
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes—
 And while he heaven and earth defied,
 Changed his hands and checked his pride.

He chose a mournful muse
 Soft pity to infuse:
 He sung Darius great and good,
 By too severe a fate,
 Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
 Fallen from his high estate,
 And welt'ring in his blood:
 Deserted at his utmost need
 By those his former bounty fed,
 On the bare earth exposed he lies,
 With not a friend to close his eyes.
 With downcast look the joyless victor
 sat,
 Revolving in his altered soul
 The various turns of fate below;
 And now and then a sigh he stole,
 And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled, to see
 That love was in the next degree;
 'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
 For pity melts the mind to love.

Softly sweet in Lydian measures,
 Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
 War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
 Honour but an empty bubble
 Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying:
 If the world be worth thy winning,
 Think, oh, think it worth enjoying!
 Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
 Take the good the gods provide thee.
 The many rend the skies with loud applause;
 So love was crowned, but music won the
 cause.
 The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gazed on the fair
 Who caused his care, [looked,
 And sighed and looked, sighed and
 Sighed and looked, and sighed again:
 At length, with love and wine at once
 oppressed,
 The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again;
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain!
 Break his bands of sleep asunder,
 And rouse him, like a rattling peal of
 thunder.

Hark, hark! the horrid sound
 Has raised up his head;
 As awaked from the dead,
 And amazed, he stares around.
 "Revenge! revenge!" Timotheus cries,
 "See the furies arise!
 See the snakes that they rear,
 How they hiss in their hair!
 And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
 Behold a ghastly band,
 Each a torch in his hand! [slain,
 These are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were
 And unburied remain
 Inglorious on the plain:
 Give the vengeance due
 To the valiant crew.
 Behold how they toss their torches on high,
 How they point to the Persian abodes,
 And glitt'ring temples of their hostile gods."
 The princes applaud, with a furious joy;
 And the king seized a flambeau, with zeal to
 Thais led the way, [destroy;
 To light him to his prey,
 And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

Thus, long ago,
 Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
 While organs yet were mute,
 Timotheus to his breathing flute
 And sounding lyre, [desire.
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft

At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame;
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With nature's mother-wit, and arts
 unknown before.
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown:
 He raised a mortal to the skies;
 She drew an angel down!

—o—

SONG.

"COME, if you dare!" our trumpets sound;
 "Come, if you dare!" the foes rebound;
 "We come, we come!" [drum:
 Says the double beat of the thund'ring
 Now they charge on amain,
 Now they rally again. [hold,
 The gods from above the mad labour be-
 And pity mankind that will perish for gold.

The fainting foemen quit their ground,
 Their trumpets languish in the sound—
 They fly! they fly!
 "Victoria! Victoria!" the bold Britons cry.
 Now the victory's won,
 To the plunder we run;
 Then return to our lasses like fortunate
 traders, [invaders.
 Triumphant with spoils of the vanquished

—:O:—

THOMAS TICKELL.

1686—1740.

COLIN AND LUCY.

OF Leinster, famed for maidens fair,
 Bright Lucy was the grace,
 Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream
 Reflect so sweet a face;

Till luckless love and pining care
 Impaired her rosy hue,
 Her coral lips and damask cheeks,
 And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh! have you seen a lily pale
 When beating rains descend?
 So drooped the slow-consuming maid,
 Her life now near its end.

By Lucy warned, of flattering swains
 Take heed, ye easy fair!
 Of vengeance due to broken vows,
 Ye perjured swains—beware!

Three times all in the dead of night
 A bell was heard to ring,
 And shrieking, at her window thrice
 The raven flapped his wing.

Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
 The solemn boding sound.
 And thus in dying words bespoke
 The virgins weeping round:

"I hear a voice you cannot hear,
 Which says I must not stay;
 I see a hand you cannot see,
 Which beckons me away.

"By a false heart and broken vows
 In early youth I die.
 Was I to blame because his bride
 Was thrice as rich as I?

"Ah, Colin! give not her thy vows,—
 Vows due to me alone;
 Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss,
 Nor think him all thy own.

"To-morrow in the church to wed,
 Impatient both prepare; [man!
 But know, fond maid! and know, false
 That Lucy will be there.

"Then bear my corse, my comrades! bear,
 This bridegroom blithe to meet;
 He in his wedding trim so gay,
 I in my winding-sheet."

[borne
 She spoke; she died. Her corpse was
 The bridegroom blithe to meet;
 He in his wedding trim so gay,
 She in her winding-sheet.

Then what were perjured Colin's thoughts?
 How were these nuptials kept?
 The bridesmen flocked round Lucy dead,
 And all the village wept.

Confusion, shame, remorse, despair,
 At once his bosom swell;
 The damps of death bedewed his brow;
 He shook, he groaned, he fell.

From the vain bride, ah! bride no more!
 The varying crimson fled,
 When stretched before her rival's corpse
 She saw her husband dead.

Then to his Lucy's new-made grave,
Conveyed by trembling swains,
One mould with her, beneath one sod,
For ever he remains.

Oft at this grave the constant hind
And plighted maid are seen;
With garlands gay and true-love knots
They deck the sacred green.

But, swain forsworn! whoe'er thou art,
This hallowed spot forbear;
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.

—:O:—

ALLAN RAMSAY.

1686—1758.

LOCHABER.

FAREWELL to Lochaber! farewell to my
Jean!

Where heartsome wi' her I have many a
day been;

To Lochaber no more, to Lochaber no
more,

We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more!
These tears that I shed, they are a' for my
dear,

And no for the dangers attending on weir;
Though borne on rough seas to a far
bloody shore,

Maybe we'll return to Lochaber no more.

Though hurricanes rise, though rise every
wind, [mind;

No tempest can equal the storm in my
Though loudest of thunders on louder
waves roar,

There's naething like leavin' my love on
the shore.

To leave thee behind me my heart is sair
pained,

But by ease that's inglorious no fame can
be gained;

And beauty and love's the reward of the
brave,

And I maun deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeannie, may plead my
excuse; [refuse?

Since honour commands me, how can I
Without it, I ne'er can have merit for thee,
And losing thy favour, I'd better not be.

I gae then, my love, to win honour and
fame! [hame,

And if I should chance to come glorious
I'll bring a heart to thee with love running
o'er, [more.

And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no

—:O:—

JOHN GAY.

1688—1732.

BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moored,

The streamers waving in the wind,

When Black-eyed Susan came on board.

"Oh! where shall I my true love find?"

Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sail among the crew."

William, then high upon the yard,

Rocked with the billows to and fro,

Soon as her well-known voice he heard,

He sighed, and cast his eyes below;

The cord slides quickly through his glowing
hands, [stands.

And, quick as lightning, on the deck he

So the sweet lark high poised in air

Shuts close his pinions to his breast

If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,

And drops at once into her nest.

The noblest captain in the British fleet

Might envy William's lips those kisses
sweet.

"O Susan! Susan! lovely dear!

My vows shall ever true remain;

Let me kiss off that falling tear—

We only part to meet again. [be

Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

"Believe not what the landsmen say,

Who tempt with doubt thy constant mind;

They'll tell thee sailors when away

In every port a mistress find— [so,

Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

"If to far India's coast we sail,

Thine eyes are seen in diamonds bright,

Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,

Thy skin is ivory so white;

Thus every beauteous object that I view
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely
Sue.

"Though battle call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet, safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return.
Love turns aside the balls that round me
fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from
Susan's eye."

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosom spread;
No longer must she stay aboard.
They kissed—she sighed—he hung his
head;
The lessening boat unwilling rows to land:
"Adieu!" she cries, and waved her lily
hand.

—:O:—

WILLIAM HAMILTON

(OF BANGOUR).

1704—1754.

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

BUSK ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
And think nae mair on the Braes of
Yarrow.

Where gat ye that bonny bonny bride?
Where gat ye that winsome marrow?
I gat her where I dare nae weil be seen,
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bonny bonny bride,
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow;
Nor let thy heart lament to leave,
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Why does she weep, thy bonny bonny bride?
Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?
And why dare ye nae mair weil be seen
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow?

Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun
she weep, [row;
Lang maun she weep with dule and sor-
row and lang maun I nae mair weil be seen
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

For she has tint her luvver, luvver dear,
Her luvver dear, the cause of sorrow;
And I hae slain the comliest swain,
That eir pu'd birks on the Braes of Yar-
row.

Why rins thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow,
reid?
Why on thy braes heard the voice of sor-
row?
And why yon melancholious weids
Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow?

What's yonder floats on the rueful rueful
flude?
What's yonder floats? O dule and sorrow!
O 'tis he the comely swain I slew
Upon the duleful Braes of Yarrow.

Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in
tears,
His wounds in tears with dule and sorrow;
And wrap his limbs in mourning weids,
And lay him on the Braes of Yarrow.

Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters
sad,
Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow;
And weep around in waeiful wise
His hapless fate on the Braes of Yarrow.

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless shield,
My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,
The fatal spear that pierced his breast,
His comely breast on the Braes of Yarrow.

Did I not warn thee, not to, not to luvve?
And warn from fight? but to my sorrow
Too rashly bauld, a stronger arm
Thou mett'st, and fell'st on the Braes of
Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green
grows the grass,
Yellow on Yarrow's bank the gowan,
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
Sweet is the wave of Yarrow flowan.

Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet, as sweet
flows Tweed,
As green its grass, its gowan as yellow,
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
The apple frae its rock as mellow.

Fair was thy luvve, fair fair indeed thy luvve,
In flow'ry bands thou didst him fetter;
Tho' he was fair, and weil beieved again,
Than me he never luvved thee better.

Busk ye, then busk, my bonny bonny bride,
 Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
 Busk ye and luveme on the banks of Tweed,
 And think nae mair on the Braes of Yar-
 row.

How can I busk a bonny bonny bride?
 How can I busk a winsome marrow,
 How luv him upon the banks of Tweed,
 That slew my love on the Braes of Yarrow?

O Yarrow fields, may never never rain
 Nor dew thy tender blossoms cover,
 For there was basely slain my luv,
 My luv, as he had not been a lover.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
 His purple vest, 'twas my ain sewing:
 Ah! wretched me! I little, little kenned
 He was in these to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white, milk-
 white steed,
 Unheedful of my dule and sorrow;
 But ere the toofall of the night
 He lay a corps on the Braes of Yarrow.

Much I rejoyced that waeiful waeiful day,
 I sang, my voice the woods returning;
 But lang ere night the spear was floun
 That slew my luv, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous barbarous father
 do,
 But with his cruel rage pursue me?
 My luv's blood is on thy spear,
 How canst thou, barbarous man, then
 woo me?

My happy sisters may be, may be proud,
 With cruel and ungentle scoffin',
 May bid me seek on Yarrow's Braes
 My luv'r nail'd in his coffin.

My brother Douglas may upbraid, upbraid,
 And strive with threat'ning words to muve
 me:
 My luv'r's blood is on thy spear,
 How canst thou ever bid me luv thee?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of luv,
 With bridal sheets my body cover,
 Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
 Let in the expected husband lover.

But who the expected husband husband is?
 His hands, methinks, are bathed in
 slaughter:

Ah me! what ghastly spectre's yon
 Comes in his pale shroud, bleeding after?

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down,
 O lay his cold head on my pillow.
 Take aff, take aff these bridal weids,
 And crown my careful head with willow.

Pale tho' thou art, yet best, yet best beluv'd,
 O could my warmth to life restore thee!
 Yet lye all night between my breists,
 No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale, pale indeed, O lovely lovely youth!
 Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter:
 And lye all night between my breists;
 No youth shall ever lye there after.

Return, return, O mournful, mournful
 bride,
 Return, and dry thy useless sorrow:
 Thy luv'r heeds none of thy sighs,
 He lies a corps on the Braes of Yarrow.

—:O:—

WILLIAM COLLINS.

1720—1756.

EVENING.

If aught of oaten stop or pastoral song
 May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest
 Like thy own solemn springs, [ear,
 Thy springs, and dying gales,

O nymph reserved, while now the bright-
 haired sun [skirts,
 Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy
 With braid ethereal wove,
 O'erhang his wavy bed;

Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed
 bat, [wing,
 With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern
 Or where the beetle winds
 His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
 Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum:
 Now teach me, maid composed,
 To breathe some softened strain,

Whose numbers stealing through the
 darkening vale
 May not unseemly with its stillness suit;

As musing slow I hail
Thy genial loved return!

For, when thy folding star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant hours and elves
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows
with sedge, [still,
And sheds the fresh'ning dew, and, lovelier
The pensive pleasures sweet,
Prepare thy shadowy car;

[scene,
Then let me rove some wild and heathy
Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious beams.

Or if chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut
That from the mountain's side
Views wilds and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim discovered
spires, [all
And hears thy simple bell, and marks o'er
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While spring shall pour his showers, as oft
he wont, [Eve!
And bathes thy breathing tresses, meekest
While summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light;

While fallow autumn fills thy lap with
leaves;
Or winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling
Peace,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favourite name.

—O—

ODE.

HOW SLEEP the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung:
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

—:O:—

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

1734—1788.

CUMNOR HALL.

THE dews of summer night did fall,
The moon (sweet regent of the sky)
Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall,
And many an oak that grew thereby.

Now nought was heard beneath the skies
(The sounds of busy life were still),
Save an unhappy lady's sighs
That issued from that lonely pile.

"Leicester," she cried, "is this thy love
That thou so oft has sworn to me,
To leave me in this lonely grove,
Immured in shameful privacy?

"No more thou com'st with lover's speed,
Thy once-belovèd bride to see;
But be she alive, or be she dead,
I fear, stern earl, 's the same to thee.

"Not such the usage I received,
When happy in my father's hall;
No faithless husband then me grieved;
No chilling fears did me appal.

"I rose up with the cheerful morn,
No lark more blithe, no flower more gay;
And, like the bird that haunts the thorn,
So merrily sung the live-long day.

"Say that my beauty is but small,
Among court ladies all despised,
Why didst thou rend it from that hall,
Where, scornful earl, it well was prized?

"And when you first to me made suit,
How fair I was, you oft would say!
And, proud of conquest, plucked the fruit,
Then left the blossom to decay.

"Yes, now neglected and despised,
The rose is pale—the lily's dead—
But he that once their charms so prized,
Is sure the cause those charms are fled.

"For know, when sickening grief doth
prey,
And tender love's repaid with scorn,
The sweetest beauty will decay;
What flow'ret can endure the storm?

"At Court, I'm told, is beauty's throne,
Where every lady's passing rare:
The eastern flowers, that shame the sun,
Are not so glowing—not so fair.

"Then, earl, why didst thou leave those
beds,
Where roses and where lilies vie,
To seek a primrose, whose pale shades
Must sicken when those gauds are by?

"'Mong rural beauties I was one:
Among the fields wild flowers are fair;
Some country swain might me have
won,
And thought my beauty passing rare.

"But, Leicester (or I much am wrong),
Or 'tis not beauty fires thy vows;
Rather ambition's gilded crown
Makes thee forget thy humble spouse.

"Then, Leicester, why, again I plead
(The injured surely may repine),
Why didst thou wed a country maid,
When some fair princess might be thine?

"Why didst thou praise my humble charms,
And, oh! then leave them to decay?
Why didst thou win me to thy arms,
Then leave me to mourn the live-long
day?

"The village maidens of the plain
Salute me lowly as I go;
Envious, they mark my sicken train,
Nor think a countess can have woe.

"The simple nymphs! they little know
How far more happy's their estate,—
To smile for joy, than sigh for woe,—
To be *content*, than to be *great*.

"How far less blest am I than them,
Daily to pine and waste with care!
Like the poor plant, that from its stem
Divided, feels the chilling air.

"Nor, cruel earl, can I enjoy
The humble charms of solitude;
Your minions proud my peace destroy,
By sullen frowns, or pratings rude.

"Last night, as sad I chanced to stray,
The village death-bell smote my ear,
They winked aside, and seemed to say,
'Countess, prepare—thy end is near.'

"And now, when happy peasants sleep,
Here sit I lonely and forlorn,
No one to soothe me as I weep,
Save Philomel on yonder thorn.

"My spirits flag—my hopes decay—
Still that dread death-bell strikes my
ear,
And many a boding seems to say,
'Countess, prepare—thy end is near.'"

Thus sore and sad that lady grieved,
In Cumnor Hall so lone and drear,
Full many a heartfelt sigh she heaved,
And let fall many a bitter tear.

And ere the dawn of day appeared,
In Cumnor Hall so long and drear;
Full many a piercing scream was heard,
And many a cry of mortal fear.

The death-bell thrice was heard to ring,
An ærial voice was heard to call,
And thrice the raven flapped his wing
Around the towers of Cumnor Hall.

The mastiff howled at village door,
The oaks were shattered on the green;
Woe was the hour—for never more
That hapless countess e'er was seen!

And in that manor now no more
Is cheerful feast and sprightly ball;
For ever since that dreary hour
Have spirits haunted Cumnor Hall.

The village maids, with fearful glance,
Avoid the ancient moss-grown wall;
Nor ever lead the merry dance
Among the groves of Cumnor Hall.

Full many a traveller oft hath sighed,
And pensive wept the countess' fall.
As wandering onward they've espied
The haunted towers of Cumnor Hall.

JAMES THOMSON.

1700—1748.

RULE, BRITANNIA.

WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main ;
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung this strain :
"Rule, Britannia, rule the waves ;
Britons never will be slaves !"

The nations not so blessed as thee
Must, in their turns, to tyrants fall,
While thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
"Rule," &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke ;
As the loud blast that tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak.
"Rule," &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame ;
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame ;
But work their woe, and thy renown.
"Rule," &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign ;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine :
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles thine.
"Rule," &c.

The Muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair :
Blest isle ! with matchless beauty crowned,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
"Rule, Britannia, rule the waves ;
Britons never will be slaves !"

—:O:—

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

1728—1774.

THE HERMIT.

"TURN, gentle Hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray ;

"For here forlorn and lost I tread,
With fainting steps and slow—
Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
Seem lengthening as I go."

"Forbear, my son," the Hermit cries,
"To tempt the dangerous gloom ;
For yonder faithless phantom flies
To lure thee to thy doom."

"Here to the houseless child of want
My door is open still ;
And though my portion is but scant,
I give it with good will."

"Then turn to-night, and freely share
Whate'er my cell bestows ;
My rushy couch and frugal fare,
My blessing, and repose."

"No flocks that range the valley free
To slaughter I condemn ;
Taught by that Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them :

"But from the mountain's grassy side
A guiltless feast I bring—
A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,
And water from the spring."

"Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego ;
All earth-born cares are wrong ;
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from heaven descends,
His gentle accents fell ;
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell."

Far in a wilderness obscure
The lonely mansion lay ;
A refuge to the neighb'ring poor,
And strangers led astray."

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Required a master's care ;
The wicket, opening with a latch,
Received the harmless pair."

And now, when busy crowds retire
To take their evening rest,
The Hermit trimmed his little fire,
And cheered his pensive guest."

And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily pressed, and smiled ;
And, skilled in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguiled."

Around in sympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries,
The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To soothe the stranger's woe,
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the Hermit spied,
With answering care oppress:
"And whence, unhappy youth," he cried,
"The sorrows of thy breast?"

"From better habitations spurned,
Reluctant dost thou rove?
Or grieve for friendship unreturned,
Or unregarded love?"

"Alas! the joys that fortune brings
Are trifling, and decay;
And those who prize the paltry things
More trifling still than they.

"And what is friendship but a name?
A charm that lulls to sleep—
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep.

"And love is still an emptier sound,
The modern fair one's jest;
On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle's nest.

[hush,
"For shame, fond youth! thy sorrows
And spurn the sex," he said;
But while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betrayed.

Surprised he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view—
Like colours o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms;
The lovely stranger stands confest
A maid in all her charms.

"And ah! forgive a stranger rude,
A wretch forlorn," she cried,
"Whose feet unhallowed thus intrude
Where Heaven and you reside.

"But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray—
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
Companion of her way.

"My father lived beside the Tyne,
A wealthy lord was he,
And all his wealth was marked as mine:
He had but only me.

"To win me from his tender arms
Unnumbered suitors came,
Who praised me for imputed charms,
And felt, or feigned, a flame.

"Each hour a mercenary crowd
With richest proffers strove;
Amongst the rest young Edwin bowed,
But never talked of love.

"In humble simplest habit clad,
No wealth nor power had he:
Wisdom and worth were all he had—
But these were all to me.

"And when, beside me in the dale,
He carolled lays of love,
His breath lent fragrance to the gale
And music to the grove.

"The blossom opening to the day,
The dews of heaven refined,
Could nought of purity display
To emulate his mind.

"The dew, the blossom on the tree,
With charms inconstant shine;
Their charms were his; but, woe is me!
Their constancy was mine.

"For still I tried each fickle art,
Importunate and vain;
And while his passion touched my heart,
I triumphed in his pain;

"Till quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride,
And sought a solitude forlorn
In secret, where he died.

"But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay:
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay;

"And there, forlorn, despairing, hid,
I'll lay me down and die;
'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I."

"Forbid it, heaven!" the Hermit cried,
And clasped her to his breast:
The wondering fair one turned to chide—
'Twas Edwin's self that pressed!

"Turn, Angelina, ever dear!
My charmer, turn to see
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
Restored to love and thee.

"Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And every care resign;
And shall we never, never part,
My life, my all that's mine?"

"No, never from this hour to part,
We'll live and love so true;
The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
Shall break thy Edwin's too."

—:O:—

WILLIAM COWPER.

1731—1800.

ON THE LOSS OF THE "ROYAL GEORGE."*

Written when the news arrived.

TOLL for the brave!
The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore.

Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel,
And laid her on her side.

A land-breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset:
Down went the "Royal George,"
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave!
Brave Kempenfelt is gone;
His last sea fight is fought,
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle,
No tempest gave the shock,
She sprang no fatal leak,
She ran upon no rock.

* The "Royal George," 108 guns, was lost off Spithead on the 29th of August, 1782. She was undergoing some repairs, and was careened over, when a sudden gust of wind overset her and she sank. A great number of persons were on board at the time from Portsmouth. Two or three hundred bodies floated on shore, and were buried in Kingston churchyard.

His sword was in its sheath,
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes;
And mingle with our cup
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again
Full charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone,
His victories are o'er;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plough the wave no more!

—:O:—

JOHN LOGAN.

1748—1788.

YARROW STREAM.

THY banks were bonnie, Yarrow stream,
When first on thee I met my lover;
Thy banks how dreary, Yarrow stream,
When now thy waves his body cover!

For ever now, O Yarrow stream,
Thou art to me a stream of sorrow;
For never on thy banks shall I
Behold my love—the flower of Yarrow.

He promised me a milk-white horse,
To bear me to his father's bowers;
He promised me a little page,
To squire me to his father's towers.

He promised me a wedding ring,
The wedding day was fixed to-morrow;
Now he is wedded to his grave—
Alas! a watery grave in Yarrow.

Sweet were his words when last we met;
My passion I as freely told him;
Clasped in his arms, I little thought
That I should never more behold him.

Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost—
It vanished with a shriek of sorrow;
Thrice did the water-wraith ascend
And give a doleful groan through Yarrow

His mother from the window looked,
 With all the longing of a mother;
 His little sister, weeping, walked
 The greenwood path to meet her brother.

They sought him east, they sought him west,
 They sought him all the forest thorough;
 They only saw the clouds of night,
 They only heard the roar of Yarrow.

No longer from thy window look—
 Thou hast no son, thou tender mother;
 No longer walk, thou lovely maid,
 Alas, thou hast no more a brother!

No longer seek him east or west,
 No longer search the forest thorough;
 For, murdered in the night so dark,
 He lies a lifeless corse in Yarrow!

The tears shall never leave my cheek,
 No other youth shall be my marrow;
 I'll seek thy body in the stream,
 And there with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow.

The tear did never leave her cheek,
 No other youth became her marrow;
 She found his body in the stream,
 And with him now she sleeps in Yarrow.

—:O:—

THOMAS GRAY.

1716—1771.

ODE ON A DISTANT VIEW OF ETON COLLEGE.

YE distant spires, ye antique towers,
 That crown the wat'ry glade,
 Where grateful Science still adores
 Her Henry's holy shade;
 And ye, that from the stately brow
 Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below
 Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
 Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers
 among
 Wanders the hoary Thames along
 His silver-winding way:

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
 Ah, fields beloved in vain!
 Where once my careless childhood strayed,
 A stranger yet to pain!
 I feel the gales that from ye blow
 A momentary bliss bestow,

As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
 My weary soul they seem to soothe,
 And, redolent of joy and youth,
 To breathe a second Spring.

Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
 Full many a sprightly race
 Disporting on thy margent green,
 The paths of pleasure trace;
 Who foremost now delight to cleave,
 With pliant arm, thy glassy wave?
 The captive linnet which enthral?
 What idle progeny succeed
 To chase the rolling circle's speed,
 Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent,
 Their murmuring labours ply,
 'Gainst graver hours that bring constraint
 To sweeten liberty:
 Some bold adventurers disdain
 The limits of their little reign,
 And unknown regions dare descry:
 Still as they run they look behind,
 They hear a voice in every wind,
 And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
 Less pleasing when possessed;
 The tear forgot as soon as shed,
 The sunshine of the breast.
 Their buxom health, of rosy hue,
 Wild wit, invention ever new,
 And lively cheer, of vigour born;
 The thoughtless day, the easy night,
 The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
 That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom,
 The little victims play;
 No sense have they of ills to come,
 Nor care beyond to-day:
 Yet see, how all around them wait
 The ministers of human fate,
 And black Misfortune's baleful train!
 Ah, show them where in ambush stand,
 To seize their prey, the murderous band,
 Ah, tell them they are men!

These shall the fury Passions tear,
 The vultures of the mind,
 Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
 And Shame that skulks behind;
 Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
 Or jealousy, with rankling tooth,
 That inly gnaws the secret heart;
 And Envy wan, and faded Care,
 Grim-visaged comfortless Despair,
 And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
 Then whirl the wretch from high,
 To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
 And grinning Infamy.
 The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
 And hard Unkindness' altered eye,
 That mocks the tear it forced to flow;
 And keen Remorse, with blood defiled,
 And moody Madness laughing wild
 Amid severest woe.

Lo! in the vale of years beneath,
 A grisly troop are seen,
 The painful family of Death,
 More hideous than their Queen:
 This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
 That every lab'ring sinew strains,
 Those in the deeper vitals rage;
 Lo! Poverty, to fill the band,
 That numbs the soul with icy hand,
 And slow-consuming Age.

To each his sufferings: all are men,
 Condemned alike to groan;
 The tender for another's pain,
 Th' unfeeling for his own.
 Yet, ah! why should they know their fate,
 Since sorrow never comes too late,
 And happiness too swiftly flies?
 Thought would destroy their Paradise.
 No more!—where ignorance is bliss,
 'Tis folly to be wise.

—o—

TO ADVERSITY.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless power,
 Thou tamer of the human breast,
 Whose iron scourge and torturing hour
 The bad affright, afflict the best!
 Bound in thy adamantine chain,
 The proud are taught to taste of pain,
 And purple tyrants vainly groan
 With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and
 alone.

When first thy sire to send on earth
 Virtue, his darling child, designed,
 To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
 And bade thee form her infant mind.
 Stern rugged nurse! thy rigid lore
 With patience many a year she bore:
 What sorrow was thou bad'st her know,
 And from her own she learned to melt at
 others' woe.

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly
 Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
 Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless
 Joy,
 And leave us leisure to be good.
 Light they disperse, and with them go
 The summer friend, the flatt'ring foe;
 By vain Prosperity received,
 To her they vow their truth, and are again
 believed.

Wisdom in sable garb arrayed,
 Immersed in rapturous thought profound,
 And Melancholy, silent maid,
 With leaden eye that loves the ground,
 Still on thy solemn steps attend;
 Warm Charity, the general friend,
 With Justice, to herself severe,
 And Pity, dropping soft the sadly pleasing
 tear.

Oh! gently on thy suppliant's head,
 Dread goddess, lay thy chast'ning hand!
 Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
 Nor circled with the vengeful band
 (As by the impious thou art seen);
 With thund'ring voice and threat'ning
 mien,
 With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
 Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly
 Poverty:

Thy form benign, O goddess, wear,
 Thy milder influence impart,
 Thy philosophic train be there
 To soften, not to wound my heart.
 The gen'rous spark extinct revive,
 Teach me to love and to forgive,
 Exact my own defects to scan,
 What others are to feel, and know myself
 a Man.

—:o:—

ROBERT BURNS.

1759—1796.

THE CHEVALIER'S LAMENT.

THE small birds rejoice in the green leaves
 returning,
 The murmuring streamlet winds clear
 through the vale;
 The hawthorn-trees blow in the dews of the
 morning,
 And wild scattered cowslips bedeck the
 green dale:

But what can give pleasure, or what can
seem fair,
While the lingering moments are numbered
by care?

No flowers gaily springing, nor birds
sweetly singing, [spair.
Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless de-

The deed that I dared, could it merit their
malice,

A king and a father to place on his throne?
His right are these hills, and his right are
these valleys,

Where the wild beasts find shelter, but I
can find none.

But 'tis not my sufferings thus wretched,
forlorn, [mourn:

My brave gallant friends, 'tis your ruin I
Your deeds proved so loyal in hot bloody
trial,

Alas! can I make you no sweeter return?

—o—

THE FAREWELL.

It was a' for our rightfu' king
We left fair Scotland's strand;

It was a' for our rightfu' king
We e'er saw Irish land, my dear,
We e'er saw Irish land.

Now a' is done that men can do,
And a' is done in vain;

My love and native land, farewell!
For I maun cross the main, my dear,
For I maun cross the main.

He turned him right, and round about,
Upon the Irish shore;

And ga'e his bridle-reins a shake,
With adieu for evermore, my dear!
With adieu for evermore!

The sodger frae the wars returns,
The sailor frae the main;

But I ha'e parted frae my love,
Never to meet again, my dear,
Never to meet again.

When day is gane and night is come,
And a' folk bound to sleep,

I'll think on him that's far awa'
The lee-lang night, and weep, my dear,
The lee-lang night, and weep.

—:o:—

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

1774—1810.

THE MIDGES DANCE ABOON THE BURN.

THE midges dance aboon the burn,
The dewes begin to fa',
The patricks down the rushy holm
Set up their e'ening ca'.
Now loud and clear the blackbird's sang
Rings through the briery shaw,
While flitting gay, the swallows play
Around the castle wa'.

Beneath the golden gloamin' sky
The mavis mends her lay,
The redbreast pours his sweetest strains
To charm the ling'ring day.
While weary yeldrens seem to wail
Their little nestlings torn,
The merry wren frae den to den
Gaes jinking through the thorn.

The roses fauld their silken leaves,
The foxglove shuts its bell,
The honeysuckle and the birk
Spread fragrance through the dell.
Let others crowd the giddy court
Of mirth and revelry;
The simple joys that nature yields
Are dearer far to me.

—:o:—

CHARLES DIBDIN.

1745—1814.

POOR JACK.

GO, PATTER to lubbers and swabs, d' ye see,
'Bout danger and fear and the like;
A tight water-boat and good sea-room give
me,
And 'tain't to a little I'll strike;
Though the tempest top-gallant masts
smack smooth should smite,
And shiver each splinter of wood,
Clear the wreck, stow the yards, and bouse
everything tight,
And under reefed foresail we'll scud:
Avast! nor don't think me a milksop so soft
To be taken for trifles aback;
For they say there's a Providence sits up
aloft,
To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

Why, I heard our good chaplain palaver
one day

About souls, heaven, mercy, and such ;
And, my timbers ! what lingo he 'd coil and
belay,

Why 'twas just all as one as High Dutch :
For he said how a sparrow can't founder,
d' ye see,

Without orders that come down below ;
And many fine things that proved clearly
to me

That Providence takes us in tow :
For says he, do ye mind me, let storms ere
so oft

Take the topsails of sailors aback,
There 's a sweet little cherub that sits up
aloft,

To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

I said to our Poll, for, d' ye see, she would
cry,

When last we weighed anchor for sea,
What argufies sniv'ling and piping your
eye ?

Why, what a d——d fool you must be !
Can't you see the world 's wide, and there 's
room for us all,

Both for seamen and lubbers ashore ?
And if to old Davy I should go, friend
Poll,

Why, you 'll never hear of me more :
What then ? all 's a hazard, come, don't be
so soft,—

Perhaps I may laughing come back ;
For, d' ye see, there 's a cherub sits smiling
aloft,

To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

D' ye mind me, a sailor should be every inch
All as one as a piece of the ship,

And with her brave the world without
offering to flinch,

From the moment the anchor 's a-trip.

As for me, in all weathers, all times, tides,
and ends,

Nought 's a trouble from duty that
springs,

For my heart is my Poll's, and my rhino 's
my friend's,

And as for my life, 'tis the king's.

Even when my time comes, ne'er believe
me so soft

As for grief to be taken aback,

For the same little cherub that sits up
aloft

Will look out a good berth for Poor Jack.

TOM BOWLING.

HERE a sheer hulk lies poor Tom Bowling,

The darling of our crew ;

No more he 'll hear the tempest howling,

For death hath broached him to.

His form was of the manliest beauty,

His heart was kind and soft,

Faithful below he did his duty,

And now he 's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,

His virtues were so rare ;

His friends were many and true-hearted,

His Poll was kind and fair ;

And then he 'd sing so blithe and jolly,

Full many 's the time and oft ;

But mirth is turned to melancholy,

For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet may poor Tom find pleasant weather,

When He who all commands

Shall give, to call life's crew together,

The word to pipe all hands.

Thus Death, who kings and tars dispatches,

In vain Tom's life has doffed,

For though his body 's under hatches,

His soul has gone aloft.

—:O:—

JOANNA BAILLIE.

1762—1851.

A SAILOR'S SONG.

WHILE clouds on high are riding,

The wintry moonshine hiding,

The raging blast abiding,

O'er mountain waves we go.

With hind the dry land reaping,

With townsman shelter keeping,

With lord on soft down sleeping,

Change we our lot ? Oh, no !

On stormy waves careering,

Each seamate seamate cheering,

With dauntless helmsman steering,

Our forthward course we hold.

Their sails with sunbeams whitened,

Themselves with glory brightened,

From care their bosoms lightened,

Who shall return ? The bold.

—:O:—

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

1777—1844.

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

OF Nelson and the North,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly
shone;

By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat
Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line:
It was ten of April morn by the chime;
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death;
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.

But the might of England flushed
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleetest rushed
O'er the deadly space between.
"Hearts of oak!" our captain cried; when
From its adamant lips [each gun
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back;—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom,
'Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shattered sail,
Or, in conflagration pale
Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hailed them o'er the wave:
"Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save:
So peace instead of death let us bring;
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our king!"

Then Denmark blessed our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose;

And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose, [day.
As Death withdrew his shades from the
While the sun looked smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Now joy, Old England, raise!
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
While the wine-cup shines in light;
And yet, amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died;—
With the gallant good Riou; [grave!
Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave!

—o—

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

Ye Mariners of England!
That guard our native seas,
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To meet another foe!
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave:
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.

With thunders from her native oak
 She quells the floods below,
 As they roar on the shore
 When the stormy tempests blow;
 When the battle rages loud and strong,
 And the stormy tempests blow.

The meteor flag of England
 Shall yet terrific burn,
 Till danger's troubled night depart,
 And the star of peace return.
 Then, then, ye ocean warriors,
 Our song and feast shall flow
 To the fame of your name
 When the storm has ceased to blow;
 When the fiery fight is heard no more,
 And the storm has ceased to blow.

—o—

EXILE OF ERIN.

[Erin,
 THERE came to the beach a poor Exile of
 The dew on his thin robe was heavy and
 chill: [repairing
 For his country he sighed, when at twilight
 To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.
 But the day-star attracted his eye's sad
 devotion, [ocean,
 For it rose o'er his own native isle of the
 Where once in the fire of his youthful
 emotion [bragh.
 He sang the bold anthem of Erin go

"Sad is my fate," said the heart-broken
 stranger,— [flee;

"The wild deer and wolf to a covert can
 But I have no refuge from famine and
 danger,

A home and a country remain not to me.
 Never again, in the green sunny bowers
 Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend
 the sweet hours, [flowers,
 Or cover my harp with the wild-woven
 And strike to the numbers of Erin go
 bragh!

[saken,
 "Erin, my country! though sad and for-
 In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
 But, alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,
 And sigh for the friends who can meet
 me no more!

Oh, cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me
 In a mansion of peace, where no perils
 can chase me?

Never again shall my brothers embrace me?
 They died to defend me, or live to de-
 plore!

"Where is my cabin door, fast by the wild
 wood?

Sisters and sire, did ye weep for its fall?
 Where is the mother that looked on my
 childhood?

And where is the bosom friend, dearer
 than all?

Oh, my sad heart! long abandoned by
 pleasure,

Why did it doat on a fast-fading treasure?
 Tears, like the rain-drop, may fall without
 measure, [call.

But rapture and beauty they cannot re-

"Yet all its sad recollection suppressing,

One dying wish my lone bosom can draw:
 Erin, an exile bequeaths thee his blessing!

Land of my forefathers! Erin go bragh!
 Buried and cold, when my heart stills her
 motion, [ocean!

Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the
 And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud
 with devotion,—

Erin mavournin! Erin go bragh!"

—o—

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound
 Cries, "Boatman do not tarry!
 And I'll give thee a silver pound
 To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now who be ye would cross Lochgyle,
 This dark and stormy water?"

"Oh, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
 And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men
 Three days we've fled together,
 For should he find us in the glen,
 My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
 Should they our steps discover,
 Then who will cheer my bonnie bride
 When they have slain her lover?"

Outspoke the hardy Highland wight,
 "I'll go, my chief—I'm ready;
 It is not for your silver bright,
 But for your winsome lady:

"And by my word! the bonny bird
 In danger shall not tarry;
 So, though the waves are raging white
 I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith* was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armèd men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"Oh, haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When, oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,—
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismayed, through storm and
His child he did discover; [shade,
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in
"Across this stormy water; [grief,
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,—
My daughter! oh, my daughter!"

'Twas vain! the loud waves lashed the
Return or aid preventing; [shore,
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

—o—

HOHENLINDEN.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle blade,
And furious every charger neighed,
To join the dreadful revelry.

* The evil spirit of the waters.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

—o—

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

1771—1832.

JOCK OF HAZELDEAN

"WHY weep ye by the tide, ladie?
Why weep ye by the tide?
I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
And ye sall be his bride:
And ye sall be his bride, ladie,
Sae comely to be seen"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

"Now let this wilfu' grief be done,
And dry that cheek so pale;
Young Frank is chief of Errington,
And Lord of Langley Dale;
His step is first in peaceful ha',
His sword in battle keen"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

"A chain of gold ye sall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair;
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk
Nor palfrey fresh and fair;
And you, the foremost o' them a',
Shall ride our forest queen"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

The kirk was decked at morning-tide,
 The tapers glimmered fair;
 The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
 And dame and knight are there.
 They sought her baith by bower and ha';
 The ladie was not seen!
 She's o'er the Border, and awa'
 Wi' Jock of Hazeldean.

—O—

"WHERE SHALL THE LOVER REST?"

Where shall the lover rest,
 Whom the fates sever,
 From his true maiden's breast
 Parted for ever?
 Where, through groves deep and high,
 Sounds the far billow,
 Where early violets die,
 Under the willow.

CHORUS.

Eleu loro, &c. Soft shall be his pillow.

There, through the summer day,
 Cool streams are laving;
 There, while the tempests sway,
 Scarce are boughs waving;
 There, thy rest shalt thou take,
 Parted for ever,
 Never again to wake,
 Never, O never!

CHORUS.

Eleu loro, &c. Never, O never!

Where shall the traitor rest,
 He, the deceiver,
 Who could win maiden's breast,
 Ruin, and leave her?
 In the lost battle,
 Borne down by the flying,
 Where mingles war's rattle
 With groans of the dying.

CHORUS.

Eleu loro, &c. There shall he be lying.

Her wing shall the eagle flap
 O'er the false-hearted;
 His warm blood the wolf shall lap
 Ere life be parted.
 Shame and dishonour sit
 By his grave ever,
 Blessing shall hallow it
 Never, O never!

CHORUS.

Eleu loro, &c. Never, O never!

FITZTRAYER'S SONG.

'Twas All-Souls Eve, and Surrey's heart
 beat high; [start,
 He heard the midnight bell with anxious
 Which told the mystic hour approaching
 nigh, [art,
 When wise Cornelius promised, by his
 To show to him the ladye of his heart,
 Albeit betwixt them roared the ocean
 grim;
 Yet so the sage had hight to play his part,
 That he should see her form in life and
 limb, [thought of him.
 And mark, if still she loved, and still she

Dark was the vaulted room of gramarye,
 To which the wizard led the gallant
 knight,
 Save that before a mirror, huge and high,
 A hallowed taper shed a glimmering light
 On mystic implements of magic might;
 On cross and character and talisman,
 And almagest and altar, nothing bright:
 For fitful was the lustre, pale and wan,
 As watchlight by the bed of some depart-
 ing man.

But soon, within that mirror huge and high,
 Was seen a self-emitted light to gleam;
 And forms upon its breast the Earl gan spy,
 Cloudy and indistinct as feverish dream,
 Till, slow arranging, and defined, they
 seem

To form a lordly and a lofty room,
 Part lighted by a lamp with silver beam,
 Placed by a couch of Agra's silken loom,
 And part by moonshine pale, and part was
 hid in gloom.

Fair all the pageant—but how passing fair
 The slender form which lay on couch of
 Ind!

O'er her white bosom strayed her hazel hair,
 Pale her dear cheek, as if for love she
 pined;

All in her night-robe loose she lay reclined,
 And, pensive, read from tablet eburnine
 Some strain that seemed her inmost soul
 to find;—

That favoured strain was Surrey's rap-
 tured line, [dine!
 That fair and lovely form, the Lady Geral-

Slow rolled the clouds upon the lovely form,
 And swept the goodly vision all away—
 So royal envy rolled the murky storm
 O'er my beloved master's glorious day.

Thou jealous, ruthless tyrant! Heaven
 repay
 On thee, and on thy children's latest line,
 The wild caprice of thy despotic sway,
 The gory bridal bed, the plundered shrine,
 The murdered Surrey's blood, the tears of
 Geraldine!

—o—

BOAT SONG.

HAIL to the Chief who in triumph advances!
 Honoured and blessed be the ever-green
 pine! [glances,
 Long may the tree, in his banner that
 Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line!
 Heaven send it happy dew,
 Earth lend it sap anew,
 Gaily to burgeon, and broadly to grow,
 While every Highland glen
 Sends our shout back agen,
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the
 fountain,
 Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade:
 When the whirlwind has stripped every
 leaf on the mountain, [shade.
 The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her
 Moored in the rifted rock,
 Proof to the tempest's shock,
 Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow;
 Menteith and Breadalbane, then,
 Echo his praise agen,
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Proudly our pibroch has thrilled in Glen
 Fruin, [replied;
 And Bannochar's groans to our slogan
 Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking
 in ruin, [on her side.
 And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead
 Widow and Saxon maid
 Long shall lament our raid, [woe;
 Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with
 Lennox and Leven-glen
 Shake when they hear agen,
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the
 Highlands! [Pine!
 Stretch to your oars, for the ever-green
 Oh that the rose-bud that graces yon
 islands [to twine!
 Were wreathed in a garland around him
 Oh that some seedling gem,
 Worthy such noble stem,

Honoured and blessed in their shadow
 might grow!
 Loud should Clan-Alpine then
 Ring from the deepmost glen,
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

—o—

NORMAN'S SONG.

THE heath this night must be my bed,
 The bracken curtain for my head,
 My lullaby the warder's tread,
 Far, far from love and thee, Mary;
 To-morrow eve, more stilly laid,
 My couch may be my bloody plaid,
 My vesper song, thy wail, sweet maid!
 It will not waken me, Mary!

I may not, dare not, fancy now
 The grief that clouds thy lovely brow,
 I dare not think upon thy vow,
 And all it promised me, Mary.
 No fond regret must Norman know;
 When bursts Clan-Alpine on the foe
 His heart must be like bended bow,
 His foot like arrow free, Mary.

A time will come with feeling fraught,
 For, if I fall in battle fought,
 Thy hapless lover's dying thought
 Shall be a thought on thee, Mary.
 And if returned from conquered foes,
 How blithely will the evening close,
 How sweet the linnet sing repose,
 To my young bride and me, Mary!

—o—

THE CAVALIER.

WHILE the dawn on the mountain was
 misty and gray, [away
 My true love has mounted his steed and
 Over hill, over valley, o'er dale, and o'er
 down: [for the Crown!
 Heaven shield the brave gallant that fights

He has doffed the silk doublet, the breast-
 plate to bear, [flowing hair,
 He has placed the steel-cap o'er his long
 From his belt to his stirrup his broad-
 sword hangs down,—
 Heaven shield the brave gallant that fights
 for the Crown!

For the rights of fair England that broad-
 sword he draws, [cause;
 Her King is his leader, her Church is his

His watchword is honour, his pay is re-
nown,— [for the Crown!
God strike with the gallant that strikes

They may boast of their Fairfax, their
Waller, and all [Hall;
The round-headed rebels of Westminster
But tell these bold traitors of London's
proud town, [circled the Crown!
That the spears of the North have en-

There's Derby and Cavendish, dread of
their foes; [land's Montrose!
There's Erin's high Ormond, and Scot-
Would you match the base Skippon, and
Massey, and Brown,
With the Barons of England, that fight
for the Crown?

Now joy to the crest of the brave Cavalier!
Be his manner unconquered, resistless his
spear, [may drown
Till in peace and in triumph his toils he
In a pledge to fair England, her Church,
and her Crown!

—o—

LOCHINVAR.

OH, young Lochinvar is come out of the
west, [the best;
Through all the wide Border his steed was
And save his good broadsword he weapons
had none,
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young
Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped
not for stone, [was none;
He swam the Eske river where ford there
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came
late,
For a laggard in love and a dastard in war
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave
Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bride'smen, and kinsmen, and
brothers, and all: [his sword,
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never
a word), [war,
"Oh, come ye in peace here, or come ye in
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord
Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you
denied;— [its tide;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like
And now am I come, with this lost love of
mine [of wine.
To lead but one measure, drink one cup
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely
by far, [Lochinvar."
That would gladly be bride to the young

The bride kissed the goblet: the knight
took it up, [the cup.
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down
She looked down to blush, and she looked
up to sigh, [eye.
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her
He took her soft hand, ere her mother
could bar,— [Lochinvar.
"Now tread we a measure!" said young

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father
did fume, [bonnet and plume;
And the bridegroom stood dangling his
And the bride-maidens whispered, "'Twere
better by far [young Lochinvar."
To have matched our fair cousin with

One touch to her hand, and one word in
her ear, [charger stood near;
When they reached the hall door, and the
So light to the croupe the fair lady he
swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank,
bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow,"
quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of
the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they
rode and they ran; [Lee.
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did
they see.
So daring in love and so dauntless in war,
Have you e'er heard of gallant like young
Lochinvar?

—o—

FLORA MACIVOR'S SONG.

THERE is mist on the mountain and night
on the vale, [the Gael.
But more dark is the sleep of the sons of

A stranger commanded—it sunk on the
land, [every hand!
It has frozen each heart and benumbed
The dirk and the target lie sordid with dust,
The bloodless claymore is but reddened
with rust; [pear,
On the hill or the glen if a gun should ap-
pear, It is only to war with the heath-cock or
deer.

The deeds of our sires if our bards should
rehearse, [verse!
Let a blush or a blow be the meed of their
Be mute every string, and be hushed every
tone [is flown.
That shall bid us remember the fame that

But the dark hours of night and of slumber
are past, [at last;
The morn on our mountains is dawning
Glenaladale's peaks are illumed with the
rays, [in the blaze.
And the streams of Glenfinnan leap bright

O high-minded Moray!—the exiled—the
dear!— [uprear!
In the blush of the dawning the Standard
Wide, wide on the winds of the north let
it fly, [pest is high!
Like the sun's latest flash when the tem-

Ye sons of the strong, when that dawning
shall break, [wake?
Need the harp of the aged remind you to
That dawn never beamed on your fore-
fathers' eye,
But it roused each high chieftain to van-
quish or die.

O sprung from the kings who in Islay kept
state, [and Sleat!
Proud chiefs of Clan-Ranald, Glengary,
Combine like three streams from one
mountain of snow [foe.
And resistless in union rush down on the

True son of Sir Evan, undaunted Lochiel,
Place thy targe on thy shoulder and bur-
nish thy steel! [bold swell,
Rough Keppock, give breath to thy bugle's
Till far Coryarrich resound to the knell!

Stern son of Lord Kenneth, high chief of
Kintail, [the gale!
Let the stag in thy standard bound wild in
May the race of Clan-Gillian, the fearless
and free, [dee!
Remember Glenlivat, Harlaw, and Dun-

Let the clan of grey Fingon, whose off-
spring has given [heaven,
Such heroes to earth and such martyrs to
Unite with the race of renowned Rorri
More, [the oar!
To launch the long galley and stretch to

How Mac-Shimei will joy when their chief
shall display [gray!
The yew-crested bonnet o'er tresses of
How the race of wronged Alpine and
murdered Glencoe
Shall shout for revenge when they pour on
the foe!

Ye sons of Brown Dermid, who slew the
wild boar, [More!
Resume the pure faith of the great Callum-
Mac-Niel of the Islands, and Moy of the
Lake, [awake!
For honour, for freedom, for vengeance

Awake on your hills, on your islands awake!
Brave sons of the mountain, the frith, and
the lake! [call;
'Tis the bugle—but not for the chase is the
'Tis the pibroch's shrill summons—but not
to the hall;—

'Tis the summons of heroes for conquest
or death, [tain and heath;
When the banners are blazing on moun-
They call to the dirk, the claymore, and
the targe, [the charge.
To the march and the muster, the line and

Be the brand of each chieftain like Fin's in
his ire!
May the blood through his veins flow like
currents of fire!
Burst the base foreign yoke as your sires
did of yore! [more!
Or die, like your sires, and endure it no



SONG.

“A WEARY lot is thine, fair maid,
A weary lot is thine!
To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,
And press the rue for wine.
A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
A feather of the blue,
A doublet of the Lincoln green,—
No more of me you knew,
My love!
No more of me you knew.

"This morn is merry June, I trow,
The rose is budding fain;
But she shall bloom in winter snow
Ere we two meet again."
He turned his charger as he spake
Upon the river shore,
He gave his bridle-reins a shake,
Said, "Adieu for evermore,
My love!
And adieu for evermore."

—O—

ALLEN-A-DALE.

ALLEN-A-DALE has no fagot for burning,
Allen-a-Dale has no furrow for turning,
Allen-a-Dale has no fleece for the spinning,
Yet Allen-a-Dale has red gold for the
winning. [my tale,
Come, read me my riddle! come, hearken
And tell me the craft of bold Allen-a-Dale.

The Baron of Ravensworth prances in
pride, [side,
And he views his domains upon Arkindale
The mere for his net, and the land for his
game, [the tame ;
The chase for the wild, and the park for
Yet the fish of the lake and the deer of
the vale [Dale.
Are less free to Lord Dacre than Allen-a-

Allen-a-Dale was ne'er belted a knight,
Though his spur be as sharp and his
blade be as bright;
Allen-a-Dale is no baron or lord,
Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at his
word; [vail,
And the best of our nobles his bonnet will
Who at Rere-Cross on Stanmore meets
Allen-a-Dale.

Allen-a-Dale to his wooing is come;
The mother, she asked of his household
and home:
"Though the Castle of Richmond stand
fair on the hill,
My hall," quoth bold Allen, "shows gal-
lanter still;
'Tis the blue vault of heaven, with its
crescent so pale,
And with all its bright spangles!" said
Allen-a-Dale.

The father was steel, and the mother was
stone; [begone;
They lifted the latch and they bade him

But loud, on the morrow, their wail and
 their cry,— (black eye,
 He had laughed on the lass with his bonny
 And she fled to the forest to hear a love-
 tale, [a-Dale!
 And the youth it was told by was Allen-

—:O:—

LADY ANNE BARNARD.

Died 1825.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, when
the cows come hame, [gane,
When a' the weary world to quiet rest are
The woes of my heart fa' in showers frae
my ee, [sleeps by me.
Unken'd by my gudeman, who soundly

Young Jamie loo'd me weel, and sought
me for his bride; [else beside.
But saving ae crown-piece, he'd naething
To make the crown a pound, my Jamie
gaed to sea; [baith for me!
And the crown and the pound, O they were

Before he had been gane a twelvemonth
and a day. [away ;
My father brak his arm, our cow was stown
My mother she fell sick, my Jamie was at
sea, [ing me !
And Auld Robin Gray, O he came a-court-

My father cou'dna work, my mother cou'dna
spin; [cou'dna win;
I toiled day and night, but their bread I
Auld Robin fed them baith, and, wi' tears
in his ee,
Said, "Jenny, O for their sakes, will you
marry me?"

My heart it said na, and I looked for Jamie
back ; [a wrack ;
But hard blew the winds, and his ship was
His ship it was a wrack ! Why didna Jamie
dee ? [is me !
Or wherefore am I spared to cry out, Woe

My father argued sair, my mother didna
 speak, [like to break ;
But she looked in my face till my heart was
They gied him my hand, but my heart was
 in the sea ; [to me.
And so Auld Robin Gray he was gudeman

I hadna been his wife a week but only four,
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at
my door,

I saw my Jamie's ghaist—I cou'dna think
it he, [to marry thee!]

Till he said, "I'm come hame, my love,

Oh! sair, sair did we greet, and mickle say
of a; [awa.

Aekiss we took, nae mair—I bade him gang
I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like
to dee; [me!

For O I am but young to cry out, Woe is

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena much to
spin; [sin.

I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a
But I will do my best a gude wife aye to be,
For Auld Robin Gray, O he is sae kind to
me.

—:O:—

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

1774—1843.

THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

NO STIR in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was as still as she could be,
Her sails from heaven received no motion,
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sigh or sound of their shock,
The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock.
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The worthy Abbot of Aberbrothok
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the surge's swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they know the perilous rock,
And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven was shining gay,
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea-birds screamed as they wheeled
round,
And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen
A darker speck on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring,
It made him whistle, it made him sing;
His heart was mirthful to excess,—
But the rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float;
Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sank the bell with a gurgling sound,
The bubbles rose and burst around;
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes
to the rock
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away,
He scoured the seas for many a day;
And now grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky,
They cannot see the sun on high;
The wind hath blown a gale all day,
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the rover takes his stand,
So dark it is they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers'
roar?
For methinks we should be near the shore."
"Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell."

They hear no sound, the swell is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift
along, [shock,—
Till the vessel strikes with a shiver!
"Oh! heavens! it is the Inchcape Rock!"

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair;
He curst himself in his despair;
The waves rush in on every side,
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But even now, in his dying fear,
One dreadful sound could the rover hear,
A sound as if with the Inchcape Bell
The fiends in triumph were ringing his
knell.

JAMES HOGG.

1770—1835.

THE SKYLARK.

BIRD of the wilderness,
 Blithesome and cumberless,
 Light be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
 Emblem of happiness,
 Blessed is thy dwelling-place;
 Oh to abide in the desert with thee!

Wild is thy lay and loud,
 Far in the downy cloud;
 Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
 Where, on thy dewy wing,
 Where art thou journeying?
 Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
 O'er moor and mountain green,
 O'er the red streamer that heralds the day;
 Over the cloudlet dim,
 Over the rainbow's rim,
 Musical cherub, soar, singing away!

Then when the gloaming comes,
 Low in the heather-blooms,
 Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be;
 Emblem of happiness,
 Blessed is thy dwelling-place;
 Oh to abide in the desert with thee!

—:O:—

LORD BYRON.

1788—1824.

WAR SONG.

TAMBOURGI! Tambourgi! thy 'larum afar
 Gives hope to the valiant, and promise of
 war; [note,
 All the sons of the mountains arise at the
 Chimariot, Illyrian, and dark Suliote!

Oh! who is more brave than a dark Suliote,
 In his snowy camese and his shaggy capote?
 To the wolf and the vulture he leaves his
 wild flock, [from the rock.
 And descends to the plain like the stream [give
 Shall the sons of Chimari, who never for-
 The fault of a friend, bid an enemy live?
 Let those guns so unerring such vengeance
 forego?
 What mark is so fair as the breast of a foe?

Macedonia sends forth her invincible race;
 For a time they abandon the cave and the
 chase; [redder, before
 But those scarfs of blood-red shall be
 The sabre is sheathed and the battle is o'er.

Then the pirates of Parga that dwell by the
 waves, [slaves,
 And teach the pale Franks what it is to be
 Shall leave on the beach the long galley
 and oar,
 And track to his covert the captive on shore.

I ask not the pleasures that riches supply;
 My sabre shall win what the feeble must
 buy,—
 Shall win the young bride with her long
 flowing hair,
 And many a maid from her mother shall
 tear.

I love the fair face of the maid in her youth;
 Her caresses shall lull me, her music shall
 soothe:
 Let her bring from her chamber the many-
 toned lyre,
 And sing us a song on the fall of her sire.

Remember the moment when Previsa fell,
 The shrieks of the conquered, the con-
 querors' yell;
 The roofs that we fired, and the plunder
 we shared, [spared.
 The wealthy we slaughtered, the lovely we

I talk not of mercy, I talk not of fear;
 He neither must know who would serve
 the Vizier:
 Since the days of our Prophet the Crescent
 ne'er saw
 A chief ever glorious like Ali Pashaw.

Dark Muchtar his son to the Danube is
 sped,
 Let the yellow-haired Giaours view his
 horsetail with dread;
 When his Dellis come dashing in blood
 o'er the banks,
 How few shall escape from the Muscovite
 ranks!

[tar:
 Selictar! unsheathe then our chief's scimi-
 Tambourgi! thy 'larum gives promise of
 war. [shore,
 Ye mountains that see us descend to the
 Shall view us as victors or view us no more!

—:O:—

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

1792—1822.

ODE TO THE SKYLARK.

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit!
 Bird thou never wert,
 That from heaven or near it,
 Pourest thy full heart
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher,
 From the earth thou springest
 Like a cloud of fire;
 The blue deep thou wingest,
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring
 ever singest.

In the golden lightning
 Of the sunken sun,
 O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
 Thou dost float and run, [begun.
 Like an unbodied joy whose race is just

The pale purple even
 Melts around thy flight;
 Like a star of heaven
 In the broad daylight, [delight.
 Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill

Keen as are the arrows
 Of that silver sphere,
 Whose intense lamp narrows
 In the white dawn clear,
 Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
 With thy voice is loud,
 As when night is bare,
 From one lonely cloud
 The moon rains out her beams, and heaven
 is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;
 What is most like thee?
 From rainbow clouds there flow not
 Drops so bright to see,
 As from thy presence showers a rain of
 [melody.

Like a poet hidden
 In the light of thought,
 Singing hymns unbidden,
 Till the world is wrought [not:
 To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded

Like a high-born maiden
 In a palace tower,
 Soothing her love-laden
 Soul in secret hour [her bower:
 With music sweet as love, which overflows

Like a glowworm golden
 In a dell of dew,
 Scattering unbeholden
 Its ærial hue [it from the view:
 Among the flowers and grass, which screen

Like a rose embowered
 In its own green leaves,
 By warm winds deflowered,
 Till the scent it gives
 Makes faint with too much sweet these
 heavy-winged thieves:

Sound of vernal showers
 On the twinkling grass;
 Rain-awakened flowers,
 All that ever was [doth surpass.
 Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music

Teach us, sprite or bird,
 What sweet thoughts are thine:
 I have never heard
 Praise of love or wine [divine.
 That panted forth a flood of rapture so

Chorus hymeneal,
 Or triumphal chaunt,
 Matched with thine would be all
 But as empty vaunt—
 A thing wherein we feel there is some
 hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
 Of thy happy strain?
 What fields, or waves, or mountains?
 What shapes of sky or plain?
 What love of thine own kind? what igno-
 rance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
 Languor cannot be:
 Shadow of annoyance
 Never came near thee. [satlety.
 Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad

Waking or asleep,
 Thou of death must deem
 Things more true and deep
 Than we mortals dream.
 Or how could thy notes flow in such a
 crystal stream?

We look before and after,
 And pine for what is not;
 Our sincerest laughter
 With some pain is fraught;
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell of
 saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
 Hate, and pride, and fear—
 If we were things born
 Not to shed a tear, [come near.
 I know not how thy joys we ever should

Better than all measures
 Of delightful sound,
 Better than all treasures
 That in books are found,
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of
 the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
 That thy brain must know,
 Such harmonious madness
 From my lips would flow,
 The world should listen then, as I am
 listening now.

—O—

ODE TO THE WEST WIND.

O WILD West Wind, thou breath of
 autumn's being, [leaves dead
 Thou, from whose unseen presence the
 Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter
 fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic
 red,
 Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O thou
 Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The wingèd seeds, where they lie cold and
 low,
 Each like a corpse within its grave, until
 Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and
 fill [air)
 (Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in
 With living hues and odours plain and hill:

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;
 Destroyer and preserver; hear, oh, hear!

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's
 commotion, [are shed,
 Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves
 Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven
 and Ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning, there are
 spread
 On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
 Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Mænad, even from the dim
 verge
 Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
 The locks of the approaching storm.
 Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing
 night
 Will be the doom of a vast sepulchre,
 Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapours from whose solid atmosphere
 Black rain, and fire, and hail, will burst:
 Oh, hear!

Thou who didst waken from his summer
 dreams
 The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
 Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baïæ's bay,
 And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
 Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
 So sweet, the sense faints picturing them!
 Thou
 For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far
 below
 The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which
 wear
 The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow grey with
 fear,
 And tremble and despoil themselves: oh,
 hear!

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
 If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
 A wave to pant beneath thy power, and
 share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free
 Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even
 I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over
 heaven,
 As then, when to outstrip the skyey speed
 Scarce seemed a vision, I would ne'er have
 striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
 Oh! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
 I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chained and
 bowed [proud.
 One too like thee, tameless, and swift, and

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is.
 What if my leaves are falling like its own?
 The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep autumnal tone,
 Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, spirit
 fierce,
 My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
 Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth;
 And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
 Ashes and sparks, my words among man-
 kind!
 Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O wind,
 If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

—:O:—

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

1770—1850.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD.

“The child is father of the man;
 And I could wish my days to be
 Bound each to each by natural piety.”

THERE was a time when meadow, grove,
 and stream,
 The earth, and every common sight,
 To me did seem
 Apparell’d in celestial light,
 The glory and the freshness of a dream.
 It is not now as it hath been of yore,—
 Turn wheresoe’er I may,
 By night or day,
 The things which I have seen I now can
 see no more.

The rainbow comes and goes,
 And lovely is the rose;
 The moon doth with delight
 Look round her when the heavens are bare;
 Waters on a starry night
 Are beautiful and fair;
 The sunshine is a glorious birth;

But yet I know, where’er I go,
 That there hath passed away a glory from
 the earth.

[song,
 Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous
 And while the young lambs bound
 As to the tabor’s sound,
 To me alone there came a thought of grief:
 A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
 And I again am strong: [steep,
 The cataracts blow their trumpets from the
 No more shall grief of mine the season
 wrong; [throng,
 I hear the echoes through the mountains
 The winds come to me from the fields of
 And all the earth is gay; [sleep,
 Land and sea
 Give themselves up to jollity,
 And with the heart of May
 Doth every beast keep holiday;—
 Thou child of joy,
 Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts,
 thou happy shepherd boy!

Ye bless’d creatures, I have heard the call
 Ye to each other make; I see
 The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
 My heart is at your festival,
 My head hath its coronal, [all.
 The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it
 Oh, evil day! if I were sullen
 While the earth itself is adorning,
 This sweet May morning,
 And the children are pulling
 On every side,
 In a thousand valleys far and wide,
 Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
 [arm;—
 And the babe leaps up on his mother’s
 I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
 But there’s a tree, of many, one,
 A single field which I have looked upon,—
 Both of them speak of something that is
 The pansy at my feet [gone:
 Doth the same tale repeat
 Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
 Where is it now, the glory and the dream?
 Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
 The soul that rises with us, our life’s star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,
 And cometh from afar:
 Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness,
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come
 From God, who is our home:
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close
 Upon the growing boy,

But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,

He sees it in his joy;

The youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;

At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And, even with something of a mother's
mind,

And no unworthy aim,

The homely nurse doth all she can

To make her foster-child, her inmate man,

Forget the glories he hath known,

And that imperial palace whence he came.

Behold the child among his new-born blisses,
A six-years' darling of a pigmy size;
See where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes!
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human
life,

Shaped by himself with newly-learned art;

A wedding or a festival,

A mourning or a funeral;

And this hath now his heart,

And unto this he frames his song:

Then will he fit his tongue

To dialogues of business, love, or strife;

But it will not be long

Ere this be thrown aside,

And with new joy and pride

The little actor cons another part;

Filling from time to time his "humorous
stage"

With all the persons, down to palsied age,

That life brings with her in her equipage;

As if his whole vocation

Were endless imitation.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie

Thy soul's immensity;

Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep

Thy heritage, thou eye among the blind,

That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal
deep,

Haunted for ever by the eternal mind,—

Mighty prophet! seer blest!

On whom those truths do rest,

Which we are toiling all our lives to find,

In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;

Thou, over whom thy immortality

Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,
A presence which is not to be put by;
Thou little child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's
height,

Why with such earnest pains dost thou
provoke

The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly
freight,

And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

Oh, joy! that in our embers

Is something that doth live,

That nature yet remembers

What was so fugitive! [breed

The thought of our past years in me doth

Perpetual benediction: not indeed

For that which is most worthy to be blest;

Delight and liberty, the simple creed

Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,

With new-fledged hope still fluttering in
his breast:

Not for these I raise

The song of thanks and praise;

But for those obstinate questionings

Of sense and outward things,

Fallings from us, vanishings;

Blank misgivings of a creature

Moving about in worlds not realized,

High instincts before which our mortal
nature

Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised:

But for those first affections,

Those shadowy recollections,

Which, be they what they may,

Are yet the fountain light of all our day,

Are yet a master-light of all our seeing;

Uphold us, cherish, and have power to
make

Our noisy years seem moments in the being

Of the eternal silence: truths that wake

To perish never;

Which neither listlessness, nor mad en-
deavour,

Nor man nor boy,

Nor all that is at enmity with joy,

Can utterly abolish or destroy!

Hence, in a season of calm weather,

Though inland far we be,

Our souls have sight of that immortal sea

Which brought us hither,

Can in a moment travel thither,

And see the children sport upon the shore,

And hear the mighty waters rolling ever-
more.

Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song!

And let the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound:

We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May.

What though the radiance which was once
so bright

Be now for ever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the
flower;

We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be,
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering,

In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

And O ye fountains, meadows, hills, and
groves,

Think not of any severing of our loves;
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might:
I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the brooks which down their channels
fret,

Even more than when I tripped lightly as
The innocent brightness of a new-born day
Is lovely yet;

The clouds that gather round the setting
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms
are won.

Thanks to the human heart by which we
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can
give

Thoughts that do often lie too deep for

Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had
sunk:

'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thine happiness,
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the
In some melodious plot [trees,
Of beechen green, and shadows num-
berless, [ease.
Singest of summer in full-throated

Oh for a draught of vintage that hath
been [earth,

Cooled a long age in the deep-delled
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sun-
burnt mirth!

Oh for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the
brim,

And purple-stained mouth!
That I might drink, and leave the world
unseen, [dim:
And with thee fade away into the forest

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never
known,

The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other
groan;

Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey
hairs;

Where youth grows pale, and spectre-
thin, and dies;

Where but to think is to be full of
sorrow

And leaden-eyed despairs;

Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous
eyes,

Or new Love pine at them beyond
to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and re-
tards:

Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her
throne, [Fays;

Clustered around by all her starry
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes
blown

Through verdurous glooms and wind-
ing mossy ways.

—:O:—
JOHN KEATS.

1795—1821.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness
pains

My sense, as though of hemlock I had
drunk,

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
 Nor what soft incense hangs upon the
 boughs,
 But, in embalm'd darkness, guess each
 sweet

Wherewith the seasonable month endows
 The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree
 wild; [tine;
 White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglan-
 Fast-fading violets covered up in leaves;
 And mid-May's eldest child,
 The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
 The murmurous haunt of flies on
 summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time,
 I have been half in love with easeful
 Death, [rhyme,
 Called him soft names in many a mused
 To take into the air my quiet breath;
 Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
 To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
 While thou art pouring forth thy soul
 abroad
 In such an ecstasy!
 Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears
 in vain—
 To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal
 Bird!

No hungry generations tread thee down;
 The voice I hear this passing night was heard
 In ancient days by emperor and clown:
 Perhaps the selfsame song that found a
 path
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when,
 sick for home,
 She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
 The same that ofttimes hath
 Charmed magic casements, opening on
 the foam
 Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
 Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
 As she is fabled to do, deceiving elf.
 Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
 Past the near meadows, over the still
 stream, [deep
 Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried
 In the next valley-glades:
 Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
 Fled is that music:—Do I wake or
 sleep?

—:O:—

THOMAS MOORE.

1779—1852.

AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT.

AT THE mid hour of night, when stars are
 weeping, I fly
 To the lone vale we loved, when life shone
 warm in thine eye;
 And I think oft, if spirits can steal from
 the regions of air
 To revisit past scenes of delight, thou
 wilt come to me there,
 And tell me our love is remembered even
 in the sky!
 Then I sing the wild song 'twas once such
 pleasure to hear,
 When our voices commingling, breathed,
 like one, on the ear;
 And as Echo far off through the vale
 my sad orison rolls,
 I think, O my love! 'tis thy voice from
 the Kingdom of Souls
 Faintly answering still the notes that once
 were so dear.

—O—

GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

GO WHERE glory waits thee,
 But while fame elates thee,
 Oh! still remember me.
 When the praise thou meetest
 To thine ear is sweetest,
 Oh! then remember me.
 Other arms may press thee,
 Dearer friends caress thee,
 All the joys that bless thee
 Sweeter far may be;
 But when friends are nearest,
 And when joys are dearest,
 Oh! then remember me.

When at eve thou rovest,
 By the star thou lovest,
 Oh! then remember me.
 Think, when home returning,
 Bright we've seen it burning:
 Oh! thus remember me.
 Oft as summer closes,
 When thine eye reposes
 On in its lingering roses,
 Once so loved by thee,
 Think of her who wove them,
 Her who made thee love them,
 Oh! then remember me.

When, around thee dying,
 Autumn leaves are lying,
 Oh! then remember me.
 And at night when gazing
 On the gay hearth blazing,
 Oh! still remember me.
 Then, should music stealing
 All the soul of feeling,
 To thy heart appealing,
 Draw one tear from thee;
 Then let memory bring thee
 Strains I used to sing thee,—
 Oh! then remember me.

—o—

AFTER THE BATTLE.

NIGHT closed around the conqueror's way,
 And lightnings showed the distant hill,
 Where those who lost that dreadful day
 Stood few and faint, but fearless still.
 The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal
 For ever dimmed, for ever crossed—
 Oh! who shall say what heroes feel,
 When all but life and honour's lost?

The last sad hour of freedom's dream,
 And valour's task, moved slowly by,
 While mute they watched, till morning's
 beam

Should rise and give them light to die.
 There's yet a world where souls are free,
 Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss;
 If death that world's bright opening be,
 Oh! who would live a slave in this?

—o—

TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last rose of summer
 Left blooming alone;
 All her lovely companions
 Are faded and gone;
 No flower of her kindred,
 No rosebud is nigh,
 To reflect back her blushes,
 To give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
 To pine on the stem;
 Since the lovely are sleeping,
 Go sleep thou with them.
 Thus kindly I scatter
 Thy leaves o'er the bed,
 Where thy mates of the garden
 Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow;
 When friendships decay,
 And from Love's shining circle
 The gems drop away!
 When true hearts lie withered
 And fond ones are flown,
 Oh! who would inhabit
 This bleak world alone?

—o—

THE MINSTREL BOY.

THE Minstrel Boy to the war is gone,
 In the ranks of death you'll find him;
 His father's sword he has girded on,
 And his wild harp slung behind him,—
 "Land of song!" said the warrior-bard,
 "Though all the world betrays thee,
 One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
 One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain
 Could not bring his proud soul under;
 The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
 For he tore its chords asunder;
 And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
 Thou soul of love and bravery! [free,
 Thy songs were made for the brave and
 They shall never sound in slavery!"

—o—

FAREWELL!—BUT WHENEVER
YOU WELCOME THE HOUR.

FAREWELL!—but whenever you welcome
 the hour [your bower,
 That awakens the night-song of mirth in
 Then think of the friend who once wel-
 comed it too, [you.
 And forgot his own griefs to be happy with
 His griefs may return, not a hope may re-
 main, [way of pain,
 Of the few that have brightened his path-
 But he ne'er will forget the short vision that
 threw [ing with you.
 Its enchantment around him, while linger-

And still on that evening, when pleasure
 fills up [each cup,
 To the highest top sparkle each heart and
 Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or
 bright, [that night;
 My soul, happy friends, shall be with you
 Shall join in your revels, your sports, and
 your wiles, [your smiles—
 And return to me beaming all o'er with

Too blest, if it tells me that, 'mid the gay
cheer, [he were here!]
Some kind voice had murmured, "I wish

Let Fate do her worst; there are relics of
joy, [not destroy;
Bright dreams of the past, which she can—
Which come in the night-time of sorrow
and care, [to wear.
And bring back the features that joy used
Long, long be my heart with such memo-
ries filled! [been distilled—
Like the vase, in which roses have once
You may break, you may shatter the vase
if you will, [it still.
But the scent of the roses will hang round



HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED.

Has sorrow thy young days shaded,
As clouds o'er the morning fleet?
Too fast have those young days faded,
That, even in sorrow, were sweet?
Does Time with his cold wing wither
Each feeling that once was dear?—
Then, child of misfortune, come hither,
I'll weep with thee tear for tear.

Has love to that soul, so tender,
Been like our Lagenian mine,
Where sparkles of golden splendour
All over the surface shine?
But if in pursuit we go deeper,
Allured by the gleam that shone,
Ah false as the dream of the sleeper,
Like Love, the bright ore is gone.

Has Hope, like the bird in the story,
That flitted from tree to tree
With the talisman's glittering glory—
Has Hope been that bird to thee?
On branch after branch alighting,
The gem did she still display,
And, when nearest and most inviting,
Then waft the fair gem away?

If thus the young hours have fled,
When sorrow itself looked bright;
If thus the fair hope hath cheated,
That led thee along so light;
If thus the cold world now wither
Each feeling that once was dear,
Come, child of misfortune, come hither,
I'll weep with thee tear for tear.



THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high for praise
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone that breaks at night
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,—
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks
To show that still she lives.



BY THAT LAKE WHOSE GLOOMY SHORE.*

By that lake whose gloomy shore
Skylark never warbles o'er,
Where the cliff hangs high and steep,
Young St. Kevin stole to sleep.
"Here at least," he calmly said,
"Woman ne'er shall find my bed."
Ah! the good Saint little knew
What the wily sex can do.

'Twas from Kathleen's eyes he flew,—
Eyes of most unholy blue!
She had loved him well and long,
Wished him hers, nor thought it wrong.
Wheresoe'er the Saint would fly,
Still he heard her light foot nigh;
East or west, where'er he turned,
Still her eyes before him burned.

On the bold cliff's bosom cast,
Tranquil now he sleeps at last;
Dreams of heaven, nor thinks that e'er
Woman's smile can haunt him there.
But nor earth nor heaven is free
From her power if fond she be:
Even now, while calm he sleeps,
Kathleen o'er him leans and weeps.

* This ballad is founded upon one of the many stories related of St. Kevin, whose bed in the rock is to be seen at Glendalough, a most gloomy and romantic spot in the county of Wicklow.

Fearless she had tracked his feet
To this rocky wild retreat;
And when morning met his view,
Her mild glances met it too.
Ah! your Saints have cruel hearts!
Sternly from his bed he starts,
And with rude, repulsive shock,
Hurls her from the beetling rock.

Glendalough! thy gloomy wave
Soon was gentle Kathleen's grave!
Soon the Saint (yet, ah! too late)
Felt her love and mourned her fate:
When he said, "Heaven rest her soul,"
Round the lake light music stole;
And her ghost was seen to glide,
Smiling, o'er the fatal tide.

—:O:—

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

1784—1842.

MY AIN COUNTREE.

THE sun rises bright in France,
And fair sets he;
But he has tint* the blithe blink he had
In my ain countree.
Oh! gladness comes to many,
But sorrow comes to me
As I look o'er the wide ocean
To my ain countree.

Oh! it's not my ain ruin
That saddens aye my e'e,
But the love I left in Galloway
Wi' bonnie bairnies three.
My hamely hearth burned bonnie,
And smiled my fair Marie;
I've left my heart behind me
In my ain countree.

The bird comes back to summer
And the blossom to the tree,
But I win back, oh! never,
To my ain countree.
I'm leal to the high Heaven,
Which will be leal to me,
And there I'll meet ye a' sune
Frae my ain countree.

* Lost.

—O—

IT'S HAME, AND IT'S HAME.

It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad
I be, [countree!
An' it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain
When the flower is i' the bud, and the leaf
is on the tree,
The lark shall sing me hame in my ain
countree!
It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad
I be, [countree!
An' it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain

The green leaf o' loyaltie's beginning for
to fa',
The bonnie white rose it is withering an' a';
But I'll water 't wi' the blude of usurping
tyrannie,
An' green it will grow in my ain countree.
It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad
I be, [countree!
An' it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain

There's nought now frae ruin my country
can save, [grave,
But the keys o' kind Heaven to open the
That a' the noble martyrs that died for
loyaltie
May rise again and fight for their ain
countree.

It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad
I be, [countree!
An' it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain

The great now are gane, a' who ventured
to save,
The new grass is springing on the tap o'
their grave,
But the sun through the mirk blinks blythe
in my e'e:

'T'll shine on ye yet in your ain countree.
It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad
I be, [countree!
An' it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain

—O—

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

Oh for a soft and gentle wind!
 I heard a fair one cry;
 But give to me the snorting breeze,
 And white waves heaving high;
 And white waves heaving high, my boys,
 The good ship tight and free—
 The world of waters is our home,
 And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornèd moon,
 And lightning in yon cloud:
 And hark the music, mariners!
 The wind is piping loud;
 The wind is piping loud, my boys,
 The lightning flashing free,
 While the hollow oak our palace is,
 Our heritage the sea.

—:O:—

THOMAS HOOD.

1798—1845.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

I REMEMBER, I remember,
 The house where I was born,
 The little window where the sun
 Came peeping in at morn;
 He never came a wink too soon,
 Nor brought too long a day,
 But now I often wish the night
 Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember,
 The roses, red and white,
 The violets, and the lily-cups,
 Those flowers made of light!
 The lilacs where the robin built,
 And where my brother set,
 The laburnum on his birthday,—
 The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember,
 Where I was used to swing,
 And thought the air must rush as fresh
 To swallows on the wing;
 My spirit flew in feathers then,
 That is so heavy now,
 And summer pools could hardly cool
 The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember,
 The fir-trees dark and high;
 I used to think their slender tops
 Were close against the sky:

It was a childish ignorance,
 But now 'tis little joy
 To know I'm farther off from heaven
 Than when I was a boy.

—:O:—

MRS. HEMANS.

1793—1835.

THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

WHAT hidest thou in thy treasure-caves
 and cells? [main!—
 Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious
 Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-coloured shells, [and in vain!—
 Bright things which gleam unrecked of
 Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy sea!
 We ask not such from thee.

Yet more, the depths have more!—what
 wealth untold, [stillness lies!
 Far down, and shining through their
 Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,
 Won from ten thousand royal Argosies!
 Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful main!
 Earth claims not *these* again.

Yet more, the depths have more!—thy
 waves have rolled
 Above the cities of a world gone by!
 Sand hath filled up the palaces of old,
 Seaweed o'ergrown the halls of revelry.
 Dash o'er them, ocean, in thy scornful play!
 Man yields them to decay.

Yet more! the billows and the depths have
 more! [thy breast!
 High hearts and brave are gathered to
 They hear not now the booming waters roar,
 The battle-thunders will not break their
 rest.— [grave!
 Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy
 Give back the true and brave!

Give back the lost and lovely!—those for
 whom [so long!
 The place was kept at board and hearth
 The prayer went up through midnight's
 breathless gloom, [song!
 And the vain yearning woke 'midst festal
 Hold fast thy buried isles; thy towers o'er-
 thrown—
 But all is not thine own.

To thee the love of woman hath gone down,
 Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble
 head, [flowery crown;
 O'er youth's bright locks, and beauty's
 Yet must thou hear a voice—Restore the
 dead! [from thee!
 Earth shall reclaim her precious things
 Restore the dead, thou sea!

—o—

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

THE breaking waves dashed high
 On a stern and rock-bound coast.
 And the woods, against a stormy sky,
 Their giant branches tost;

And the heavy night hung dark
 The hills and water o'er,
 When a band of exiles moored their bark
 On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
 They, the true-hearted came,
 Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
 And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
 In silence and in fear,— [gloom
 They shook the depths of the desert's
 With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
 And the stars heard and the sea!
 And the sounding aisles of the dim woods
 To the anthem of the free. [rang

The ocean-eagle soared
 From his nest by the white wave's foam,
 And the rocking pines of the forest roared—
 This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
 Amidst that pilgrim band:
 Why had they come to wither there
 Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
 Lit by her deep love's truth:
 There was manhood's brow serenely high,
 And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
 Bright jewels of the mine?
 The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
 They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
 The soil where first they trod!
 They have left unstained what there they
 Freedom to worship God! [found—

—:O:—

LORD LYTTON.

(BULWER.)

1810—18—.

THE BLIND FLOWER-GIRL'S SONG.

BUY my flowers—oh, buy—I pray!
 The blind girl comes from afar:
 If the earth be as fair as I hear them say,
 These flowers her children are!
 Do they her beauty keep?
 They are fresh from her lap, I know;
 For I caught them fast asleep
 In her arms an hour ago,
 With the air which is her breath—
 Her soft and delicate breath—
 Over them murmuring low!

On their lips her sweet kiss lingers yet,
 And their cheeks with her tender tears are
 wet.

For she weeps, that gentle mother weeps,
 (As morn and night her watch she keeps,
 With a yearning heart and a passionate care)
 To see the young things grow so fair;
 She weeps—for love she weeps—
 And the dew's are the tears she weeps,
 From the well of a mother's love!

Ye have a world of light,
 Where love in the loved rejoices;
 But the blind girl's home is the House of
 Night,
 And its beings are empty voices.

As one in the realm below
 I stand by the streams of woe;
 I hear the vain shadows glide,
 I feel their soft breath at my side.
 And I thirst the loved forms to see,
 And I stretch my fond arms around,
 And I catch but a shapeless sound,
 For the living are ghosts to me.

Come buy—come buy!—
 Hark! how the sweet things sigh
 (For they have a voice like ours),
 "The breath of the blind girl closes
 The leaves of the saddening roses—

We are tender, we sons of light,
We shrink from this child of night;
From the grasp of the blind girl free us;
We yearn for the eyes that see us—
We are for night too gay,
In your eyes we behold the day—
Oh, buy—oh, buy the flowers!"

—:O:—

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLEY.

1797—1859.

SONG.

OF what is the old man thinking
As he leans on his oaken staff?
From the Mayday pastime shrinking,
He shares not the merry laugh.
But the tears of the old man flow
As he looks on the young and gay,
And his grey head moving slow
Keeps time to the air they play.
The elders around are drinking,
But not one cup will he quaff:
Oh, of what is the old man thinking
As he leans on his oaken staff?

'Tis not with a vain repining
That the old man sheds a tear;
'Tis not for his strength declining,
He sighs not to linger here;
There's a spell in the air they play,
And the old man's eyes are dim;
For it calls up a past Mayday,
And the dear friends lost to him.
From the scene before him shrinking,
From the dance and the merry laugh;
Of their calm repose he is thinking
As he leans on his oaken staff.

—:O:—

SAMUEL LOVER.

1797—1868.

OH, COME TO THE WEST.

OH, come to the West, love, oh, come
there with me, [from the sea;
'Tis a sweet land of verdure that springs
'Where fair Plenty smiles from her emerald
throne, [my own.
Oh, come to the West and I'll make thee

I'll guard thee, I'll tend thee, I'll love
thee the best, [land of the West.
And you'll say there's no land like the

The South has its roses and bright skies
of blue, [changeful hue;
But ours are more sweet with Love's own
Half sunshine, half tears, like the girl I
love best, [West?
Oh, what is the South to the beautiful
Then, come to the West, and the rose on
thy mouth [the South.
Will be sweeter to me than the flow'rs of

The North has its snow towers of dazzling
array, [ting day;
All sparkling with gems in the ne'er set
There the storm king may dwell in the
halls he loves best, [the West.
But the soft breathing zephyr he plays in
Then come there with me, where no cold
wind doth blow, [the snow.
And thy neck will seem fairer to me than

The sun in the gorgeous East chaseth the
night, [might;
When he riseth refreshed in his glory and
But where doth he go when he seeks his
sweet rest? [West?
Oh, doth he not haste to the beautiful
Then come there with me, 'tis the land I
love best, [darling West.
'Tis the land of my sires; 'tis my own

—O—

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

A BABY was sleeping, its mother was weep-
ing, [raging sea;
For her husband was far on the wild
And the tempest was swelling round the
fisherman's dwelling,
And she cried, "Dermot, darling, oh!
come back to me."

Her beads while she numbered, the baby
still slumbered, [the knee.
And smiled in her face as she bended
"Oh! blessed be that warning, my child,
thy sleep adorning, [ing with thee.
For I know that the angels are whisper-

"And while they are keeping bright watch
o'er thy sleeping, [me;
Oh, pray to them softly, my baby, with
And say thou wouldst rather they'd watch
o'er thy father, [ing with thee."
For I know that the angels are whisper-

The dawn of the morning saw Dermot
returning,
And the wife wept with joy her babe's
father to see;
And closely caressing her child with a
blessing,
Said, "I knew that the angels were
whispering with thee."

—:O:—

DAVID M. MOIR.

(DELTA.)

1798—1851.

TO THE SKYLARK.

AWAKE ere the morning dawn,—skylark,
arise! [the skies;
The last of the stars hath waxed dim in
The peak of the mountain is purpled in
light, [monded white;
And the grass with the night dew is dia-
The young flowers at morning's call open
their eyes— [arise!
Then up ere the break of day, skylark,

Earth starts like a sluggard half roused
from a dream; [from the stream,
Pale and ghost-like the mist floats away
And the cataract hoarsely, that all the
night long [song,
Poured forth to the desolate darkness its
Now softens to music as brighten the
skies— [arise!
Then up ere the dawn of day, skylark,

Arise from the clover, and up to the cloud,
Ere the sun leaves his chamber in majesty
proud, [things,
And, ere his light lowers to earth's meaner
Catch the stainless effulgence of heaven
on thy wings, [shall feast
While thy gaze as thou soarest and singest
On the innermost shrine of the uttermost
east.

Up, up with a loud voice of singing! the
bee [to the tree;
Will be out to the bloom, and the bird to
The trout to the pool, and the par to the
rill, [hill;
The flock to the plain, and the deer to the
Soon the marsh will resound to the plover's
lone cries— [arise!
Then up ere the dawn of day, skylark,

Up, up with thy praise-breathing anthem!
alone
The drowsyhead, man, on his bed slumbers
prone;
The stars may go down, and the sun from
the deep
Burst forth, still his hands they are folded
in sleep.
Let the least in creation the greatest de-
spise— [lark, arise!
Then up to heaven's threshold, blithe sky-

—:O:—

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

1819—1875.

THE SANDS OF DEE.

"O MARY, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee;" [foam,
The western wind was wild and dank wi'
And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see; [land;
The blinding mist came down and hid the
And never home came she.

"Oh, is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
A tress o' golden hair,
O' drowned maiden's hair,
Above the nets at sea?
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair,
Among the stakes on Dee."

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel, crawling foam,
The cruel, hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea;
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle
home,
Across the sands o' Dee.

—O—

ODE TO THE NORTH-EAST WIND.

WELCOME, wild Northeaster,
Shame it is to see
Odes to every zephyr.
Ne'er a verse to thee.

Welcome, black Northeaster!
 O'er the German foam;
 O'er the Danish moorlands,
 From thy frozen home.
 Tired we are of summer,
 Tired of gaudy glare,
 Showers soft and steaming,
 Hot and breathless air.
 Tired of listless dreaming,
 Through the lazy day;
 Jovial wind of winter,
 Turn us out to play!
 Sweep the golden reed-beds;
 Crisp the lazy dyke
 Hunger into madness
 Every plunging pike.
 Fill the air with wild-fowl,
 Fill the marsh with snipe;
 While on dreary moorlands
 Lonely curlew pipe.
 Through the black fir forest
 Thunder harsh and dry,
 Scattering down the snow-flakes
 Off the curdled sky.
 Hark! the brave Northeaster!
 Breast-high lies the scent,
 On byholt and headland,
 Over heath and bent.
 Chime, ye dappled darlings,
 Through the sleet and snow!
 Who can over-ride you?
 Let the horses go!
 Chime, ye dappled darlings,
 Down the roaring blast,
 You shall see a fox die
 Ere an hour be past.
 Go! and rest to-morrow,
 Hunting in your dreams,
 While our skates are ringing
 O'er the frozen streams.
 Let the luscious south wind
 Breathe in lovers' sighs,
 While the lazy gallants
 Bask in ladies' eyes.
 What does he but soften
 Heart alike and pen:
 'Tis the hard grey weather
 Breeds hard Englishmen.
 What's the soft Southwester?
 'Tis the ladies' breeze,
 Bringing home their true loves
 Out of all the seas.
 But the black Northeaster,
 Through the snow-storm hurled,
 Drives our English hearts of oak
 Seaward round the world!
 Come! as came our fathers,
 Heralded by thee,

Conquering from the eastward,
 Lords by land and sea.
 Come! and strong within us
 Stir the Vikings' blood;
 Bracing brain and sinew;
 Blow, thou wind of God!

—:O:—

THOMAS B. MACAULAY.

1800—1859.

THE KEEPING OF THE BRIDGE.

The city of Rome is attacked by Lars Porsena to restore the Tarquins.

FORTHWITH up rose the Consul,
 Up rose the Fathers all;
 In haste they girded up their gowns,
 And hid them to the wall.

* * * *

But the Consul's brow was sad,
 And the Consul's speech was low,
 And darkly looked he at the wall,
 And darkly at the foe.
 "Their van will be upon us
 Before the bridge goes down;
 And if they once may win the bridge,
 What hope to save the town?"

Then out spake brave Horatius,
 The Captain of the gate:
 "To every man upon this earth
 Death cometh soon or late;
 And how can man die better
 Than facing fearful odds
 For the ashes of his fathers
 And the temples of his gods?"

"And for the tender mother
 Who dandled him to rest,
 And for the wife who nurses
 His baby at her breast;
 And for the holy maidens
 Who feed the eternal flame,
 To save them from false Sextus,
 That wrought the deed of shame?"

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
 With all the speed ye may;
 I, with two more to help me,
 Will hold the foe in play.
 In yon strait path a thousand
 May well be stopped by three:
 Now who will stand on either hand,
 And keep the bridge with me?"

Then out spake Spurius Lartius,
 A Ramnian proud was he:
 "Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
 And keep the bridge with thee!"
 And out spake strong Herminius,
 Of Titian blood was he:
 "I will abide at thy left side,
 And keep the bridge with thee."

"Horatius," quoth the Consul,
 "As thou sayest, so let it be."
 And straight against that great array
 Forth went the dauntless three;
 For Romans in Rome's quarrel
 Spared neither land nor gold,
 Nor son, nor wife, nor limb, nor life,
 In the brave days of old.

* * * *

The three defend the passage to the bridge
 against all their foes successfully.

But meanwhile axe and lever
 Have manfully been plied;
 And now the bridge hangs tottering
 Above the boiling tide.
 "Come back, come back, Horatius!"
 Loud cry the Fathers all;
 "Back, Lartius, back, Herminius,
 Back ere the ruin fall!"

Back darted Spurius Lartius,
 Herminius darted back,
 And, as they passed, beneath their feet
 They felt the timbers crack.
 But when they turned their faces,
 And on the farther shore
 Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
 They would have crossed once more.

But with a crash like thunder
 Fell every loosened beam.
 And like a dam the mighty wreck
 Lay right athwart the stream;
 And a long shout of triumph
 Rose from the walls of Rome,
 As to the highest turret-tops
 Was splashed the yellow foam.

And like a horse unbroken,
 When first he feels the rein,
 The furious river struggled hard,
 And tossed his tawny mane,
 And burst the curb, and bounded, re-
 joicing to be free,
 And whirling down in fierce career
 Battlement, and plank, and pier,
 Rushed headlong to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
 But constant still in mind;
 Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
 And the broad flood behind.
 "Down with him!" cried false Sextus,
 With a smile on his pale face;
 "Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,
 "Now yield thee to our grace."

Round turned he, as not deigning
 Those craven ranks to see;
 Nought spake he to Lars Porsena,
 To Sextus nought spake he;
 But he saw on Palatinus
 The white porch of his home,
 And he spake to the noble river
 That rolls by the towers of Rome:

"O Tiber! father Tiber!
 To whom the Romans pray,
 A Roman's life, a Roman's arms
 Take thou in charge this day!"
 So he spake, and speaking, sheathèd
 The good sword by his side,
 And with his harness on his back
 Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
 Was heard from either bank;
 But friends and foes in mute surprise,
 With parted lips and straining eyes,
 Stood gazing where he sank;
 And when above the surges
 They saw his crest appear,
 All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
 And even the ranks of Tuscany
 Could scarce forbear to cheer.

—:O:—

BARRY CORNWALL.

1788—1874.

THE ONSET. A BATTLE SONG.

SOUND an alarum! The foe is come!
 I hear the tramp,—the neigh,—the hum,
 The cry, and the blow of his daring drum:
 Huzzah!
 Sound! The blast of our trumpet blown
 Shall carry dismay into hearts of stone:
 What! shall we shake at a foe unknown?
 Huzzah!—Huzzah!

Have we not sinews as strong as they?
 Have we not hearts that ne'er gave way?

And they sang—"Hurra for Tubal Cain,
Who hath given us strength anew!
Hurra for the smith, hurra for the fire,
And hurra for the metal true!"

But a sudden change came o'er his heart
Ere the setting of the sun,
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done:
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind, [shed
That the land was red with the blood they
In their lust for carnage, blind.
And he said—"Alas! that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword for men whose joy
Is to slay their fellow-man!"

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe;
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smouldered low.
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high.
And he sang—"Hurra for my handiwork!"
And the red sparks lit the air;
"Not alone for the blade was the bright
steel made;"
And he fashioned the First Ploughshare!

And men, taught wisdom from the Past,
In friendship joined their hands,
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
And ploughed the willing lands;
And sang—"Hurra for Tubal Cain!
Our staunch good friend is he;
And for the ploughshare and the plough
To him our praise shall be.
But while Oppression lifts its head,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the Plough,
We'll not forget the Sword!"

—:O:—

ALFRED TENNYSON.

TO THE SEA.

BREAK, break, break
Oh thy cold grey stones, O sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

Oh, well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
Oh, well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But, oh! for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still.

Break, break, break
At the foot of thy crags, O sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

—O—

THE DYING YEAR.

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out wild bells and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring happy bells across the snow,—
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief, that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times,
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander, and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man, and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

ELEANORA L. HERVEY.

THE NEW YEAR'S MESSENGER.

LIKE the first living leaf of some shed tree
Which draws unto its heart the risen sun;
Or first struck chord of harmonies to be,
Whose dulcet steps come stealing one by
one; [ing root,
Or fount, that bursts through some decay-
From whence has passed sweet blossom
and sharp thorn;
Alights, love guided, thy divinest foot,
Hope, on the mountains beautiful of
morn!
Though drops the leaf, though stills the
chord; though all
The rippling waters of the days flow by;
Though life's sharp thorns should show
'twixt flowers that fall; [die.
Thou art not, Angel! of the forms which
Though twelve shrunk moons fall dead
upon the land, [stand.
Thou, heavenly-footed Messenger! shalt

And the timorous quagga's shrill whistling
neigh
Is heard by the fountain at twilight grey;
Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane,
With wild hoof scorning the desolate
plain;
And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste
Speeds like a horseman who travels in
haste,
Hieing away to the home of her rest,
Where she and her mate have scooped
their nest,
Far hid from the pitiless plunderer's view
In the pathless depths of the parched
Karoo.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
Away, away, in the Wilderness vast
Where the white man's foot hath never
passed,
And the quivered Coránna or Bechuán
Hath rarely crossed with his roving clan:
A region of emptiness, howling and drear,
Which man hath abandoned from famine
or fear;
Which the snake and the lizard inhabit
alone,
With the twilight bat from the yawning
stone;
Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub takes
Save poisonous herbs that pierce the foot;
And the bitter melon, for food and drink,
Is the pilgrim's fare by the salt lake's
brink:
A region of drought, where no river glides,
Nor rippling brook with osiered sides;
Where sedgy pool, nor bubbling fount,
Nor tree, nor cloud, nor misty mount
Appears to refresh the aching eye;
But the barren earth, and the burning sky,
And the blank horizon, round and round
Spread, void of living sight or sound.

And here, while the night winds round me
sigh,
And the stars burn bright in the midnight
sky,
As I sit apart by the Desert stone,
Like Elijah at Horeb's cave alone,
"A still small voice" comes through the
wild
(Like a father consoling his fretful child),
Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and fear,
Saying—MAN IS DISTANT, BUT GOD IS
NEAR.

ALGERNON C. SWINBURNE.

ITYLUS.

SWALLOW, my sister, O sister swallow,
How can thine heart be full of the spring?
A thousand summers are over and
dead.
What hast thou found in the spring to
follow?
What hast thou found in thy heart to
sing?
What wilt thou do when the summer
is shed?

O swallow, sister, O fair swift swallow,
Why wilt thou fly after spring to the
south, [set?
The soft south, whither thine heart is
Shall not the grief of the old time follow?
Shall not the song thereof cleave to thy
mouth?
Hast thou forgotten ere I forget?

Sister, my sister, O fleet sweet swallow,
Thy way is long to the sun and the south;
But I, fulfilled of my heart's desire,
Shedding my song upon height, upon
hollow,
From tawny body and sweet small mouth
Feed the heart of the night with fire.

I, the nightingale, all spring through,
O swallow, sister, O changing swallow,
All spring through, till the spring be
done,
Clothed with the light of the night on the
dew,—
Sing, while the hours and the wild birds
follow,
Take flight and follow and find the sun.

Sister, my sister, O soft light swallow,
Though all things feast in the spring's
guest-chamber,
How hast thou heart to be glad thereof
yet?
For where thou fliest I shall not follow,
Till life forget and death remember,
Till thou remember and I forget.

Swallow, my sister, O singing swallow,
I know not how thou hast heart to sing:
Hast thou the heart? is it all past over?
Thy lord the summer is good to follow,
And fair the feet of thy lover the spring;
But what wilt thou say to the spring,
thy lover?

O swallow, sister, O fleeting swallow,
 My heart in me is a molten ember,
 And over my head the waves have
 met;
 But thou wouldst tarry or I would follow,
 Could I forget or thou remember,
 Couldst thou remember and I forget.

O sweet stray sister, O shifting swallow,
 The heart's division divideth us.
 Thy heart is light as a leaf of a tree,
 But mine goes forth among sea-gulfs hol-
 low;
 To the place of the slaying of Itylus,
 The feast of Daulis, the Thracian Sea.

O swallow, sister, O rapid swallow,
 I pray thee sing not a little space.
 Are not the roofs and the lintels wet?
 The woven web that was plain to follow,
 The small slain body, the flower-like face,
 Can I remember if thou forget?

O sister, sister, thy first-begotten!
 The hands that cling and the feet that
 follow, [yet,
 The voice of the child's blood crying
 "Who hath remembered me? who hath
 forgotten?"
 Thou hast forgotten, O summer swallow,
 But the world shall end when I forget.



POEMS AND SONGS OF THE AFFECTIONS.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

1328—1400.

From The Canterbury Tales.—Man of Law's Tale.

MATERNAL LOVE OF CONSTANCE.

Constance being condemned, by the treachery of her mother-in-law, to be sent to sea with her babe alone in a ship without a crew, is brought out to her punishment.

WEPEN both yong and old in al that place,
Whan that the king this cursed lettre
sent,*

And Custance with a dedly-pale face,
The fourthe day toward the ship she
went.

But natheles she taketh in good entent
The will of Christ, and kneling on the
strond
She sayde, "Lord, ay welcome be thy
hond.

"HE that me kepte fro the false blame,†
While I was in the lond amonges you,
HE can me kepe fro harme, and eke fro
shame
In the salt sea, although I se not how:
As strong as ever He was, He is yet
now:

In Him trust I, and in His mother dere,
That is to me my sail and eke my stere."

Hire‡ litel child lay weping in hire arm,
And kneling, piteously to him she said,
"Pees,§ litel sone, I wol do thee no harm."
With that hire couverchief of hire hed
she braid,

And over his litel eyen she it laid,
And in hire arme she lulleth it ful fast,
And into the heven hire eyen up she cast.

"Mother," quod she, "and mayden,
bright Marie,

* The order for her death forged by his
mother.

† She was accused falsely before of murder,
but proved innocent.

‡ Her.

§ Peace.

Soth is that thurgh womanne's egge-
ment

Mankind was lorne and damnèd ay to die,
For which Thy Child was on a crois
yrent;

Thy blisful eyen saw all His turment;
Than is ther no comparison betwene
Thy woe and any woe man may sustene.

"Thou saw Thy Child yslain before thin
eyen,

And yet now liveth my litel child parfay:
Now, Lady bright! to whom all woful
crien,*

Thou glory of womanhood, thou faire
May!

Thou haven of refute, bright sterret† of
day

Rew‡ on my child, that of thy gentillesse
Rewest on every rewful in distresse.

"O litel child, alas! what is thy gilt
That never wroughtest sinne as yet,
parde?

Why wol thine hardè father have thee
spilt?

O mercy derè constable! (quod she)

And let my litel child dwell here with
thee,

And if thou darst not saven him from
blame,

So kisse him ones§ in his fadre's name."

Therwith she loketh backward to the lond,
And said, "Farewel, housbond routhe-
les,"

And up she rist, and walketh doun the
strond

Toward the ship; hire foloweth all the
prees:

And ever she praieth hire child to hold
his pees,

And taketh hire leve, and with an holy en-
tent

She blesseth hire, and into the ship she
went.

Constance is miraculously saved, and restored
with her child to her husband.

* All in trouble cry.

† Star.

‡ Have pity.

§ Once.

SIR THOMAS WYAT.

1503—1541.

SIR THOMAS WYAT TO ANNE
BOLEYN.

FORGET not yet the tried intent
Of such a truth as I have meant,
My great travail so gladly spent,
Forget not yet.

Forget not yet when first began
The weary life you know—since when
The suit, the service none tell can,
Forget not yet.

Forget not yet the great assays,*
The cruel wrong, the scornful ways,
The painful patience and delays,
Forget not yet.

Forget not, oh, forget not this,
How long ago hath been and is
The love that never meant amiss,
Forget not yet.

Forget not now thine own approved,
The which so constant hath been loved,
Whose steadfast faith hath never moved,
Forget not yet.

—:O:—

SIR JOHN HARRINGTON.

1561—1612.

THE STONY HEART.

WHENCE comes my love, oh, heart, dis-
close?—

'Twas from her cheeks that shame the
rose,

From lips that spoil the ruby's praise,
From eyes that mock the diamond's blaze.
Whence comes my woe? as freely own;
Ah me! 'twas from a heart like stone

The blushing cheek speaks modest mind;
The lips befitting words most kind;
The eye does tempt to Love's desire,
And seems to say 'tis Cupid's fire;

* Trials,

Yet all so fair but speak my moan,
Since nought doth say the heart of stone.

Why thus, my love, so kindly speak,
Sweet lip, sweet eye, sweet blushing cheek,
Yet not a heart to save my pain?
O Venus! take thy gifts again;
Make not so fair a cause our moan,
Or make a heart that's like our own!

—:O:—

EARL OF SURREY.

1516—1547.

GIVE PLACE, YE LOVERS.

GIVE place, ye lovers, here before
That spent your boasts and brags in vain:
My lady's beauty passeth more
The best of yours, I dare well sayen,
Than doth the sun the candlelight,
Or brightest day the darkest night;

And thereto hath a troth as just
As had Penelope the fair;
For what she saith ye may it trust,
As it by writing sealed were;
And virtues hath she many mo'
Than I with pen have skill to show.

I could rehearse, if that I would,
The whole effect of Nature's plaint,
When she had lost the perfect mould,
The like to whom she could not paint.
With wringing hands, how did she cry!
And what she said, I know it aye.

I know she swore, with raging mind,
Her kingdom only set apart,
There was no loss by law of kind
That could have gone so near her heart;
And this was chiefly all her pain,—
"She could not make the like again."

Sith Nature thus gave her the praise
To be the chiefest work she wrought,
In faith, methinks, some better ways
On your behalf might well be sought,
Than to compare, as ye have done,
To match the candle with the sun.

—:O:—

EDMUND SPENSER.

1553—1598.

EPITHALAMION.

Written for his own Wedding.

YE learnèd sisters, which have oftentimes
 Been to me aiding, others to adorn,
 Whom ye thought worthy of your gaceful
 rhymes,

That even the greatest did not greatly scorn
 To hear their names sung in your simple
 lays,

But joyèd in their praise ;

And when ye list your own mishaps to
 mourn, [did raise,

Which death, or love, or fortune's wreck
 Your string could soon to sadder tenor turn,
 And teach the woods and waters to lament
 Your doleful dreriment :

Now lay those sorrowful complaints aside ;
 And, having all your heads with garlands
 crowned,

Help me mine own love's praises to resound ;
 Ne let the same of any be envied ;
 So Orpheus did for his own bride !
 So I unto myself alone will sing ;

The woods shall to me answer, and my
 echo ring.

Early, before the world's light-giving lamp
 His golden beam upon the hills doth spread,
 Having dispersed the night's uncheerful
 damp,

Do ye awake ; and with fresh lustyhed,

Go to the bower of my beloved love,

My truest turtle-dove ;

Bid her awake ; for Hymen is awake,

And long since ready forth his masque to
 move, [a flake,

With his bright tead that flames with many
 And many a bachelor to wait on him,
 In their fresh garments trim. [dight,

Bid her awake therefore, and soon her
 For lo ! the wishèd day is come at last,

That shall, for all the pains and sorrows
 past,

Pay to her usury of long delight :

And whilst she doth her dight,

Do ye of her joy and solace sing,

That all the woods may answer, and your
 echo ring.

[can hear
 Bring with you all the nymphs that you

Both of the rivers and the forests green,

And of the sea that neighbours to her near :

All with gay garlands goodly well beseen.

And let them also with them bring in hand

Another gay garlând,

For my fair love, of lilies and of roses,

Bound true love wise, with a blue silk ribând,

And let them make great store of bridal
 posies, [flowers,

And let them eke bring store of other
 To deck the bridal bowers. [tread,

And let the ground whereas her foot shall
 For fear the stones her tender foot should

wrong,

Be strewed with fragrant flowers all along,
 And diapered like the discoloured mead.

Which done, do at her chamber door await,
 For she will waken straight ;

The whiles do ye this song unto her sing,
 The woods shall to you answer, and your

echo ring.

[heed
 Ye nymphs of Mulla, which with careful
 The silver scaly trouts do tend full well,

The greedy pikes which use therein to feed ;
 (Those trouts and pikes all others do excel ;)

And ye likewise, which keep the rushy lake,
 Where none do fishes take ;

Bind up the locks, the which hang scat-
 tered light,

And in his waters, which your mirror make,
 Behold your faces as the crystal bright,

That when you come whereas my love doth
 lie,

No blemish she may spy. [door,

And eke, ye lightfoot maids, which keep the
 That on the hoary mountain used to tower ;

And the wild wolves, which seek them to
 devour,

With your steel darts do chase from com-
 Be also present here, [ing near ;

To help to deck her, and to help to sing,
 That all the woods may answer, and your

echo ring.

Wake now, my love, awake ; for it is time ;
 The rosy morn long since left Tithon's bed,

All ready for her silver coach to climb ;
 And Phœbus 'gins to show his glorious

head. [lays

Hark ! how the cheerful birds do chant their
 And carol of Love's praise.

The merry lark her matins sings aloft ;
 The thrush replies ; the mavis descant plays :

The ouzel shrills ; the ruddock warbles soft :
 So goodly all agree, with sweet consent,

To this day's merriment.

Ah ! my dear love, why do ye sleep thus
 long, [awake,

When meeter were that ye should now
 T' await the coming of your joyous make,

And hearken to the bird's love-learnèd song,
The dewy leaves among!
For they of joy and pleasance to you sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their
echo ring.

My love is now awake out of her dream,
And her fair eyes, like stars that dimmèd
were [goodly beams
With darksome clouds, now show their
More bright than Hesperus his head doth
rear; [light,
Come now, ye damsels, daughters of de-
Help quickly her to dight: [begot
But first come ye fair Hours, which were
In Jove's sweet paradise of day and night;
Which do the seasons of the year allot,
And all, that ever in this world is fair,
Do make and still repair: [Queen,
And ye three handmaids of the Cyprian
The which do still adorn her beauty's pride,
Help to adorn my beautifullest bride;
And, as ye her array, still throw between
Some graces to be seen;
And, as ye use to Venus, to her sing,
The whiles the woods shall answer, and
your echo ring.

Now is my Love all ready forth to come:
Let all the Virgins therefore well await;
And ye fresh Boys, that tend upon her
Groom, [straight.
Prepare yourselves; for he is coming
Set all your things in seemly good array,
Fit for so joyful day:
The joyfull'st day that ever Sun did see.
Fair Sun! show forth thy favourable ray,
And let thy life-ful heat not fervent be,
For fear of burning her sunshiny face,
Her beauty to disgrace.
O fairest Phœbus! Father of the Muse!
If ever I did honour thee aright,
Or sing the thing that mote thy mind de-
light,
Do not thy servant's simple boon refuse;
But let this day, let this one day, be mine;
Let all the rest be thine.
Then I thy sovereign praises loud will sing,
That all the woods shall answer, and their
echo ring.

Hark! how the minstrels' gin to shrill aloud
Their merry music that resounds from far,
The pipe, the tabor, and the trembling
croud,*
That well agree withouten breach or jar.

* A. Welsh musical instrument, or a violin.

But, most of all, the Damsels do delight,
When they their timbrels smite,
And thereunto do dance and carol sweet,
That all the senses they do ravish quite;
The whiles the boys run up and down the
street,
Crying aloud with strong confused noise,
As if it were one voice, [shout;
"Hymen, Iô Hymen, Hymen," they do
That even to the heavens their shouting
shrill
Doth reach, and all the firmament doth fill;
To which the people standing all about,
As in approvance, do thereto applaud,
And loud advance her laud; [sing,
And evermore they "Hymen, Hymen,"
That all the woods them answer, and their
echo ring.

Lo! where she comes along with portly
pace,
Like Phœbe, from her chamber of the East,
Arising forth to run her mighty race,
Clad all in white, that 'seems a Virgin best.
So well it her beseems, that ye would ween
Some Angel she had been.
Her long loose yellow locks like golden wire,
Sprinkled with pearl, and pearling flowers
atween,
Do like a golden mantle her attire;
And, being crownèd with a garland green,
Seem like some Maiden Queen.
Her modest eyes, abashed to behold
So many gazers as on her do stare,
Upon the lowly ground affixed are;
Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,
But blush to hear her praises sung so loud,
So far from being proud.
Nathless do ye still loud her praises sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your
echo ring.

[see
Tell me, ye Merchants' daughters, did ye
So fair a creature in your town* before?
So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,
Adorned with beauty's grace and virtue's
store: [bright,
Her goodly eyes like sapphires shining
Her forehead ivory white, [rudded,
Her cheeks like apples which the sun hath
Her lips like cherries charming men to bite,
Her breast like to a bowl of cream un-
crudded,
Her paps like lilies budded,
Her snowy neck like to a marble tower;
And all her body like a palace fair,

* Cork; where Spenser was married.

Ascending up with many a stately stair,
To Honour's seat and Chastity's sweet
bower.

Why stand ye still, ye Virgins, in amaze,
Upon her so to gaze?

Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
To which the woods did answer, and your
echo ring.

But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
The inward beauty of her lively spright,
Garnished with heavenly gifts of high de-
gree.

Much more then would ye wonder at that
And stand astonished like to those which
red

Médusa's mazeful head.

There dwells sweet Love, and constant
Chastity,

Unspotted Faith, and comely Womanhood,
Regard of Honour, and mild Modesty;
There Virtue reigns as Queen in royal
throne,

And giveth laws alone,
The which the base affections do obey,
And yield their services unto her will;
Ne thought of things uncomely ever may
Thereto approach to tempt her mind to ill.
Had ye once seen these her celestial trea-
sures,

And unrevealèd pleasures,
Then would ye wonder, and her praising sing,
That all the woods should answer, and your
echo ring.

Open the temple gates unto my Love,
Open them wide that she may enter in,
And all the posts adorn as doth behove,
And all the pillars deck with garlands trim,
For to receive this Saint with honour due,
That cometh in to you. [rence,
With trembling steps, and humble reve-
She cometh in, before th' Almighty's view:
Of her, ye Virgins, learn obedience,
When so ye come into those holy places,
To humble your proud faces:
Bring her up to th' high altar, that she may
The sacred ceremonies there partake,
The which do endless matrimony make;
And let the roaring organs loudly play
The praises of the Lord in lively notes;
The whiles, with hollow throats,
The choristers the joyous anthem sing,
That all the woods may answer, and their
echo ring.

Behold, whiles she before the altar stands,
Hearing the holy priest that to her speaks,

And blesseth her with his two happy hands,
How the red roses flush up in her cheeks,
And the pure snow, with goodly vermeil
stain,

Like crimson dyed in grain:
That even the Angels, which continually
About the sacred altar do remain,
Forget their service and about her fly.
Oft peeping in her face, that seems more
fair,

The more they on it stare.
But her sad eyes, still fastened on the
ground,

Are governèd with goodly modesty,
That suffers not one look to glance awry,
Which may let in a little thought unsound.
Why blush ye, Love, to give to me your
hand,

The pledge of all our band?
Sing, ye sweet Angels, Alleluia sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your
echo ring.

Now all is done: bring home the Bride
again;

Bring home the triumph of our victory;
Bring home with you the glory of her gain,
With joyance bring her and with jollity.
Never had man more joyful day than this,
Whom Heaven would heap with bliss.
Make feast therefore now all this livelong
day;

This day for ever to me holy is.
Pour out the wine without restraint or stay,
Pour not by cups, but by the belly full,
Pour out to all that wull, [wine,
And sprinkle all the posts and walls with
That they may sweat, and drunken be
withal.

Crown ye god Bacchus with a coronal,
And Hymen also crown with wreaths of
vine;

And let the Graces dance unto the rest,
For they can do it best:
The whiles the maidens do their carol sing,
To which the woods shall answer, and their
echo ring.

Ring ye the bells, ye young men of the town,
And leave your wonted labours for this day;
This day is holy: do ye write it down,
That ye for ever it remember may.
This day the Sun is in his chiefest height,
With Barnaby the bright.

From whence declining daily by degrees,
He somewhat loseth of his heat and light,
When once the Crab behind his back he
sees.

* * * * *

Ring ye the bells, to make it wear away,
And bonfires make all day;
And dance about them, and about them
sing,
That all the wood may answer, and your
echo ring.

—:O:—

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

1564—1616.

MY OWN.

SHE is mine own,
And I am rich in having such a jewel,
As twenty seas if all their sands were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.

—O—

LOVE.

OH, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day!
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by-and-bye a cloud takes all away.

—O—

LOVE SONG.

O MISTRESS mine, where are you roaming?
Oh, stay and hear your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low.
Trip no farther, pretty sweetening:
Journeys end in lovers' meeting
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter.
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure;
In delay there lies no plenty.
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

—O—

POWER OF LOVE.

FOR valour, is not Love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
Subtle as sphinx; as sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;
And, when Love speaks, the voice of all
the gods

Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write
Until his ink were tempered with Love's
sighs:
Oh! then his lines would ravish savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.

—O—

A WOMAN'S LOVE.

THE current that with gentle murmur glides
Thou know'st, being stopped, impatiently
doth rage;
But when his fair course is not hindered
He makes sweet music with the enamelled
stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage,
And so by many winding nooks he strays
With willing sport to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course.
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step
Till the last step have brought me to my
love;
And there I'll rest, as after much turmoil
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

—:O:—

BEN JONSON.

1573—1637.

TO HIS MISTRESS'S GLOVE.

THOU more than most sweet glove
Unto my more sweet love,
Suffer me to store with kisses
This empty lodging that now misses
The pure rosy hand that wore thee,
Whiter than the kid that bore thee;
Thou art soft, but that was softer:
Cupid's self hath kissed it oft
Than e'er he did his mother's doves,
Supposing her the queen of loves
That was thy mistress, best of gloves.

—O—

MY LOVE.

HAVE you seen a bright lily grow
Before rude hands have touched it?
Have you marked but the fall of snow
Before the soil have smutched it?

Have you felt the wool of the beaver
 Or swan's down ever?
 Or have smelt o' the bud of the briar?
 Or the nard in the fire?
 Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
 O so white, O so soft, O so sweet is she!

—:O:—

THOMAS LODGE.

1556—1625.

ROSALIND'S COMPLAINT.

LOVE in my bosom, like a bee,
 Doth suck his sweet;
 Now with his wings he plays with me,
 Now with his feet.
 Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
 His bed amidst my tender breast;
 My kisses are his daily feast,
 And yet he robs me of my rest:
 Ah, wanton, will you?

And if I sleep, then pierceth he
 With pretty slight,
 And makes his pillow of my knee
 The livelong night.
 Strike I the lute, he tunes the string,
 He music plays if I but sing;
 He lends me every lovely thing,
 Yet, cruel, he my heart doth sting:
 Ah, wanton, will you?

Else I with roses every day
 Will whip you hence,
 And bind you when you long to play,
 For your offence.
 I'll shut my eyes to keep you in,
 I'll make you fast it for your sin,
 I'll count your power not worth a pin:
 Alas! what hereby shall I win,
 If he gainsay me?

What if I beat the wanton boy
 With many a rod?
 He will repay me with annoy,
 Because a god.
 Then sit you softly on my knee,
 And let thy bower my bosom be;
 Lurk in my eyes, I like of thee,
 O Cupid! so thou pity me;
 Spare not, but play thee.

—:~:—

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

1565—1593.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

COME live with me, and be my love,
 And we will all the pleasures prove
 That hills and valleys, dale and field,
 And all the craggy mountains yield.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
 And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
 By shallow rivers, to whose falls
 Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses
 With a thousand fragrant posies,
 A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
 Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool,
 Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
 Slippers lined choicely for the cold,
 With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw, and ivy-buds,
 With coral clasps and amber studs:
 And if these pleasures may thee move,
 Then live with me, and be my love.

Thy silver dishes for thy meat,
 As precious as the gods do eat,
 Shall on an ivory table be
 Prepared each day for thee and me.

The shepherd swain shall dance and sing
 For thy delight each May morning:
 If these delights thy mind may move,
 Then live with me, and be my love.

—:O:—

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

1552—1618.

THE NYMPH'S REPLY.

If that the World and Love were young,
 And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
 These pretty pleasures might me move
 To live with thee, and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,
 When rivers rage and rocks grow cold,
 And Philomel becometh dumb,
 And all complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yield:
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw, and ivy-buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs;
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee, and be thy love.

What should we talk of dainties, then,
Of better meat than 's fit for men?
These are but vain; that 's only good
Which God hath blessed and sent for food.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date, nor age no need,
Then those delights my mind might move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

—O—

SHALL I LIKE AN HERMIT DWELL?

SHALL I like an hermit dwell
On a rock, or in a cell?
Calling home the smallest part
That is missing of my heart,
To bestow it where I may
Meet a rival every day?
If she undervalues me,
What care I how fair she be?

Were her tresses angel-gold;
If a stranger may be bold,
Unrebuked, unafraid,
To convert them to a braid,
And, with little more ado,
Work them into bracelets too:
If the mine be grown so free,
What care I how rich it be?

Were her hands as rich a prize
As her hairs, or precious eyes,
If she lay them out to take
Kisses for good manners' sake,
And let every lover skip
From her hand unto her lip:
If she seem not chaste to me,
What care I how chaste she be?

No; she must be perfect snow,
In effect as well as show,
Warming but as snowballs do,
Not, like fire, by burning too:
But when she, by change, hath got
To her heart a second lot,
Then, if others share with me,
Farewell her, whate'er she be!

—:O:—

JOHN DONNE.

1573—1631.

THE GOOD MORROW.

I WONDER, by my troth, what thou and I
Did till we loved! Were we not weaned
till then,
But sucked on country pleasures childishy?
Or snorted we in the Seven Sleepers' den?
'Twas so; but thus all pleasures fancies be.
If ever any beauty I did see,
Which I desired and got, — 'twas but a
dream of thee.

And, now, good morrow to our waking
souls, [fear;
Which watch not one another out of
For Love all love of other sights controls,
And makes one little room an everywhere.
Let sea-discoverers to new worlds be gone;
Let maps to other worlds our world have
shown; [and is one.
Let us possess one world; each hath one,

My face in thine eye, thine in mine appears,
And true plain hearts do in the faces rest.
Where can we find two fitter hemispheres,
Without sharp North, without declining
West?

Whatever dies was not mixed equally;
If our two loves be one, or thou and I
Love so alike that none do slacken, none
can die.

—O—

ADIEU.

SWEETEST Love, I do not go
For weariness of thee;
Nor in hope the world can show
A fitter love for me.
But since that I
Must die at last, 'tis best
To use myself in jest,
Thus by feigned death to die.

Yesternight the sun went down,
 And yet is here to-day!
 He hath no desire, nor sense,
 Nor half so short a way;
 Then fear not me,
 But believe that I shall make
 Speedier journeys, since I take
 More wings and spurs than he.

Oh, how feeble is man's power,
 That if good fortune fall,
 Cannot add another hour,
 Nor a lost hour recall!
 But come bad chance,
 And we join to it our strength,
 And we teach it art and length
 Itself, or us to advance.

When thou sigh'st, thou sigh'st not wind,
 But sigh'st my soul away;
 When thou weepest, unkindly kind,
 My life's blood doth decay.
 It cannot be
 That thou lov'st me as thou say'st,
 If in thine my life thou waste,
 That art the best of me.

Let not thy divining heart
 Forethink me any ill;
 Destiny may take thy part,
 And may thy fears fulfil;
 But think that we
 Are but urned aside to sleep:
 They that one another keep
 Alive, ne'er parted be.

—o—

A BLUSH.

THE eloquent blood spoke in her cheeks,
 and so distinctly wrought,
 Ye might have almost said her body
 thought.

—:o:—

THOMAS CAREW.

1580—1639.

ASK ME NO MORE.

ASK me no more where Jove bestows,
 When June is past, the fading rose;
 For in your beauty's orient deep
 These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray
 The golden atoms of the day,
 For in pure love did Heaven prepare
 Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste
 The nightingale, when May is past,
 For in your sweet dividing throat
 She winters and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more where those stars light
 That downwards fall in dead of night,
 For in your eyes they sit, and there
 Fixed become as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if east or west,
 The phoenix builds her spicy nest,
 For unto you at last she flies,
 And in your fragrant bosom dies.

—o—

THE PRIMROSE.

ASK me why I send you here
 This firstling of the infant year;
 Ask me why I send to you
 This primrose all bepearled with dew:
 I straight will whisper in your ears,
 The sweets of love are washed with tears.
 Ask me why this flower doth show
 So yellow, green, and sickly too;
 Ask me why the stalk is weak
 And bending, yet it doth not break.
 I must tell you, these discover
 What doubts and fears are in a lover.

—:o:—

WILLIAM BROWNE.

1590—1645.

THE SHEPHERD'S CHOICE.

SHALL I tell you whom I love?
 Hearken then awhile to me;
 And if such a woman move
 As I now shall versify,
 Be assured 'tis she or none
 That I love, and love alone.

Nature did her so much right,
 As she scorns the help of art;
 In as many virtues dight,
 As e'er yet embraced a heart.

So much good, so truly tried,—
Some for less were deified.

Wit she hath, without desire
To make known how much she hath;
And her anger flames no higher
Than may fitly sweeten wrath.
Full of pity as may be,
Though perhaps not so to me!

Reason masters every sense,
And her virtues grace her birth;
Lovely as all excellence,
Modest in her most of mirth;
Likelihood enough to prove
Only worth could kindle love.

Such she is; and if you know
Such a one as I have sung,
Be she brown, or fair, or so
That she be but sometime young,
Be assured 'tis she or none
That I love, and love alone.

—:O:—

HENRY KING.
(BISHOP OF CHICHESTER.)
1591—1669.

TELL ME NO MORE.

TELL me no more how fair she is;
I have no mind to hear
The story of that distant bliss
I never shall come near:
By sad experience I have found
That her perfection is my wound.

And tell me not how fond I am
To tempt my daring fate,
From whence no triumph ever came
But to repent too late:
There is some hope ere long I may
In silence dote myself away.

I ask no pity, Love, from thee,
Nor will thy justice blame;
So that thou wilt not envy me
The glory of my flame,
Which crowns my heart when'er it dies,
In that it falls her sacrifice.

—:O:—

ROBERT HERRICK.
1591—1634.

THE SHEPHERD TO HIS FAIR ONE.

LIVE, live with me, and thou shalt see
The pleasures I'll prepare for thee.
The soft sweet moss shall be thy bed,
With crawling woodbine overspread,
By which the silver-shedding streams
Shall gently melt thee into dreams.
Thy clothing neat shall be a gown
Made of the fleece's purest down.
The tongues of kids shall be thy meat,
Their milk thy drink, and thou shalt eat
The paste of filberts for thy bread,
With cream of cowslips buttered.
Thy feasting tables shall be hills,
With daisies spread and daffodils,
Where thou shalt sit, and redbreast by
For meat shall give thee melody.
I'll give thee chains and carcanets
Of primroess and violets. [be,
These—nay, and more—thine own shall
If thou wilt love and live with me.

—O—

THE NIGHT PIECE.
TO JULIA ON HER DEPARTURE.

HER eyes the glowworm lend thee,
The shooting stars attend thee,
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No Will-o'-the-wisp mislight thee,
No snail nor slowworm bite thee,
But on, on thy way,
Not making a stay,
Since ghost there's none to fright thee!

Let not the dark thee cumber;
What though the moon does slumber?
The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers clear without number.

Then, Julia, let me woo thee
Thus, thus to come unto me;
And when I shall meet
Thy silvery feet,
My soul I'll pour unto thee.

—:O:—

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

1605—1668.

SERENADE.

THE lark now leaves his watery nest,
 And climbing shakes his dewy wings,
 He takes this window for the east,
 And to implore your light he sings :
 Awake, awake, the morn will never rise
 Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes.

The merchant bows unto the seaman's star;
 The ploughman from the sun his season
 takes ;

But still the lover wonders what they are
 Who look for day before his mistress
 wakes.

Awake, awake, break through your veils of
 lawn,

Then draw your curtains and begin the
 the dawn.

—:O:—

JOHN MILTON.

1608—1674.

ADAM'S LOVE FOR EVE.

WITH thee conversing I forget all time ;
 All seasons and their change, all please
 alike.

Sweet is the breath of Morn, her rising
 With charm of earliest birds ; pleasant the
 sun,

When first on this delightful land he spreads
 His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and
 flower,

Glist'ring with dew ; fragrant the fertile
 After soft show'rs ; and sweet the coming
 on

Of grateful Ev'ning mild ; then silent
 With this her solemn bird, and this fair
 moon,

And these the gems of heav'n, her starry
 But neither breath of Morn, when she
 ascends

With charm of earliest birds ; nor rising
 On this delightful land ; nor herb, fruit,
 flower,

Glist'ring with dew ; nor fragrance after
 Nor grateful Ev'ning mild ; nor silent Night
 With this her solemn bird, nor walk by
 moon,

Or glitt'ring star-light, without thee is

RICHARD ALLISON.

1606.

THERE is a garden in her face,
 Where roses and white lilies grow.
 A heavenly Paradise is that place,
 Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow :
 There cherries grow that none may buy
 Till cherry ripe themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose
 Of orient pearl a double row,
 Which, when her lovely laughter shows,
 They look like rosebuds filled with snow ;
 Yet them no peer nor prince may buy
 Till cherry ripe themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still.
 Her brows like bended bows do stand,
 Threatening with piercing frowns to kill
 All that approach with eye or hand
 These sacred cherries to come nigh,
 Till cherry ripe themselves do cry.

—:O:—

MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

1612—1650.

I'LL NEVER LOVE THEE MORE.

My dear and only love, I pray
 That little world of thee
 Be governed by no other sway
 But purest monarchy ;
 For if confusion have a part,
 Which virtuous souls abhor,
 I'll call a synod in my heart,
 And never love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,
 And I will reign alone ;
 My thoughts did evermore disdain
 A rival on my throne.
 He either fears his fate too much,
 Or his deserts are small,
 Who dares not put it to the touch,
 To gain or lose it all.

But I will reign and govern still,
 And always give the law,
 And have each subject at my will,
 And all to stand in awe ;
 But 'gainst my batteries if I find
 Thou storm or vex me sore,
 As if thou set me as a blind,
 I'll never love the more.

And in the empire of thy heart,
Where I should solely be,
If others do pretend a part,
Or dare to share with me;
Or committees if thou erect,
Or go on such a score,
I'll smiling mock at thy neglect,
And never love thee more.

But if no faithless action stain
Thy love and constant word,
I'll make thee famous by my pen,
And glorious by my sword;
I'll serve thee in such noble ways
As ne'er was known before;
I'll deck and crown thy head with bays,
And love thee evermore.

—:o:—

RICHARD CRASHAW.

1615—1650.

TO HIS LOVE.

THE dew no more shall weep,
The primrose's pale cheek to deck;
The dew no more shall sleep,
Nuzzled in the lily's neck;
Much rather would it tremble here,
And leave them both to be thy tear.

Not the soft gold which steals
From the amber-weeping tree,
Makes sorrow half so rich
As the drops distilled from thee;
Sorrow's best jewels be in these
Caskets, of which Heaven keeps the keys.

When sorrow would be seen
In her bright majesty—
For she is a queen—
Then is she dressed by none but thee;
Then, and only then, she wears
Her richest pearls;—I mean thy tears.

Not in the evening's eyes
When they red with weeping are
For the sun that dies,
Sits sorrow with a face so fair;
Nowhere but here doth meet
Sweetness so sad, sadness so sweet.

—:o:—

RICHARD LOVELACE.

1618—1658.

TO ALTHEA—FROM PRISON.

WHEN love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings,
To whisper at the grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair,
And fettered to her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses bound,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free,
Fishes that tinkle in the deep
Know no such liberty.

When, like committed linnets, I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my king;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Enlarged winds that curl the flood
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage.
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone that soar above
Enjoy such liberty.

—o—

TO LUCASTA.

IF to be absent were to be
Away from thee;
Or that when I am gone
You or I were alone,
Then, my Lucasta, might I crave [wave,
Pity from blust'ring wind or swallowing

But I'll not sigh one blast or gale
To swell my sail,
Or pay a tear to 'suage
The foaming blue god's rage;
For, whether he will let me pass
Or no, I'm still as happy as I was.

Though sea and land betwixt us both
 Our faith and troth,
 Like separated souls,
 All time and space controls,
 Above the highest sphere we meet
 Unseen, unknown, and greet as angels
 greet.

So when we do anticipate
 Our after fate,
 And are alive in the skies,
 If thus our lips and eyes
 Can speak like spirits unconfined
 In heaven, their earthly bodies left behind.

—o—

TO LUCASTA.
 GOING TO THE WARS.

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkind,
 That from the nunnery
 Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
 To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,—
 The first foe in the field;
 And with a stronger love embrace
 A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
 As you, too, shall adore:
 I could not love thee, dear, so much,
 Loved I not honour more.

—:o:—

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.
 1613—1641.

THE BRIDE.

THE maid (and thereby hangs a tale),
 For such a maid no Whitson-ale
 Could ever yet produce;
 No grape that 's kindly ripe could be
 So round, so plump, so soft as she,
 Nor half so full of juice.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
 Like little mice, stole in and out,
 As if they feared the light;
 But, oh! she dances such a way!
 No nun upon the Easter-day
 Is half so fine a sight,

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
 No daisy makes comparison
 (Who sees them is undone);
 For streaks of red were mingled there,
 Such as are on a Catherine pear
 (The side that 's next the sun).

Her lips were red; and one was thin,
 Compared to that was next her chin
 (Some bee had stung it newly).
 But (Dick) her eyes so guard her face,
 I durst no more upon them gaze
 Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small, when she does speak,
 Thou 'dst swear her teeth her words did
 break,

That they might passage get;
 But she so handled still the matter,
 They came as good as ours, or better,
 And are not spent a whit.

—o—

PRITHEE SEND ME BACK MY
 HEART.

I PRITHEE send me back my heart,
 Since I cannot have thine;
 For if from yours you will not part,
 Why, then, should'st thou have mine?

Yet now I think on 't, let it lie,—
 To find it were in vain;
 For thou 'st a thief in either eye
 Would steal it back again.

Why should two hearts in one breast lie,
 And yet not lodge together?
 O Love! where is thy sympathy,
 If thus our breasts thou sever?

But love is such a mystery,
 I cannot find it out;
 For when I think I'm best resolved,
 Then I am most in doubt.

Then farewell care, and farewell woe;
 I will no longer pine;
 For I'll believe I have her heart
 As much as she has mine.

—:o:—

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

1639—1728.

LOVE.

LOVE still has something of the sea
From whence his mother rose ;
No time his slaves from doubt can free,
Nor give their thoughts repose.

They are becalmed in clearest days,
And in rough weather tost ;
They wither under cold delays,
Or are in tempests lost.

One while they seem to touch the port,
Then straight into the main
Some angry wind in cruel sport
The vessel drives again.

At first disdain and pride they fear,
Which if they chance to 'scape,
Rivals and falsehood soon appear
In a more dreadful shape.

By such degrees to joy they come,
And are so long withstood,
So slowly they receive the sum,
It hardly does them good.

'Tis cruel to prolong a pain,
And to defer a joy,—
Believe me, gentle Celemene
Offends the winged boy.

A hundred thousand oaths your fears
Perhaps would not remove,
And if I gazed a thousand years,
I could not deeper love.

—:O:—

THOMAS PARNELL.

1679—1717.

SONG.

WHEN thy beauty appears
In its graces and airs,
All bright as an angel new dropped from
the sky, [fears,
At a distance I gaze and am awed by my
So strangely you dazzle my eye.

But when without art
Your kind thoughts you impart,
When your love runs in blushes through
every vein ;

When it darts from your eyes, when it pants
in your heart ;
Then I know you're a woman again.

"There's a passion and pride
In our sex" (she replied), [do :
"And thus, might I gratify both, I would
Still an angel appear to each lover beside,
But still be a woman to you."

—:O:—

MATTHEW PRIOR.

1664—1721.

**IN VAIN YOU TELL YOUR
PARTING LOVER.**

IN vain you tell your parting lover
You wish fair winds may waft him over ;
Alas ! what winds can happy prove
That bear me far from that I love ?
Alas ! what dangers on the main
Can equal those that I sustain
From slighted vows and cold disdain ?

Be gentle, and in pity choose
To wish the wildest tempest loose,
That thrown again upon the coast
Where first my shipwrecked heart was lost,
I may once more repeat my pain,
Once more to dying notes complain
Of slighted vows and cold disdain.

—:O:—

DEAN SWIFT.

1667—1744.

STELLA'S BIRTHDAY.

THIS day, whate'er the fates decree,
Shall still be kept with joy by me :
This day then let us not be told
That you are sick, and I grown old ;
Nor think on our approaching ills,
And talk of spectacles and wills :
To-morrow will be time enough
To hear such mortifying stuff.
Yet, since from reason may be brought
A better and more pleasing thought,
Which can, in spite of all decays,
Support a few remaining days,
From not the gravest of divines
Accept for once some serious lines :

Although we now can form no more
Long schemes of life, as heretofore ;
Yet you, while time is running fast,
Can look with joy on what is past.

Were future happiness and pain
A mere contrivance of the brain,
As atheists argue, to entice
And fit their proselytes for vice
(The only comfort they propose,
To have companions in their woes):
Grant this the case; yet sure 'tis hard
That virtue, styled its own reward,
And by all sages understood
To be the chief of human good,
Should acting die, nor leave behind
Some lasting pleasure in the mind,
Which by remembrance will assuage
Grief, sickness, poverty, and age,
And strongly shoot a radiant dart
To shine through life's declining part.

Say, Stella, feel you no content,
Reflecting on a life well spent?
Your skilful hand employed to save
Despairing wretches from the grave;
And then supporting with your store
Those whom you dragged from death be-
So Providence on mortals waits, [fore:
Preserving what it first creates.
Your generous boldness to defend
An innocent and absent friend;
That courage, which can make you just
To merit humbled in the dust;
The detestation you express
For vice in all its glittering dress;
That patience under torturing pain,
Where stubborn stoics would complain;
Must these like empty shadows pass,
Or forms reflected from a glass?
Or mere chimæras in the mind,
That fly, and leave no marks behind?
Does not the body thrive and grow
By food of twenty years ago?
And, had it not been still supplied.
It must a thousand times have died.
Then who with reason can maintain
That no effects of food remain?
And is not virtue in mankind
The nutriment that feeds the mind;
Upheld by each good action past,
And still continued by the last?
Then who with reason can pretend
That all effects of virtue end?

Believe me, Stella, when you show
That true contempt for things below,
Nor prize your life for other ends
Than 'merely to oblige your friends,
Your former actions claim their part,
And join to fortify your heart.

For virtue in her daily race,
Like Janus, bears a double face,—
Looks back with joy where she has gone,
And therefore goes with courage on.
She at your sickly couch will wait,
And guide you to a better state.

Oh, then, whatever Heaven intends,
Take pity on your pitying friends!
Nor let your ills affect your mind,
To fancy they can be unkind.
Me, surely me, you ought to spare,
Who gladly would your sufferings share,
Or give my scrap of life to you,
And think it far beneath your due;
You, to whose care so oft I owe
That I'm alive to tell you so.

—:O:—

WILLIAM COWPER.

1731—1800.

ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE OUT OF NORFOLK.

The Gift of my Cousin, Ann Bodham.

OH that those lips had language! Life
has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee
last.

Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile
I see,

The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
“Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears
away!”

The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize—
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it!) here shines on me still the
same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who bid'st me honour with an artless
song,

Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own;
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream, that thou art she.

My mother! when I learned that thou
wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?

Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a
kiss;

Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss.
Ah, that maternal smile!—it answers—Yes.
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery window,
drew

A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such?—It was.—Where thou
art gone

Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting words shall pass my lips no
more!

Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my
concern,

Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wished, I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived;
By expectation every day beguiled,

Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learned at last submission to my lot;
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er
forgot. [no more,

Where once we dwelt* our name is heard
Children nor thine have trod my nursery
floor;

And where the gardener, Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and
wrapped

In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capped,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we called the pastoral house our
own.

Short-lived possession! But the record fair,
That memory keeps of all thy kindness
there,

Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
Thy nightly visit to my chamber made,
That thou might'st know me safe and
warmly laid;

Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionary plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and
glowed;

All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no
fall,

* The rectory at Great Berkhamstead, where
he was born.

Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and
breaks

That humour interposed too often makes;
All this still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed
here. [the hours

Could, Time, his flight reversed, restore
When, playing with thy vesture's tissue
flowers,

The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin
(And thou wast happier than myself the
while, [and smile),
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head
Could those few pleasant days again ap-
pear, [them here?

Might one wish bring them, would I wish
I would not trust my heart;—the dear
delight

Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.—
But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's
coast [crossed)

(The storms all weathered and the ocean
Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,
Where spices breathe and brighter seasons
smile, [show

There sits quiescent on the floods, that
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers
gay; [the shore

So thou, with sails how swift! hast reached
"Where tempests never beat nor billows
roar;"*

And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life long since has anchored by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always dis-
tressed,— [tossed,

Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-
Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and com-
pass lost, [force
And day by day some current's thwarting
Sets me more distant from a prosperous
course. [and he!

Yet, oh, the thought that thou art safe,
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the
earth;

* Garth.

But higher far my proud pretensions rise,—
The son of parents passed into the skies.
And now, farewell!—Time unrevoked has
run

His wonted course, yet what I wished is
done.

By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er
again;

To have renewed the joys that once were
mine,

Without the sin of violating thine;
And, while the wings of fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft,—
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me
left.

—:O:—

BISHOP PERCY.

1728—1811.

O NANNY, WILT THOU GO WITH ME.

O NANNY, wilt thou go with me,
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town?
Can silent glens have charms for thee,
The lowly cot and russet gown?
No longer drest in silken sheen,
No longer decked with jewels rare,
Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nanny, when thou'rt far away,
Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?
Say, canst thou face the parching ray,
Nor shrink before the wintry wind?
Oh, can that soft and gentle mien
Extremes of hardship learn to bear,
Nor sad regret each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nanny, canst thou love so true,
Through perils keen with me to go;
Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,
To share with him the pang of woe?
Say, should disease or pain befall,
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
Nor wistful those gay scenes recall,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath,
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
And cheer with smiles the bed of death?

And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay
Strew flowers and drop the tender tear.
Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

—:O:—

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

1734—1788.

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

BUT are ye sure the news is true,
And are ye sure he's weel?
Is this a time to think o' wark?
Ye jauds, fling by your wheel.
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a',
There's nae luck about the house
When our gudeman's awa.

Is this a time to think o' wark
When Colin's at the door?
Rax down my cloak—I'll to the quay
And see him come ashore.

Rise up and make a clean fireside,
Put on the muckle pat,
Gie little Kate her cotton gown,
And Jock his Sunday's coat.

Mak their shoon as black as slacs,
Their stockings white as snaw;
Its a' to pleasure our gudeman,
He likes to see them braw.

There are twa hens into the crib,
Hae fed this month or mair,
Mak haste and thrav their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare.

My Turkey slippers I'll put on,
My stockins pearl-blue:
Its a' to pleasure our gudeman,
For he's baith leal and true.

Sae sweet his voice, sae smooth his tongue,
His breath's like caller air,
His very foot has music in't
As he comes up the stair.

And will I see his face again,
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downricht dizzy wi' the thought!
In troth I'm like to greet.

There's nae luck about the house,
 There's nae luck at a',
 There's nae luck about the house
 When our gudeman's awa.

—:O:—

ROBERT BURNS.

1759—1796.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John,
 When we were first acquent
 Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bonnie brow was brent;
 But now your brow is beld, John,
 Your locks are like the snaw;
 But blessings on your frosty pow,
 John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill thegither;
 And mony a canty day, John,
 We've had wi' ane anither:
 Now we maun totter down, John,
 But hand in hand we'll go;
 And sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson, my jo.

—O—

TO MARY.

WILL ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
 And leave auld Scotia's shore?
 Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
 Across th' Atlantic's roar?

Oh, sweet grow the lime and the orange,
 And the apple on the pine;
 But a' the charms o' the Indies
 Can never equal thine.

I hae sworn by the Heavens to my Mary,
 I hae sworn by the Heavens to be true;
 And sae may the Heavens forget me,
 When I forget my vow!

Oh, plight me your faith, my Mary,
 And plight me your lily-white hand;
 Oh, plight me your faith, my Mary,
 Before I leave Scotia's strand.

We hae plighted our troth, my Mary,
 In mutual affection to join; [us!—
 And curst be the cause that shall part
 The hour and the moment o' time!

HIGHLAND MARY.

YE banks and braes and streams around
 The castle o' Montgomery,
 Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
 Your waters never drumlie!
 There simmer first unfolds her robes,
 And there the langest tarry;
 For there I took the last fareweel
 O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk,
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
 As, underneath their fragrant shade,
 I clasped her to my bosom!
 The golden hours, on angel wings,
 Flew o'er me and my dearie;
 For dear to me as light and life
 Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow and locked embrace
 Our parting was fu' tender;
 And, pledging aft to meet again,
 We tore oursel's asunder;
 But oh! fell Death's untimely frost,
 That nipt my flower sae early!
 Now green's the sod and cauld's the clay
 That wraps my Highland Mary.

Oh, pale, pale now those rosy lips,
 I aft hae kissed so fondly!
 And closed for aye the sparkling glance
 That dwelt on me sae kindly;
 And mouldering now in silent dust
 That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
 But still within my bosom's core
 Shall live my Highland Mary.

—:O:—

THE POSIE.

OH, luve will venture in where it daur na
 weel be seen,
 Oh, luve will venture in where wisdom ance
 has been;
 But I will down yon river rove, amang the
 wood sae green,
 And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May.

The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the
 year, [dear,
 And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my
 For she's the pink o' womankind, and
 blooms without a peer;
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phoebus
 peeps in view, [bonnie mou';
 For it's like a baumy kiss o' her sweet
 The hyacinth's for constancy, wi' its un-
 changing blue,
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,
 And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily
 there; [air,
 The daisy's for simplicity and unaffected
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o'
 siller grey, [break o' day;
 Where, like an agèd man, it stands at
 But the songster's nest within the bush I
 winna take away;
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu' when the e'ning
 star is near,
 And the diamond-draps o' dew shall be her
 een sae clear;
 The violet's for modesty, which weel she
 fa's to wear,
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band
 o' luve, [by a' above
 And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear
 That to my latest draught o' life the band
 shall ne'er remove:
 And this will be a posie to my ain dear
 May.

—o—

A RED, RED ROSE.

OH, my luve's like a red, red rose,
 That's newly sprung in June;
 Oh, my luve's like the melody
 That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
 So deep in luve am I;
 And I will luve thee still, my dear,
 Till a' the seas gang dry;

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
 And the rocks melt wi' the sun:
 I will luve thee still, my dear,
 While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luve!
 And fare thee weel a while!
 And I will come again, my luve,
 Though it were ten thousand mile,

JESSY.*

CHORUS.

HERE's a health to ane I lo'e dear,
 Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear;
 'Thou art sweet as the smile when fond
 lovers meet,
 And soft as their parting tear—Jessy!

Although thou maun never be mine,
 Although even hope is denied,
 'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
 Than aught in the world beside—Jessy!
 Here's a health, &c.

I mourn through the gay gaudy day,
 As, hopeless, I muse on thy charms;
 But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
 For then I am locked in thy arms—Jessy!
 Here's a health, &c.

I guess by the dear angel smile,
 I guess by the love-rolling e'e;
 But why urge the tender confession
 'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree—Jessy!
 Here's a health, &c.

—:o:—

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

1797—1835.

JEANIE MORRISON.

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
 Through mony a weary way;
 But never, never can forget
 The love of life's young day!
 The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en,
 May weel be black gin Yule;
 But blacker fa' awaits the heart
 Where first fond love grows cool.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
 The thochts o' bygone years
 Still fling their shadows owre my path,
 And blind my een wi' tears!
 They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
 And sair and sick I pine,
 As memory idly summons up
 The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

* Jessy Lewars, who nursed him during his last illness.

'Twas then we loved ilk ither weel,
 'Twas then we twa did part; [schule,
 Sweet time!—sad time!—twa bairns at
 Twa bairns, and but ae heart!
 'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink,
 To lear ilk ither lear;
 And tones, and looks, and smiles were shed,
 Remembered evermair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
 When sitting on that bink,
 Cheek touchin' cheek, loof locked in loof,
 What our wee heads could think.
 What baith bent down owre ae braid page,
 Wi' ae buik on our knee,
 Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
 My lesson was in thee.

Oh, mind ye how we hung our heads,
 How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
 Whene'er the schule-weans, laughin', said
 We cleekeed thegither hame?
 And mind ye o' the Saturdays—
 The schule then skaled at noon—
 When we ran aff to speel the braes,
 The broomy braes o' June?

My head rins round and round about,
 My heart flows like a sea,
 As ane by ane the thochts rush back
 O' schule-time and o' thee.
 Oh, mornin' life! oh, mornin' love!
 Oh, lightsome days and lang,
 When hinnied hopes around our hearts,
 Like simmer blossoms, sprang!

Oh, mind ye, love, how aft we left
 The deavin' dinsome toun,
 To wander by the green burnside,
 And hear its waters croon?
 The simmer leaves hung owre our heads,
 The flowers burst round our feet,
 And in the gloamin' o' the wood
 The throssil whistled sweet.

The throssil whistled in the wood,
 The burn sang to the trees,
 And we with Nature's heart in tune
 Concerted harmonies;
 And on the knowe aboon the burn
 For hours thegither sat,
 In the silentness o' joy, till baith
 Wi' very gladness grat!

Aye, aye, dear Jeanie Morrison,
 Tears tinkled down your cheek,
 Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
 Had ony power to speak!

That was a time, a blessed time,
 When hearts were fresh and young,
 When freely gushed all feelings forth,
 Unsyllabled—unsung!

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
 Gin I hae been to thee
 As closely twined wi' earliest thochts
 As ye hae been to me?
 Oh! tell me gin their music fills
 Thine ear as it does mine;
 Oh! say gin o'er your heart grows great
 Wi' dreamings o' langsyne?

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
 I've borne a weary lot;
 But in my wanderings, far or near,
 Ye never were forgot.
 The fount that first burst frae this heart
 Still travels on its way,
 And channels deeper as it rins,
 The love o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
 Since we were sindered young,
 I've never seen your face, nor heard
 The music o' your tongue;
 But I could hug all wretchedness,
 And happy could I dee,
 Did I but ken your heart still dreamed
 O' bygone days and me!

—:O:—

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

1770—1850.

LUCY.

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways
 Beside the springs of Dove,
 A maid whom there were none to praise,
 And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone
 Half-hidden from the eye;
 Fair as a star, when only one
 Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
 When Lucy ceased to be;
 But she is in her grave, and, oh,
 The difference to me!

—O—

LUCY.

I TRAVELLED among unknown men,
In lands beyond the sea;
Nor, England! did I know till then
What love I bore to thee.

'Tis past, that melancholy dream!
Nor will I quit thy shore
A second time; for still I seem
To love thee more and more.

Among thy mountains did I feel
The joy of my desire;
And she I cherished turned her wheel
Beside an English fire.

Thy mornings showed, thy nights concealed
The bowers where Lucy played;
And thine is too the last green field
That Lucy's eyes surveyed.

—o—

THE PRAISE OF DAPHNE.

'Tis sung in ancient minstrelsy
That Phœbus wont to wear
"The leaves of any pleasant tree
Around his golden hair,"
Till Daphne, desperate with pursuit
Of his imperious love,
At her own prayer transformed, took root,
A laurel in the grove.

Then did the Penitent adorn
His brow with laurel green;
And 'mid his bright locks, never shorn,
No meaner leaf was seen;
And Poets sage, through every age,
About their temples wound
The bay; and Conquerors thanked the
gods,
With laurel chaplets crowned.

Into the mists of fabling Time
So far runs back the praise
Of Beauty, that disdains to climb
Along forbidden ways;
That scorns temptation; power defies
Where mutual love is not;
And to the tomb for rescue flies
When life would be a blot.

—o—

TO MARY.

LET other bards of angels sing,
Bright suns without a spot;
But thou art no such perfect thing;
Rejoice that thou art not!

Such if thou wert in all men's view,
A universal show,
What would my fancy have to do
My feelings to bestow?

The world denies that thou art fair;
So, Mary, let it be,
If nought in loveliness compare
With what thou art to me.

—:O:—

SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE.

1772—1834.

LOVE.

ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I,
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay,
Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve!

She leaned against the armed man,
The statue of the armed knight;
She stood and listened to my lay,
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope! my joy! my Genevieve!
She loves me best, whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song, that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
For well she knew, I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the Knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he wooed
The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined: and ah!
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
And she forgave me, that I gazed
Too fondly on her face!

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lovely Knight,
And that he crossed the mountain woods,
Nor rested day nor night;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade,—

There came and looked him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright;
And that he knew it was a Fiend,
This miserable Knight!

And that, unknowing what he did,
He leaped amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
The Lady of the Land;—

And how she wept, and clasped his knees;
And how she tended him in vain,
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain;—

And that she nursed him in a cave;
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest-leaves
A dying man he lay;—

His dying words;—but when I reached
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturbed her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve;
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long!

She wept with pity and delight,
She blushed with love and virgin shame;
And like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved—she stepped aside,
As conscious of my look she stepped—
Then suddenly, with timorous eye,
She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,
She pressed me with a meek embrace;
And bending back her head, looked up,
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel, than see,
The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous Bride.

—:O:—

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

1774—1843.

LOVE'S IMMORTALITY.

THEY sin who tell us Love can die!
With life all other passions fly;
All others are but vanity.
In heaven ambition cannot dwell,
Nor avarice in the vaults of hell;
Earthly these passions, as of earth,
They perish where they have their birth;
But Love is indestructible,
Its holy flame for ever burneth,
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth:
For oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times oppressed,
It here is tried and purified,
And hath in heaven its perfect rest.
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest-time of Love is there.
Oh! when a mother meets on high
The babe she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
The day of woe, the anxious night,
For all her sorrows, all her tears,
An overpayment of delight?

—:O:—

LORD BYRON.

1788—1824.

STANZAS TO AUGUSTA.

THOUGH the day of my destiny's over,
 And the star of my fate hath declined,
 Thy soft heart refused to discover
 The faults which so many could find ;
 Though thy soul with my grief was acquainted,

It shrunk not to share it with me,
 And the love which my spirit hath painted
 It never hath found but in *thee*.

Then when nature around me is smiling,
 The last smile which answers to mine,
 I do not believe it beguiling,
 Because it reminds me of thine ;
 And when winds are at war with the ocean,
 As the breasts I believed in with me,
 If their billows excite an emotion,
 It is that they bear me from *thee*.

Though the rock of my last hope is shivered,
 And its fragments are sunk in the wave,
 Though I feel that my soul is delivered
 To pain—it shall not be its slave.
 There is many a pang to pursue me :
 They may crush, but they shall not
 contemn ;

They may torture, but shall not subdue me.
 'Tis of *thee* that I think—not of them.

Though human, thou didst not deceive me,
 Though woman, thou didst not forsake,
 Though loved, thou forborest to grieve me,
 Though slandered, thou never couldst
 shake ; [me,

Though trusted, thou didst not disclaim
 Though parted, it was not to fly,
 Though watchful, 'twas not to defame me,
 Nor, mute, that the world might belie.

Yet I blame not the world, nor despise it,
 Nor the war of the many with one :
 If my soul was not fitted to prize it,
 'Twas folly not sooner to shun ;
 And if dearly that error hath cost me,
 And more than I once could foresee,
 I have found that, whatever it lost me,
 It could not deprive me of *thee*.

From the wreck of the past, which hath
 perished,
 This much I at least may recall, [ed
 It hath taught me that what I most cherish-
 Deserved to be dearest of all.

In the desert a fountain is springing,
 In the wide waste there still is a tree,
 And a bird in the solitude singing,
 Which speaks to my spirit of *thee*.

—O—

I SAW THEE WEEP.

I SAW thee weep, the big bright tear
 Came o'er that eye of blue ;
 And then methought it did appear
 A violet dropping dew :
 I saw thee smile ; the sapphire's blaze
 Beside thee ceased to shine :
 It could not match the living rays
 That filled that glance of thine.

As clouds from yonder sun receive
 A deep and mellow dye,
 Which scarce the shade of coming eve
 Can banish from the sky.
 Those smiles unto the moodiest mind
 Their own pure joy impart ;
 Their sunshine leaves a glow behind
 That lightens o'er the heart.

—:O:—

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

1792—1822.

FROM THE ARABIC.

An Imitation.

My faint spirit was sitting in the light
 Of thy looks, my love ;
 It panted for thee like the hind at noon
 For the brooks, my love. [pest's flight,
 Thy barb, whose hoofs outspeed the tem-
 Bore thee far from me ; [soon,
 My heart, for my weak feet were weary
 Did companion thee.

Ah ! fleetest far than fleetest storm or steed,
 Or the death they bear, [like a dove
 The heart which tender thought clothes
 With the wings of care ;
 In the battle, in the darkness, in the need,
 Shall mine cling to thee, [love,
 Nor claim one smile for all the comfort,
 It may bring thee.

—O—

TO —

ONE word is too often profaned
 For me to profane it,
 One feeling too falsely disdained
 For thee to disdain it.
 One hope is too like despair
 For prudence to smother,
 And Pity from thee more dear
 Than that from another.

I can give not what men call love,
 But wilt thou accept not
 The worship the heart lifts above,
 And the Heavens reject not,
 The desire of the moth for the star,
 Of the night for the morrow,
 The devotion to something afar
 From the sphere of our sorrow?

—o—

LINES.

WHEN the lamp is shattered
 The light in the dust lies dead—
 When the cloud is scattered
 The rainbow's glory is shed.
 When the lute is broken,
 Sweet tones are remembered not;
 When the lips have spoken,
 Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendour
 Survive not the lamp and the lute,
 The heart's echoes render
 No song when the spirit is mute:
 No song but sad dirges,
 Like the wind through a ruined cell,
 Or the mournful surges
 That ring the dead seaman's knell.

When hearts have once mingled,
 Love first leaves the well-built nest,
 The weak one is singled
 To endure what it once possest.
 O Love! who bewailest
 The frailty of all things here,
 Why choose you the frailest
 For your cradle, your home, and your
 bier?

Its passions will rock thee
 As the storms rock the ravens on high:
 Bright reason will mock thee,
 Like the sun from a wintry sky.

From thy nest every rafter
 Will rot, and thine eagle home
 Leave thee naked to laughter,
 When leaves fall and cold winds come.

—:o:—

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

1771—1832.

LOVE.

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed;
 In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;
 In halls, in gay attire is seen;
 In hamlets, dances on the green.
 Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
 And men below, and saints above;
 For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

—o—

VERSES FOUND IN BOTHWELL'S
POCKET-BOOK.

"With these letters was a lock of hair, wrapped in a copy of verses, written obviously with a feeling which atoned, in Morton's opinion, for the roughness of the poetry, and the conceits with which it abounded, according to the taste of the period."

THY hue, dear pledge, is pure and bright,
 As in that well-remembered night,
 When first thy mystic braid was wove,
 And first my Agnes whispered love.

Since then how often hast thou pressed
 The torrid zone of this wild breast,
 Whose wrath and hate have sworn to
 dwell

With the first sin which peopled hell!
 A breast whose blood 's a troubled ocean,
 Each throb the earthquake's wild commo-
 tion!—

Oh, if such clime thou canst endure,
 Yet keep thy hue unstained and pure,
 What conquest o'er each erring thought
 Of that fierce realm had Agnes wrought!
 I had not wandered wild and wide,
 With such an angel for my guide;
 Nor heaven nor earth could then reprove
 me,

If she had lived, and lived to love me.

Not then this world's wild joys had been
 To me one savage hunting scene,

My sole delight the headlong race,
 And frantic hurry of the chase;
 To start, pursue, and bring to bay,
 Rush in, drag down, and rend my prey,
 Then—from the carcase turn away!
 Mine ireful mood had sweetness tamed,
 And soothed each wound which pride in-
 flamed;
 Yes, God and man might now approve me,
 If thou hadst lived, and lived to love me.

—:O:—

JOHN KEATS.

1795—1821.

ISABELLA AND LORENZO.

FAIR Isabel, poor simple Isabel!
 Lorenzo, a young palmer in Love's eye!
 They could not in the selfsame mansion
 dwell
 Without some stir of heart, some
 malady;
 They could not sit at meals but feel how
 well
 It soothed each to be the other by;
 They could not, sure, beneath the same
 roof sleep,
 But to each other dream and nightly weep.
 With every morn their love grew tenderer,
 With every eve deeper and tenderer still;
 He might not in house, field, or garden stir,
 But her full shape would all his seeing
 fill;
 And his continual voice was pleasanter
 To her, than noise of trees or hidden
 rill;
 Her lute-string gave an echo of his name,
 She spoilt her half-done broidery with the
 same.
 He knew whose gentle hand was at the
 latch [eyes;
 Before the door had given her to his
 And from her chamber-window he would
 catch
 Her beauty farther than the falcon spies;
 And constant as her vespers would he
 watch,
 Because her face was turned to the same
 skies;
 And with sick longing all the night out-
 wear,
 To hear her morning step upon the stair.

A whole long month of May in this sad
 plight [June:
 Made their cheeks paler by the break of
 "To-morrow will I bow to my delight,
 To-morrow will I ask my lady's boon."—
 "Oh, may I never see another night,
 Lorenzo, if thy lips breathe not love's
 tune."—
 So spake they to their pillows; but, alas!
 Honeyless days and days did he let pass;

Until sweet Isabella's untouched cheek
 Fell sick within the rose's just domain,
 Fell thin as a young mother's, who doth
 seek
 By every lull to cool her infant's pain:
 "How ill she is!" said he, "I may not
 speak,
 And yet I will, and tell my love all
 plain: [tears,
 If looks speak love-laws, I will drink her
 And at the least 'twill startle off her cares."

—O—

THE LOVE TOLD.

SO SAID he one fair morning, and all day
 His heart beat awfully against his side;
 And to his heart he inwardly did pray
 For power to speak; but still the ruddy
 tide
 Stifled his voice, and pulsed resolve away—
 Fevered his high conceit of such a bride,
 Yet brought him to the meekness of a
 child:
 Alas! when passion is both meek and
 wild!
 So once more he had waked and anguished
 A dreamy night of love and misery,
 If Isabel's quick eye had not been wed
 To every symbol on his forehead high;
 She saw it waxing very pale and dead,
 And straight all flushed; so, lisped ten-
 derly, [quest,
 "Lorenzo!"—here she ceased her timid
 But in her tone and look he read the rest.
 "O Isabella! I can half perceive
 That I may speak my grief into thine
 ear;
 If thou didst ever anything believe,
 Believe how I love thee, believe how
 near
 My soul is to its doom: I would not grieve
 Thy hand by unwelcome pressing, would
 not fear

Thine eyes by gazing; but I cannot live
Another night, and not my passion shrive.

"Love! thou art leading me from wintry
cold,

Lady! thou ledest me to summer clime,
And I must taste the blossoms that unfold
In its ripe warmth this gracious morning
time."

So said, his erewhile timid lips grew bold,
And poësiéd with hers in dewy rhyme:
Great bliss was with them, and great hap-
piness

Grew, like a lusty flower in June's caress.

Parting they seemed to tread upon the air,
Twin roses by the zephyr blown apart
Only to meet again more close, and share
The inward fragrance of each other's
heart.

She, to her chamber gone, a ditty fair
Sang, of delicious love and honeyed dart;
He with light steps went up a western hill,
And bade the sun farewell, and joyed his
fill.

All close they met again, before the dusk
Had taken from the stars its pleasant
veil, [dusk

All close they met, all eves, before the
Had taken from the stars its pleasant
veil,

Close in a bower of hyacinth and musk,
Unknown of any, free from whispering
tale.

Ah! better had it been for ever so,
Than idle ears should pleasure in their
woe.

Were they unhappy then?—It cannot be—
Too many tears for lovers have been
shed,

Too many sighs give we to them in fee,
Too much of pity after they are dead,
Too many doleful stories do we see,

Whose matter in bright gold were best
be read; [spouse

Except in such a page where Theseus'
Over the pathless waves towards him bows.

But, for the general award of love,
The little sweet doth kill much bitter-
ness:

Though Dido silent is in under-grove,
And Isabella's was a great distress,
Though young Lorenzo in warm Indian
clove [less—

Was not embalmed. this truth is not the

Even bees, the little almsmen of spring
bowers,
Know there is richest juice in poison-
flowers.

—:O:—

THOMAS MOORE.

1779—1852.

THE INDIAN TREE.

THEY tell us of an Indian tree
Which, howsoe'er the sun and sky
May tempt its boughs to wander free,
And shoot and blossom wide and high,
Yet better loves to bend its arms
Downwards again to the dear earth
From which the life that fills and warms
Its grateful being first had birth.
E'en thus, though wooed by flat'ring
friends,
And fed with fame (if fame it be),
This heart, my own dear mother, bends
With love's true instinct back to thee.

—O—

QUARRELS OF LOVERS.

ALAS! how light a cause may move
Dissension between hearts that love!
Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
And sorrow but more closely tied;
That stood the storm when waves were
rough,
Yet in a sunny hour fall off,
Like ships that have gone down at sea
When heaven was all tranquillity!
A something, light as air; a look,
A word unkind or wrongly taken:
Oh! love, that tempests never shook,
A breath, a touch like this hath shaken;
And ruder words will soon rush in
To spread the breach that words begin,
And eyes forget the gentle ray
They wore in courtship's smiling day,
And voices lose the tone that shed
A tenderness round all they said;
Till fast declining, one by one,
The sweetnesses of love are gone,
And hearts, so lately mingled, seem
Like broken clouds, or like the stream
That smiling left the mountain's brow,
As though its waters ne'er could sever,
Yet, ere it reach the plain below,
Breaks into floods, that part for ever.

O you that have the charge of Love,
 Keep him in rosy bondage bound,
 As in the Fields of Bliss above
 He sits, with flow'rets fettered round;
 Loose not a tie that round him clings,
 Nor ever let him use his wings;
 For e'en an hour, a minute's flight
 Will rob the plumes of half their light,
 Like that celestial bird, whose nest
 Is found beneath far Eastern skies,
 Whose wings, though radiant when at rest,
 Lose all their glory when he flies.

—:O:—

FELICIA HEMANS.

1793—1835.

THE SOLDIER'S DEATHBED.

“Wie herrlich die Sonne dort untergeht! da ich noch ein Bube war—war's mein Lieblingsgedanke, wie sie zu leben, wie sie zu sterben!”—
Die Kauber.

Like thee to die, thou sun!—My boyhood's
 dream [beam,
 Was this; and now my spirit, with thy
 Ebbs from a field of victory! yet the hour
 Bears back upon me, with a torrent's power,
 Nature's deep longings: oh for some kind
 eye,
 Wherein to meet love's fervent farewell
 gaze;
 Some breast to pillow life's last agony,
 Some voice to speak of hope and better
 days,
 Beyond the pass of shadows! But I go,
 I, that have been so loved, go hence alone!
 And ye, now gathering round my own
 hearth's glow,
 Sweet friends! it may be that a softer tone,
 Even in this moment, with your laughing
 glee,
 Mingles its cadence while you speak of me;
 Of me, your soldier, 'midst the mountains
 lying,
 On the red banner of his battles dying,
 Far, far away! and oh! your parting
 prayer— [there?
 Will not his name be fondly murmured
 It will! A blessing on that holy hearth!
 Though clouds are darkening to o'ercast
 its mirth.
 Mother! I may not hear thy voice again;
 Sisters! ye watch to greet my step in vain;

Young brother, fare thee well! On each
 dear head
 Blessing and love a thousandfold be shed,
 My soul's last earthly breathings! May
 your home
 Smile for you ever; may no winter come,
 No *world*, between your hearts; may e'en
 your tears
 For my sake, full of long-remembered years,
 Quicken the true affections that entwine
 Your lives in one bright bond. I may not
 sleep
 Amidst our fathers, where those tears might
 shine
 Over my slumbers, yet your love will keep
 My memory living in the ancestral halls,
 Where shame hath never trod. The dark
 night falls,
 And I depart. The brave are gone to rest,
 The brothers of my combats, on the breast
 Of the red field they reaped; their work is
 done—
Thou, too, art set; farewell, farewell, thou
 sun;
 The last lone watcher of the bloody sod
 Offers a trusting spirit up to God.

—:O:—

CHARLES WOLFE.

1791—1823.

A FAREWELL.

Go, forget me: why should sorrow
 O'er that brow a darkness fling?
 Go, forget me; and to-morrow
 Brightly smile and sweetly sing;
 Smile—though I shall not be near thee,
 Sing—though I shall never hear thee;
 May thy soul with pleasure shine,
 Lasting as the gloom of mine.

Like the sun, thy presence glowing
 Clothes the meanest things in light,
 And when thou, like him, art going,
 Loveliest objects fade in night.
 All things look so bright about thee,
 That they nothing seem without thee—
 By that pure and lucid mind
 Earthly things were too refined.

Go, thou vision, wildly gleaming,
 Softly on my soul that fell;
 Go, for me no longer beaming;
 Hope and Beauty, fare ye well!

Go, and all that once delighted
Take, and leave me all benighted,—
Glory's burning generous swell,
Fancy, and the poet's shell.

—:O:—

JAMES MOULTRIE.

1799—1874.

"FORGET THEE?"

"FORGET thee?" if to dream by night, and
muse on thee by day,
If all the worship deep and wild a poet's
heart can pay,
If prayers in absence breathed for thee to
Heaven's protecting power,
If winged thoughts that flit to thee, a thou-
sand in an hour,
If busy fancy blending thee with all my
future lot,
If this thou call'st "forgetting," thou, in-
deed, shalt be forgot!

"Forgot thee?" Bid the forest-birds for-
get their sweetest tune;
"Forget thee?" Bid the sea forget to
swell beneath the moon;
Bid the thirsty flowers forget to drink the
eve's refreshing dew;
Thyself forget thine own "dear land," and
its "mountains wild and blue;"
Forget each old familiar face, each long-
remembered spot,—
When these things are forgot by thee, then
thou shalt be forgot!

Keep, if thou wilt, thy maiden peace, still
calm and fancy-free,
For God forbid thy glad some heart should
grow less glad for me;
Yet, while that heart is still unwon, oh!
bid not mine to rove,
But let it nurse its humble faith and un-
complaining love;
If these, preserved for patient years, at last
avail me not,
Forget me then; but ne'er believe that thou
canst be forgot!

—:O:—

BARRY CORNWALL.

1788—1874.

IS MY LOVER ON THE SEA?

Is MY lover on the sea?
Sailing East, or sailing West?
Mighty Ocean, gentle be,
Rock him into rest!

Let no angry winds arise,
Nor a wave with whitened crest
All be gentle as his eyes,
When he is caressed!

—:O:—

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES.

1803—1845.

LOVE.

How many times do I love thee, dear?
Tell me how many thoughts there be
In the atmosphere
Of a new-fall'n year,
Whose white and sable hours appear
The latest flake of Eternity:
So many times do I love thee, dear.

How many times do I love, again?
Tell me how many beads there are
In a silver chain
Of evening rain,
Unravell'd from the tumbling main,
And threading the eye of a yellow star:
So many times do I love again.

—:O:—

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

1796—1849.

THE LIGHT OF LOVE.

SHE is not fair to outward view,
As many maidens be:
Her loveliness I never knew,
Until she smiled on me;
Oh, then I saw her eye was bright—
A well of love, a spring of light.

But now her looks are coy and cold—
 To mine they ne'er reply,
 And yet I cease not to behold
 The love-light in her eye ;
 Her very frowns are sweeter far
 Than smiles of other maidens are.

—:C:—

CAROLINE NORTON.

(LADY MAXWELL.)

1808—1877.

THE BLIND MAN'S BRIDE.

WHEN first, beloved, in vanished hours,
 The Blind Man sought thy hand to gain,
 They said thy cheek was bright as flowers
 New freshened by the summer rain.
 The beauty which made them rejoice,
 My darkened eyes might never see ;
 But well I knew thy gentle voice,
 And that was all in all to me.

At length, as years rolled swiftly on,
 They talked to me of Time's decay,
 Of roses from thy soft cheek gone,
 Of ebon tresses turned to gray.
 I heard them, but I heeded not
 The withering change I could not see ;
 Thy voice still cheered my darkened lot,
 And that was all in all to me.

And still, beloved, till life grows cold,
 We'll wander 'neath the genial sky,
 And only know that we grow old
 By counting happy hours gone by.
 Thy cheek may lose its blushing hue,
 Thy brow less beautiful may be ;
 But, oh, the voice which first I knew
 Still keeps the same sweet tone to me !

—:O:—

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

LOVERS.

THE rose is weeping for her love,
 The nightingale ;
 And he is flying fast above,
 To her he will not fail,

Already golden eve appears,
 He wings his way along ;
 Ah ! look, he comes to kiss her tears,
 And soothe her with his song.

The moon in pearly light may steep
 The still blue air ;
 The rose hath ceased to droop and weep,
 For lo ! her joy is there.
 He sings to her, and o'er the trees
 She hears his sweet notes swim ;
 The world may weary,—she but hears
 Her love, and hears but him.

—:O:—

LADY DUFFERIN.

THE LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

I'm sittin' on the stile, Mary,
 Where we sat side by side
 On a bright May mornin' long ago,
 When first you were my bride :
 The corn was springin' fresh and green,
 And the lark sang loud and high,
 And the red was on your lip, Mary,
 And the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,
 The day is bright as then,
 The lark's loud song is in my ear,
 And the corn is green again ;
 But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
 And your breath warm on my cheek,
 And I still keep list'nin' for the words
 You never more may speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
 And the little church stands near,
 The church where we were wed, Mary,—
 I see the spire from here.
 But the grave-yard lies between, Mary,—
 And my step might break your rest—
 For I've laid you, darling ! down to sleep,
 With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
 For the poor make no new friends,
 But oh ! they love the better still,
 The few our Father sends !
 And you were all I had, Mary,
 My blessin' and my pride ;
 There's nothing left to care for now,
 Since my poor Mary died,

Yours was the good brave heart, Mary,
That still kept hoping on,
When the trust in God had left my soul,
And my arms' young strength was gone;
There was comfort ever on *your* lip,
And a kind look on your brow,—
I bless you, Mary, for that same,
Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile
When your heart was fit to break,
When the hunger pain was gnawin' there,
And you hid it, for *my* sake!
I bless you for the pleasant word,
When your heart was sad and sore—
Oh! I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
Where grief can't reach you more!

I'm biddin' you a long farewell,
My Mary—kind and true!
But I'll not forget *you*, darling!
In the land I'm going to:—
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there,—
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair!

And often in those grand old woods
I'll sit, and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again
To the place where Mary lies,—
And I'll think I see the little stile
Where we sat side by side,
And the springin' corn and the bright May
morn,
When first you were my bride!

—:O:—

W. C. BENNETT.

BABY'S SHOES.

OH, those little, those little blue shoes!
Those shoes that no little feet use!
Oh, the price were high
That those shoes would buy,
Those little blue unused shoes!

For they hold the small shape of feet
That no more their mother's eyes meet;
That, by God's good will,
Years since grew still,
And ceased from their totter so sweet.

For they mind her for evermore
Of a patter along the floor;
And blue eyes she sees
Look up from her knees,
With the look that in life they wore.

As they lie before her there,
There babbles from chair to chair
A little sweet face,
That's a gleam in the place,
With its little gold curls of hair!

Then, oh, wonder not that her heart
From all else would rather part,
Than those tiny blue shoes
That no little feet use,
And whose sight makes such fond tears
start.

—:O:—

CHARLES KENT.

THE DYING BRIDEGROOM.

THE lattice trembled open,
And cool the summer air,
Through the woodbine wafting sweetness,
Stirred the dying student's hair,
And, on evening's purple silence streamed
His voice, breathed like a prayer

"Come nearer, Alice, nearer;
Lay your hand upon my brow:
I am free from suffering, dearest,
And my thoughts are calmer now,
And I love to feel you clinging
Like the blossom to the bough.

"Let me clasp your blessed fingers—
There—I press them to my lips;
They are thin with all this watching.
How Time's sand too glibly slips;
Mine were warmer when my fancies
Felt the fever's dire eclipse.

"Nay, shudder not so wildly:
It is past, that gloomy strife!
All my mind's delirium vanished
With this ebbing out of life;
I'm a very child in weakness now,
My gentle-hearted wife!

"Draw your arm around my shoulders—
so,
And let me lay my head,
Weary—weary, love, but loving,—

On your breast—my sweetest bed ;
And perhaps sometimes you'll fancy me
Still here when I am dead.

"Will you find it very lonely,
When, the twilight drawing round,
You shall watch my empty corner
On our hearth's beloved ground,
And you pause to hear—alas! in vain—
My tongue's familiar sound?

"Oh, weep not, Alice, weep not !
I cannot bear those tears ;
I would stanch them with my kisses,
And dispel your bitter fears
With our memories of bygone hours,
And hopes of happy years.

"How sweet the breezy vesper
Spreads abroad its faint perfumes,
Fanning through the open window,
Where the honeysuckle blooms !
Think you, Alice, there are blossoms
Such as those among the tombs?

"Nay, do not shut the lattice,
For the mild air sheds a balm
O'er my temples. 'Tis not chilling ;
And the eve is hushed and calm,
And its fitful murmur rises
With the sadness of a psalm.

"Hark! the village bells are chiming—
Do you hear them down the dale?
They were joyful once, beloved,
When they told our wedding tale ;
But their merry sounds ring harshly now
With tones of no avail.

"To me their plaintive music,
As they vibrate to and fro,
In the ivied belfry swinging,
When the winds of evening blow,
Seems like the solemn dirges sung
O'er friends gone years ago.

"Yet think not idle sorrows
Such as these I now can feel ;
No, my heart's adored treasure!
Other griefs around me steal,—
Thoughts of agonized affection
Broken words but half reveal.

"I am thinking, O my fairest!
Of those days almost divine.
When to these poor arms that beauty

You were willing to resign,
When your virgin faith you plighted,
And I found you—Alice—mine!

"Mine, unworthy in my weakness ;
Mine, though humbly I could own
Not a rood of fair possessions
Where the leaves of God are grown :
Mine, though poorest and obscurest—
Mine, my Alice, mine alone!

"Brief but priceless are the moments
That have vanished since that morn
When, Sweet! hither to our cottage
From the bridal you were borne ;
Scarce, since then, three moons have
ripened
Milky greenness in the corn.

"It has pleased the God who made us
In His wisdom to afford
But few glimpses of that rapture
That we dreamt of and adored,
When you chose me from all others
For your proud though lowly lord.

"Yet with all my pangs of anguish,
While I see you by my side,
Looking down with tender patience
On the love by death denied,
I am filled with glad emotions,
O my glory! O my bride!

"All the fame I yearned to vanquish,
This frail mind no more may seek.
Clasp me nearer to your bosom—
Let me kiss your pallid cheek.
O my Alice, grief is stronger,
Though my failing voice be weak.

"But the chalice of my sorrows
God is filling to the brim.
Kiss my forehead, Alice, quickly,
For my eyes are growing dim ;
Kiss my lips, love—closer, closer,—
Oh, my senses faint and swim!"

She is bending o'er him fondly,
Shedding fast the briny rain ;
On his heart her palm she presses,
And—like madness in her brain—
Feels, O God! it beats no longer,
Knows it ne'er can throb again.

ELIZA COOK.

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

I LOVE it, I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?
I have treasured it long as a sainted prize,
I've bedewed it with tears, and embalmed
it with sighs;

'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart,
Not a tie will break, not a link will start.
Would you learn the spell? A mother sat
there,

And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

In childhood's hour I lingered near
The hallowed seat with list'ning ear;
And gentle words that mother would give,
To fit me to die, and teach me to live;
She told me shame would never betide,
With truth for my creed, and God for my
guide;
She taught me to lip my earliest prayer
As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

I sat and watched her many a day,
When her eyes grew dim and her locks
were gray, [smiled,
And I almost worshipped her when she
And turned from her Bible to bless her child.
Years rolled on; but the last one sped—
My idol was shattered, my earth star fled:
I learnt how much the heart can bear
When I saw her die in that old arm-chair.

'Tis past! 'tis past! but I gaze on it now
With quivering breath and throbbing brow.
'Twas there she nursed me,—'twas there she
And memory flows with lava tide. [died,
Say it is folly, and deem me weak, [cheek,
While the scalding tears run down my
But I love it,—I love it! and cannot tear
My soul from my mother's old arm-chair.

—:O:—

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

LIZ.

AND so the baby's come, and I shall die!
And though 'tis hard to leave poor baby
here, [so dear,
Where folk will think him bad, and all's
The great Lord God knows better far
than I.

Ah, don't!—'tis kindly, but it pains me
so!

You say I'm wicked, and I want to go!
"God's kingdom," Parson dear? Ah nay,
ah nay!

That must be like the country—which I
fear:

I saw the country once, one summer day,
And I would rather die in London here!
For I was sick of hunger, cold, and strife,
And took a sudden fancy in my head
To try the country, and to earn my
bread

Out among fields, where I had heard one's
life

Was easier and brighter. So, that day,
I took my basket up and stole away,
Just after sunrise. As I went along,
Trembling and loth to leave the busy
place,

I felt that I was doing something wrong,
And feared to look policemen in the face.
And all was dim: the streets were grey
and wet

After a rainy night, and all was still;
I held my shawl around me with a chill,
And dropt my eyes from every face I met;
Until the streets began to fade, the road
Grew fresh and clean and wide,
Fine houses were the gentlefolk abode,
And gardens full of flowers, on every
side,

That made me walk the quicker—on, on,
on—

As if I were asleep with half-shut eyes.
And all at once I saw, to my surprise,
The houses of the gentlefolk were gone,
And I was standing still,
Shading my face, upon a high green hill,
And the bright sun was blazing,
And all the blue above me seemed to melt
To burning, flashing gold, while I was
gazing
On the great smoky cloud where I had
dwelt.

I'll ne'er forget that day. All was so
bright

And strange. Upon the grass around
my feet

The rain had hung a million drops of
light;

The air, too, was so clear and warm and
sweet,

It seemed a sin to breathe it. All around
Were hills and fields and trees that
trembled through

A burning blazing fire of gold and blue;

And there was not a sound,
 Save a bird singing, singing, in the skies,
 And the soft wind, that ran along the
 ground,
 And blew full sweetly on my lips and
 eyes.

Then, with my heavy hand upon my chest,
 Because the bright air pained me, tremb-
 ling, sighing.

I stole into a dewy field to rest,
 And oh! the green, green grass where I
 was lying

Was fresh and living—and the bird sang
 loud,

Out of a golden cloud— [ing!
 And I was looking up at him and cry-

How swift the hours slipt on!—and by-
 and-bye

The sun grew red, big shadows filled the
 sky,

The air grew damp with dew,
 And the dark night was coming down,
 I knew.

Well, I was more afraid than ever then,
 And felt that I should die in such a
 place,—

So back to London town I turned my
 face,

And crept into the great black streets
 again;

And when I breathed the smoke and heard
 the roar,

Why, I was better, for in London here
 My heart was busy, and I felt no fear.

I never saw the country any more.

And I have stayed in London, well or ill—
 I would not stay out yonder if I could,

For one feels dead, and all looks pure
 and good—

I could not bear a life so bright and still.

All that I want is sleep,

Under the flags and stones, so deep, so
 deep!

God won't be hard on one so mean, but
 He,

Perhaps, will let a tired girl slumber
 sound

There in the deep cold darkness under-
 ground;

And I shall waken up in time, maybe,

Better and stronger, not afraid to see

The great still Light that folds Him
 round and round!

See! there's the sunset creeping through
 the pane—

How cool and moist it looks amid the
 rain!

I like to hear the slashing of the drops
 On the house-tops,
 And the loud humming of the folk that
 go

Along the streets below!

I like the smoke and roar—I am so bad;
 They make a low one hard, and still
 her cares.

There's Joe! I hear his foot upon the
 stairs!

He must be wet, poor lad!

He will be angry, like enough, to find
 Another little life to clothe and keep;
 But show him baby, Parson, speak him
 kind—

And tell him Doctor thinks I'm going
 to sleep.

A hard, hard life is his! He need be
 strong

And rough, to earn his bread and get
 along.

I think he will be sorry when I go,
 And leave the little one and him behind.

I hope he'll see another to his mind,
 To keep him straight and tidy—poor old
 Joe!

—:O:—

THOMAS DAVIS.

A PLEA FOR LOVE.

THE summer brook flows in the bed
 The winter torrent tore asunder;
 The skylark's gentle wings are spread
 Where walk the lightning and the
 thunder;

And thus you'll find the sternest soul
 The gayest tenderness concealing,
 And minds, that seem to mock control,
 Are ordered by some fairy feeling.

Then, maiden! start not from the hand
 That's hardened by the swaying sabre—
 The pulse beneath may be as bland
 As evening after day of labour;
 And, maiden! start not from the brow
 That thought has knit and passion
 darkened—

In twilight hours, 'neath forest bough,
 The tenderest tales are often hearkened.

—:O:—

GERALD MASSEY.

A LOVE LYRIC.

AH! 'tis like a tale of olden
 Time, long, long ago,
 When the world was in its golden
 Prime, and Love was lord below.
 Every vein of earth was dancing
 With Spring's new wine;
 'Twas the pleasant time of flowers,
 When I met you, love mine.
 Ah! some spirit sure was staying
 Out of heaven, that day,
 When I met you, love, a-Maying
 In that merry, merry May.

Little heart, it shyly opened
 Its red leaves, love lore,
 Like a rose that must be ripened
 To the dainty, dainty core;
 But its beauties daily brighten,
 And it blooms so dear,—
 Though a many winters whiten,
 I go Maying all the year.
 And my proud heart will be praying
 Blessings on the day
 When I met you, sweet, a-Maying,
 In the merry, merry May.

—:O:—

OWEN MEREDITH.

*Concluding Stanzas of a Sea Song.*THE MAIDEN TO THE WEST
WIND.

LOVE-LADEN from the lighted west,
 Thou comest with thy soul opprest,
 For joy of him; all up the dun
 Delicious sea, blow fearlessly,
 Warm wind, that art the tenderest
 Of all that breathe from south and west,
 Blow whispers of him up the lea,
 Upon my cheek and on my breast,
 And on the lips which he hath prest;
 Blow all his kisses back to me.

Far off, the dark green rocks about,
 All night shines faint and fair, the far-
 light;
 Far off, the lone late fishers shout,
 From boat to boat, i' the listening star-
 light;

Far off and fair, the sea lies bare,
 Leagues, leagues beyond the reach of
 rowing;
 Up creek and horn, the smooth wave
 swells
 And falls asleep; or inland flowing,
 Twinkles among the silver shells,
 From sluice to sluice of shallow wells;

Or, down dark pools of purple glowing,
 Sets some forlorn star trembling there,
 In his own dream-like brilliancy.
 And I feel the dark sails growing
 Nearer, clearer, up the sea;
 And I catch the warm west blowing
 All my own love's sighs to me.
 On the deck I hear them singing
 Songs they sing in my own land;
 Lights are swinging, bells are ringing;
 On the deck I see him stand.

—:O:—

ALFRED TENNYSON.

TRUST.

IN Love, if Love be Love, if Love be ours,
 Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal
 powers:
 Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.

It is the little rift within the lute,
 That by-and-bye will make the music mute,
 And ever widening, slowly silence all.

The little rift within the lover's lute,
 Or little pitted speck in garnered fruit,
 That rotting inward, slowly moulders all.

It is not worth the keeping, let it go.
 But shall it? Answer, darling, answer no,
 And trust me not at all, or all in all.

—:O:—

CHARLES MACKAY.

FALL, OH! FALL.

FALL, oh! fall, ye words of anger,
 Like the leaves when autumn blows,
 Like the May-blooms in the river,
 Like the moonlight on the snows,

Fall like seed in barren places,
 Fall like raindrops in the sea,—
 Idle words, foredoomed to perish,
 Lost between my love and me!

But, ye words of loving-kindness,
 Fall like grateful summer rain,
 Like the heat on frozen waters,
 Like sweet music heard in pain,
 Like the dew on op'ning roses,
 Like the acorn from the tree,
 Fall, ye accents of affection,
 Fruitful to my love and me.

—:O:—

ROBERT BROWNING.

LOVE.

ALL love renders wise
 In its degree; from love which blends with
 love, [itself
 Heart answering heart, to that which spends
 In silent mad idolatry of some [souls,
 Pre-eminent mortal, some great soul of
 Which ne'er will know how well it is adored.
 * * * Love is never blind, but rather
 Alive to every the minutest spot
 That mars its object, and which Hate (sup-
 posed
 So vigilant and searching) dreams not of.

—:O:—

WILLIAM MORRIS.

THE EVE OF CRECY.

GOLD on her head, and gold on her feet,
 And gold where the hems of her kirtle meet,
 And a golden girdle round my sweet,—
Ah! qu'elle est belle la Marguerite!

Margaret's maids are fair to see,
 Freshly dressed and pleasantly;
 Margaret's hair falls down to her knee;
Ah! qu'elle est belle la Marguerite!

If I were rich I would kiss her feet,
 I would kiss the place where the gold hems
 meet,
 And the golden girdle round my sweet,—
Ah! qu'elle est belle la Marguerite!

Ah me! I have never touched her hand.
 When the *arrière ban* goes through the
 land
 Six basnets under my pennon stand;
Ah! qu'elle est belle la Marguerite!

And many an one grins under his hood:
 "Sir Lambert de Bois, with all his men
 good,
 Has neither food nor firewood!"—
Ah! qu'elle est belle la Marguerite!

If I were rich I would kiss her feet,
 And the golden girdle of my sweet,
 And thereabouts where the gold hems
 meet,—
Ah! qu'elle est belle la Marguerite!

Yet even now it is good to think,
 While my few poor varlets grumble and
 drink,
 In my desolate hall where the fires sink,
Ah! qu'elle est belle la Marguerite!

Of Margaret sitting glorious there
 In glory of gold and glory of hair,
 And glory of glorious face most fair;—
Ah! qu'elle est belle la Marguerite!

Likewise to-night I make good cheer
 Because this battle draweth near;
 For what have I to lose or fear?—
Ah! qu'elle est belle la Marguerite!

For, look you, my horse is good to prance
 A right fair measure in this war-dance,
 Before the eyes of Philip of France,—
Ah! qu'elle est belle la Marguerite!

And some time it may hap, perdie,
 While my new towers stand up three and
 three,
 And my hall gets painted fair to see,—
Ah! qu'elle est belle la Marguerite!

That folks may say: "Times change, by
 the rood!
 For Lambert, banneret of the wood,
 Has heaps of food and firewood,—
Ah! qu'elle est belle la Marguerite!

"And wonderful eyes, too, under the hood
 Of a damsel of right noble blood;
 St. Ives for Lambert of the Wood!"—
Ah! qu'elle est belle la Marguerite!

IN MEMORIAM.

BEN JONSON.

1573—1637.

EARLY DEATH.

It is not growing, like a tree
In bulk, doth make Man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred
year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear;
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night;—
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions, we just beauties see;
And in short measures, life may perfect be.



EPITAPH.

UNDERNEATH this marble hearse
Lies the subject of all verse:
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
Death! ere thou hast slain another,
Fair, and learned, and good as she,
Time shall throw his dart at thee.



TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED
MASTER, WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,
AND WHAT HE HATH LEFT US.

To draw no envy, Shakspeare, on thy
name,
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame;
While I confess thy writings to be such
As neither man nor Muse can praise too
much.
'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But
these ways [praise;
Were not the paths I meant unto thy
For silliest ignorance on these would light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes
right;

Or blind affection, which doth ne'er ad-
vance
The truth, but gropes, and urges all by
chance;
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
And think to ruin where it seemed to
raise.
But thou art proof against them, and,
indeed,
Above the ill fortune of them, or the need.
I therefore will begin: Soul of the age!
The applause, delight, the wonder of our
stage!
My Shakspeare, rise! I will not lodge
thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little farther off, to make thee room:
Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And art alive still, while thy book doth
live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to
give.
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses,
I mean with great but disproportioned
Muses;
For if I thought my judgment were of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
And tell how far thou didst our Lyly out-
shine,
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line.
And though thou hadst small Latin and
less Greek,
From thence to honour thee I will not
seek
For names, but call forth thundering
Æschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordoua dead,
To live again, to hear thy buskin tread,
And shake a stage; or when thy socks
were on,
Leave thee alone for the comparison
Of all, that insolent Greece or haughty
Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes
come.

Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.

He was not of an age, but for all time!
And all the Muses still were in their prime,
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury, to charm!
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines!

Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,

As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;

But antiquated and deserted lie,
As they were not of Nature's family.
Yet must I not give Nature all; thy art,
My gentle Shakspeare, must enjoy a part.
For though the poet's matter nature be,
His art doth give the fashion; and, that he

Who casts to write a living line, must sweat
(Such as thine are) and strike the second heat

Upon the Muses' anvil; turn the same,
And himself with it, that he thinks to frame;

Or for the laurel, he may gain a scorn;
For a good poet's made as well as born.
And such wert thou! Look how the father's face

Lives in his issue, even so the race
Of Shakspeare's mind and manners brightly shines

In his well turnèd and true filèd lines:
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
As brandished at the eyes of ignorance.
Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were
To see thee in our water yet appear,
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames

That did so take Eliza and our James!
But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanced, and made a constellation there!
Shine forth, thou Star of Poets, and with rage,

Or influence, chide or cheer the drooping stage,

Which since thy flight from hence hath mourned like night,

And despairs day, but for thy volume's light!

HENRY VAUGHAN.

1621—1695.

THEY ARE ALL GONE.

THEY are all gone into the world of light,
And I alone sit lingering here;
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest,
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days—
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy Hope! and high Humility,
High as the heavens above:
These are your walks, and you have showed them me
To kindle my cold love.

Dear beauteous Death! the jewel of the just,
Shining nowhere but in the dark,
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest, may know
At first sight if the bird be flown;
But what fair well or grove it sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under Thee!
Resume Thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists which blot and fill
My perspective as they pass,
Or else remove me hence unto that Hill
Where I shall need no glass.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

1616—1650.

HYMN OF THE NATIVITY.

GLOOMY night embraced the place
Where the noble Infant lay;
The Babe looked up and showed his face—
In spite of darkness it was day.

We saw Thee in thy balmy nest,
Bright dawn of our eternal day!
We saw Thine eyes break from their east,
And chase the trembling shades away:
We saw Thee, and we blest the sight,
We saw Thee by Thy own sweet light.

* * * * *

She * sings Thy tears asleep, and dips
Her kisses in Thy weeping eye;
She spreads the red leaves of Thy lips,
That in their buds yet blushing lie.

Yet when young April's husband-showers
Shall bless the fruitful Maia's bed,
We'll bring the first-born of her flowers
To kiss Thy feet and crown Thy head.
To Thee, dread Lamb! whose love must
keep
The shepherds more than they their sheep.

To Thee, meek Majesty! soft King
Of simple graces and sweet loves,
Each of us his lamb will bring,
Each his pair of silver doves.

—O—

HYMN TO THE MORNING.

O THOU

Bright Lady of the morn! pity doth lie
So warm in thy soft breast, it cannot die;
Have mercy, then, and when he next shall
rise,

Oh, meet the angry god, invade his eyes.
... So my wakeful lay shall knock
At th' oriental gates, and duly mock
The early lark's shrill orisons, to be
An anthem at the day's nativity.
And the same rosy-fingered hand of thine,
That shuts night's dying eyes, shall open
mine;

But thou faint god of sleep, forget that I
Was ever known to be thy votary.

* The Virgin Mother.

No more my pillow shall thine altar be,
Nor will I offer any more to thee
Myself a melting sacrifice: I'm born
Again a fresh child of the buxom morn,
Heir of the sun's first beams,—why
threat'st thou so?
Why dost thou skake thy leaden sceptre?
Go.

Bestow thy poppy upon wakeful woe,
Sickness, and sorrow, whose pale lids ne'er
know

Thy downy finger; dwell upon their eyes,
Shut in their tears, shut out their miseries!

—O—

TO THE ASSEMBLY OF ALL THE SAINTS.

THRICE happy souls, to whom the prize is
given,
Whom faith and truth have lifted into
heaven,—

Gift of the heavenly Martyr's dying breath,
Gift of a Faith that burst the Gates of
Death!

O Spring! O golden harvest of glad light,
Sweet day, whose beauty never fades in
night!

The palm blooms in each hand, the gar-
land on each brow,

The raiment glitters in its undimmed snow!
The regions of unfading Peace ye see,
And the meek brightness of the Lamb—
how different from me!

—:O:—

JOHN MILTON.

1608—1674.

LYCIDAS.

In this Monody the author bewails a learned
friend, unfortunately drowned in his passage
from Chester on the Irish seas, 1637; and by
occasion foretells the ruin of our corrupted clergy,
then in their height.

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once
more

Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and
crude,

And with forced fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing
year.

Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,

Compels me to disturb your season due :
 For Lycidas* is dead, dead ere his prime,
 Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer :
 Who would not sing for Lycidas? He knew
 Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
 He must not float upon his watery bier
 Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
 Without the meed of some melodious tear.
 Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well,
 That from beneath the seat of Jove doth
 spring,
 Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the
 string.
 Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse,
 So may some gentle Muse
 With lucky words favour my destined urn,
 And as he passes turn,
 And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.
 For we were nursed upon the selfsame hill,†
 Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and
 rill.

Together both, ere the high lawns ap-
 peared
 Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
 We drove afield, and both together heard
 What time the gray-fly winds her sultry
 horn,
 Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of
 night,
 Oft till the star that rose, at evening, bright,
 Toward heaven's descent had sloped his
 west'ring wheel.
 Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
 Tempered to the oaten flute,
 Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with
 cloven heel [long,
 From the glad sound would not be absent
 And old Damocetas loved to hear our song.

But, oh, the heavy change, now thou art
 gone,
 Now thou art gone, and never must return !
 Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods and desert
 caves
 With wild thyme and the gadding vine
 o'ergrown,
 And all their echoes mourn.

* Edward King, the friend of Milton, whose early death is bewailed in this poem, was the son of Sir John King, Secretary for Ireland under Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I. On his voyage to Ireland, to visit his family, his ship struck on a rock on the English coast, and he perished in the sea. He was distinguished for his piety and talents, and was a fellow of Christ Church, Cambridge.

† King was at Cambridge with Milton.

The willows, and the hazel copses green,
 Shall now no more be seen
 Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft
 lays.
 As killing as the canker to the rose,
 Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that
 graze,
 Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe
 wear,
 When first the white-thorn blows ;
 Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherds' ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the
 remorseless deep
 Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?
 For neither were ye playing on the steep,
 Where your old Bards, the famous Druids,
 lie,
 Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
 Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard
 stream :
 Ay me ! I fondly dream !
 Had ye been there—for what could that
 have done ?
 What could the Muse herself that Orpheus
 bore,
 The Muse herself for her enchanting
 son,
 Whom universal nature did lament,
 When by the rout that made the hideous
 roar,
 His gory visage down the stream was sent,
 Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian
 shore ?

Alas ! what boots it with incessant care
 To tend the homely slighted shepherd's
 trade,
 And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
 Were it not better done as others use,
 To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
 Or with the tangles of Neera's hair ?
 Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth
 raise
 (That last infirmity of noble mind)
 To scorn delights, and live laborious days ;
 But the fair guerdon when we hope to
 find,
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
 Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred
 shears,
 And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the
 praise,"
 Phœbus replied, and touched my trem-
 bling ears ;
 "Fame is no plant that grows on mortal
 soil,
 Nor in the glistering foil

Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumour
lies;

But lives and spreads aloft by those pure
eyes,

And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy
meed."

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honoured
flood,

Smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned with
vocal reeds,

That strain I heard was of a higher mood:
But now my oat proceeds,

And listens to the herald of the sea
That came in Neptune's plea;

He asked the waves, and asked the felon
winds,

What hard mishap hath doomed this
gentle swain?

And questioned every gust of rugged wings
That blows from off each beaked promon-
tory:

They knew not of his story,
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon
strayed,

The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters played.

It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in th' eclipse, and rigged with curses
dark,

That sunk so low that sacred head of
thine.

Next Camus, reverend sire, went foot-
ing slow,

His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the
edge [with woe.

Like to that sanguine flower inscribed
"Ah! who hath reft" (quothe he) "my
dearest pledge?"

Last came, and last did go,
The pilot of the Galilean lake.

Two massy keys he bore of metals twain
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain);
He shook his mitred locks, and stern be-
spoke,

"How well could I have spared for thee,
young swain,

Enow of such as for their bellies' sake
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the
fold!

Of other care they little reckoning make,
Than how to scramble at the shearers'
feast,

And shove away the worthy bidden guest;

Blind mouths! that scarce themselves
know how to hold

A sheep-hook, or have learned aught else
the least

That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!
What recks it, then? What need they?

They are sped;

And when they list, their lean and flashy
scngs

Gratz on their scrannel pipes of wretched
straw; [fed.

The hungry sheep look up, and are not
But swoin with wind, and the rank mist
they draw,

Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw

Daily devours apace, and nothing said;
But that two-handed engine at the door

Stands ready to smite once, and smite no
more."

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past,
That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian
Muse,

And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells, and flow rets of a thousand
hues.

Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing
brooks,

On whose fresh lap the swart-star sparely
looks:

Throw hither all your quaint enamelled
eyes,

That on the green turf suck the honied
showers,

And purple all the ground with vernal
flowers.

Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,

The white pink, and the pansy freaked
with jet,

The glowing violet, [bine,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired wood-

With cowslips wan that hang the pensive
head,

And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,

And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
To strow the laureate hearse where Lycid
lies.

For so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false sur-
mise.

Ay me! Whilst thee the shores and
sounding seas

Wash far away, where'er thy bones are
hurled,

Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
 Where thou perhaps under the whelming
 tide,
 Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
 Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
 Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
 Where the great vision of the guarded
 mount
 Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's
 hold :
 Look homeward Angel now, and melt with
 And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.

Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep
 no more,
 For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
 Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor.
 So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
 And tricks his beams, and with new
 spangled ore
 Flames in the forehead of the morning
 sky ;
 So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
 Thro' the dear might of Him that walked
 the waves.
 Where other groves, and other streams
 along,
 With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
 And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
 In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and
 love.
 There entertain him all the saints above,
 In solemn troops and sweet societies,
 That sing, and singing in their glory move,
 And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
 Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no
 more ;
 Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,
 In thy large recompense, and shalt be
 good
 To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks
 and rills,
 While the still morn went out with sandals
 gray,
 He touched the tender stops of various
 quills,
 With eager thought warbling his Doric
 [lay :
 And now the sun had stretched out all the
 hills,
 And now was dropped into the western bay ;
 At last he rose, and twitched his mantle
 blue :
 To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures
 new.

—o—

ON SHAKESPEARE.

WHAT needs my Shakespeare for his
 honoured bones
 The labour of an age in piled stones,
 Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid
 Under a star-y-pointing pyramid ?
 Dear son of Memory, great heir of Fame,
 What need'st thou such weak witness of
 thy name ?
 Thou in our wonder and astonishment
 Hast built thyself a livelong monument.
 For whilst to th' shame of slow-endavour-
 ing Art
 Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
 Hath built from the leaves of thy unvalued book
 Those Delphic lines with deep impression
 took,
 Then thou our fancy of itself bereaving,
 Dost make us marble with too much con-
 ceiving ;
 And so sepulchered, in such pomp dost lie,
 That kings for such a tomb would wish to
 die.

—:O:—

JOHN DRYDEN.

1631—1700.

ELEANORA.

As precious gums are not for lasting fire,
 They but perfume the temple and expire,
 So was she soon exhaled and vanished
 hence—
 A short sweet odour of a vast expense.
 She vanished—we can scarcely say she died,
 For but a "now" did heaven and earth
 divide ;
 She passed serenely with a single breath,
 This moment perfect health, the next was
 death.
 One sigh did her eternal bliss assure,
 So little penance needs when souls are
 almost pure.
 As gentle dreams our waking thoughts
 [pursue,
 Or, one dream passed, we slide into a new,
 So close they follow, such wild order keep,
 We think ourselves awake, and are asleep.
 So softly death succeeded life in her,
 She did but dream of heaven, and she was
 there.
 No pains she suffered, nor expired with
 noise ;
 Her soul was whispered out with God's
 still voice ;

As an old friend is beckoned to a feast,
And treated like a long familiar guest,
He took her as He found, but found her
so
As one in hourly readiness to go.

—o—

TO THE PIOUS MEMORY OF THE
ACCOMPLISHED YOUNG LADY,
MRS. ANNE KILLIGREW,

*Excellent in the two sister Arts of Poesy
and Painting.*

Thou youngest virgin-daughter of the
skies,

Made in the last promotion of the blest;
Whose palms, new plucked from Paradise,
In spreading branches more sublimely
rise,

Rich with immortal green above the
rest:

Whether, adopted to some neighbouring
star,

Thou rollest above us, in thy wandering
race,

Or, in procession fixed and regular,
Movest with the heaven's majestic pace;

Or, called to more superior bliss,

Thou treadest with seraphims the vast
abyss:

Whatever happy region is thy place,
Cease thy celestial song a little space;

Thou wilt have time enough for hymns
divine,

Since Heaven's eternal year is thine.

Hear, then, a mortal Muse thy praise
rehearse,

In no ignoble verse;

But such as thy own voice did practise here,
When thy first fruits of Poesy were given;

To make thyself a welcome inmate there;

While yet a young probationer,

And candidate of heaven.

If by traduction came thy mind,

Our wonder is the less, to find

A soul so charming from a stock so good;
Thy father was transfused into thy blood:

So wert thou born into a tuneful strain,

An early, rich, and inexhausted vein.

But if thy pre-existing soul

Was formed at first, with myriads more,

It did through all the mighty poets roll,

Who Greek or Latin laurels wore,

And was that Sappho last, which once it
was before.

If so, then cease thy flight, O heaven-
born mind!

Thou hast no dross to purge from thy rich
ore;

Nor can thy soul a fairer mansion find
Than was the beauteous frame she left
behind:

Return, to fill or mend the choir of thy
celestial kind.

May we presume to say, that, at thy
birth,

New joy was sprung in heaven as well as
here on earth?

For sure the milder planets did combine

On thy auspicious horoscope to shine.

And even the most malicious were in trine.

Thy brother-angels at thy birth

Strung each his lyre, and tuned it high,

That all the people of the sky

Might know a poetess was born on earth;

And then, if ever, mortal ears

Had heard the music of the spheres.

And if no clustering swarm of bees

On thy sweet mouth distilled their golden
dew,

'Twas that such vulgar miracles

Heaven had not leisure to renew;

For all thy blest fraternity of love

Solemnized there thy birth, and kept thy
holiday above.

O gracious God! how far have we
Profaned Thy heavenly gift of Poesy!

Made prostitute and profligate the Muse,
Debased to each obscene and impious

use,

Whose harmony was first ordained above,
For tongues of angels, and for hymns of

love!

Oh, wretched we! why were we hurried
down

This lubrique and adulterate age,

(Nay, added fat pollutions of our own),

To increase the streaming ordures of the
stage?

What can we say to excuse our second
fall?

Let this thy vestal, Heaven, atone for all:

Her Arethusian stream remains unsoiled,

Unmixed with foreign filth, and undefiled;

Her wit was more than man, her innocence
a child.

Art she had none, yet wanted none,

For Nature did that want supply:

So rich in treasures of her own,

She might our boasted stores defy:

Such noble vigour did her verse adorn,
That it seemed borrowed, where 'twas only
born.

Her morals, too, were in her bosom bred,
By great examples daily fed,
What in the best of books, her father's life,
she read.

And to be read herself she need not fear :
Each test, and every light, her Muse will
bear,

Though Epictetus with his lamp were there.
Even love (for love sometimes her Muse
expressed),

Was but a lambent flame which played
about her breast ;

Light as the vapours of a morning dream,
So cold herself, whilst she such warmth
expressed,

'Twas Cupid bathing in Diana's stream.

Born to the spacious empire of the Nine,
One would have thought she should have
been content

To manage well that mighty government ;
But what can young ambitious souls
confine ?

To the next realm she stretched her
sway,

For Painture near adjoining lay,
A plenteous province, and alluring prey.
A Chamber of Dependencies was framed
(As conquerors will never want pretence,
When armed, to justify the offence),

And the whole fief, in right of poetry,
she claimed.

The country open lay without defence,
For poets frequent inroads there had made,
And perfectly could represent

The shape, the face, with every lineament,

And all the large domains which the Dumb
Sister swayed ;

All bowed beneath her government,
Received in triumph wheresoe'er she
went.

Her pencil drew what'er her soul designed,
And oft the happy draught surpassed the
image in her mind.

The sylvan scenes of herds and flocks,
And fruitful plains and barren rocks,
Of shallow brooks, that flowed so clear,
The bottom did the top appear ;

Of deeper, too, and ampler floods,
Which, as in mirrors, showed the woods ;
Of lofty trees, with sacred shades,
And perspectives of pleasant glades,
Where nymphs of brightest form appear,
And shaggy satyrs standing near,

Which them at once admire and fear.
The ruins, too, of some majestic piece,
Boasting the power of ancient Rome or
Greece,

Whose statues, friezes, columns, broken lie,
And, though defaced, the wonder of the
eye ;

What nature, art, bold fiction, e'er durst
frame,

Her forming hand gave feature to the
name.

So strange a concourse ne'er was seen
before,

But when the peopled ark the whole crea-
tion bore.

The scene then changed : with bold
erected look

Our martial king the sight with reverence
strook ;

For, not content to express his outward
part,

Her hand called out the image of his heart :
His warlike mind, his soul devoid of fear,
His high-designing thoughts were figured
there,

As when by magic ghosts are made appear.
Our phoenix queen was portrayed, too, so
bright,

Beauty alone could beauty take so right :
Her dress, her shape, her matchless grace,
Were all observed, as well as heavenly
face.

With such a peerless majesty she stands,
As in that day she took the crown from
sacred hands ;

Before a train of heroines was seen,
In beauty foremost, as in rank, the queen.

Thus nothing to her genius was denied,
But like a ball of fire, the farther thrown,
Still with a greater blaze she shone,

And her bright soul broke out on every
side.

What next she had designed, Heaven only
knows :

To such immoderate growth her conquest
rose,

That fate alone its progress could oppose.

Now all those charms, that blooming grace,
The well-proportioned shape, and beau-
teous face,

Shall never more be seen by mortal eyes ;
In earth the much-lamented virgin lies.

Not wit nor piety could fate prevent ;
Nor was the cruel destiny content

To finish all the murder at a blow,
To sweep at once her life and beauty too ;

But, like a hardened felon, took a pride
To work more mischievously slow,
And plundered first, and then destroyed.
O double sacrilege on things divine,
To rob the relic and deface the shrine !
But thus Orinda died :
Heaven, by the same disease did both
translate ;
As equal were their souls, so equal was
their fate.

Meantime, her warlike brother on the
seas
His waving streamers to the winds dis-
plays,
And vows for his return, with vain devo-
tion, pays.
Ah, generous youth ! that wish forbear,—
The winds too soon will waft thee here !
Slack all thy sails, and fear to come.
Alas ! thou know'st not thou art wrecked
at home !
No more shalt thou behold thy sister's
face,
Thou hast already had her last embrace.
But look aloft, and if thou ken'st from far,
Among the Pleiads, a new-kindled star,
If any sparkles than the rest more bright,
'Tis she that shines in that propitious
light.

When in mid-air the golden trump shall
sound,
To raise the nations underground ;
When, in the Valley of Jehosaphat,
The judging God shall close the book of
fate,
And there the last assizes keep,
For those who wake and those who sleep ;
When rattling bones together fly
From the four corners of the sky ;
When sinews o'er the skeletons are spread,
Those clothed with flesh, and life inspires
the dead ;
The sacred poets first shall hear the sound,
And foremost from the tomb shall bound,
For they are covered with the lightest
ground ;
And straight, with inborn vigour, on the
wing,
Like mountain larks, to the new morning
sing.
There thou, sweet saint, before the choir
shall go,
As harbinger of Heaven, the way to show,
The way which thou so well hast learned
below.



ABRAHAM COWLEY.

1618—1667.

IN MEMORIAM.

*From his Poem on the Death of William
Hervey.*

It was a dismal and a fearful night,
Scarce could the morn drive on th' unwill-
ing light,
When sleep, death's image, left my troubled
breast.
By something liker death possessed,
My eyes with tears did uncommanded flow,
And on my soul hung the dull weight
Of some intolerable fate.
What bell was that ? Ah me ! too well
I know.

My sweet companion and my gentle peer,
Why hast thou left me thus unkindly here ?
Thy end for ever, and my life to moan.
Oh ! thou hast left me all alone !
Thy soul and body, when death's agony
Besieged around thy noble heart,
Did not with more reluctance part
Than I, my dearest friend, do part from thee.

My dearest friend, would I had died for
thee ! [be ;
Life and this world henceforth will tedious
Nor shall I know hereafter what to do,
If once my griefs prove tedious too ;
Silent and sad I walk about all day,
As sullen ghosts stalk speechless by
Where their hid treasures lie.
Alas ! my treasure's gone. Why do I stay ?

He was my friend, the truest friend on earth ;
A strong and mighty influence joined our
birth ;
Nor did we envy the most sounding name,
By friendship given of old to fame.
None but his brethren, he, and sisters knew
Whom the kind youth preferred to me.
And e'en in that we did agree,
For much above myself I loved them too.

Say, for you saw us, ye immortal lights !
How oft unwearied have we spent the
nights ?
Till the Ledeian stars, so famed for love,
Wondered at us above !
We spent them not in lays, in lusts, or wine,
But search of deep philosophy,
Wit, eloquence, and poetry,
Arts which I loved, for they, my friend,
were thine.

Ye fields of Cambridge, our dear Cam-
bridge, say,
Have you not seen us walking every day?
Was there a tree about which did not know
The love betwixt us two?
Henceforth ye gentle trees for ever fade,
Or your sad branches thicker join,
And into darksome shades combine,
Dark as the grave wherein my friend is
laid.

* * * * *

To him my Muse made haste with every
strain,
Whilst it was new and warm yet from the
brain.
He loved my worthless rhymes, and like
a friend
Would find out something to commend.
Hence now, my Muse, thou canst not me
delight;
Be this my latest verse
With which I now adorn his hearse,
And this my grief, without thy help, shall
write.

* * * * *

Large was his soul; as large a soul as e'er
Submitted to inform a body here,
High as the place 'twas soon in heaven to
have,
But low and humble as his grave;
So high that all the virtues there did come
As to their chiefest seat,
Conspicuous and great;
So low that for me too it made a room.

He scorned this busy world, and all
That we mistaken mortals pleasure call;
Was filled with innocent gallantry and
truth;
Triumphant o'er the sins of youth,
He, like the stars to which he now is gone,
That shine with beams like flame,
Yet burn not with the same,
Had all the light of youth, the fire none.

* * * * *

With as much zeal, devotion, piety,
He always lived as other saints do die;
Still with his soul severe account he kept,
Weeping all debts out ere he slept;
Then down in peace and innocence he lay,
Like the sun's laborious light,
Which still in water sets at night,
Unsullied with his journey of the day.

Wondrous young man! why wert thou
made so good,
To be snatched hence ere better under-
stood?

Snatched before half of thee enough was
seen;
Thou ripe, and yet thy life but green.
Nor could thy friends take their last sad
farewell;
But danger and infectious breath
Maliciously seized on that breath
Where life, spirit, pleasure always used to
dwell.

But happy thou, ta'en from this frantic age,
Where ignorance and hypocrisy do rage.
A fitter time for heaven no soul e'er chose,
The place now only free from those.
There 'mong the blessed thou dost for ever
shine;
And wheresoe'er thou cast'st thy view
Upon that white and radiant crew,
Seest not a soul clothed with more light
than thine.

And, if the glorious saints cease not to know
Their wretched friends who fight with life
below,
Thy flame to me does still the same abide,
Only more pure and rarified.
There, while immortal hymns thou dost
rehearse,
Thou dost with holy pity see
Our dull and earthly poesy,
Where grief and misery can be joined with
verse.

—:O:—

THOMAS D'URFEY.

1615—1650.

DIRGE,

At the hearse of Chrysostom.

SLEEP, poor Youth, sleep in peace,
Relieved from love and mortal care;
Whilst we, that pine in life's disease,
Uncertain-blessed, less happy are.

Couched in the dark and silent grave,
No ills of fate thou now canst fear;
In vain would tyrant Power enslave,
Or scornful Beauty be severe.

Wars, that do fatal storms disperse,
Far from thy happy mansion keep;
Earthquakes, that shake the universe,
Can't rock thee into sounder sleep.

With all the charms of peace possess,
Secure from life's torment or pain,
Sleep, and indulge thyself with rest ;
Nor dream thou e'er shalt rise again.*

* i.e., "may thy sleep be so profound, as not even by dreams of a resurrection to be disturbed:" the language of passion, not of sincere profaneness.—C. L.

—:O:—

ALEXANDER POPE.

1688—1744.

ELEGY

TO THE MEMORY OF AN UNFORTUNATE
LADY.

*Supposed to have been Written in 1712,
but published 1717.*

WHAT beck'ning ghost, along the moon-
light shade,
Invites my steps, and points to yonder
glade?

'Tis she!—but why that bleeding bosom
gored,

Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?
Oh, ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
Is it, in heaven, a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender or too firm a heart,
To act a lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reversion in the sky
For those who greatly think or bravely
die?

[aspire

Why bade ye else, ye powers! her soul
Above the vulgar flight of low desire?
Ambition first sprang from your blest
abodes,

The glorious fault of angels and of gods ;
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breasts of kings and heroes
glows.

Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an
age,

Dull sullen pris'ners in the body's cage:
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of
years

Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres ;
Like Eastern kings a lazy state they keep,
And, close confined to their own palace,
sleep.

From these perhaps (ere nature bade
her die)
Fate snatched her early to the pitying sky.

As into air the purer spirits flow,
And separate from their kindred dregs
below,
So flew the soul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too
good,
Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's
blood!

See on these ruby lips the trembling
breath, [death:
These cheeks now fading at the blast of
Cold is that breast which warmed the
world before,
And those love-darting eyes must roll no
more.

Thus, if eternal justice rules the ball,
Thus shall your wives, and thus your
children fall;

On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
And frequent hearses shall besiege your
gates.

There passengers shall stand, and point-
ing say
(While the long funerals blacken all the
way),

"Lo, these were they whose souls the
furies steeled,
And cursed with hearts unknowing how
to yield.

Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
So perish all whose breasts ne'er learned
to glow

For others' good, or melt at others' woe."

What can atone (O ever injured shade!)
Thy fate unpitied, and thy rites unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic
tear

Pleased thy pale ghost, or graced thy
mournful bier.

By foreign hands thy dying eyes were
closed,

By foreign hands thy decent limbs com-
posed,

By foreign hands thy humble grave
adorned,

By strangers honoured, and by strangers
mourned!

What though no friends in sable weeds
appear, [a year,

Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn
And bear about the mockery of woe

To midnight dances and to public show?
What though no weeping loves thy ashes
grace,

Nor polished marble emulate thy face?

What though no sacred earth allow thee
 room,
 Nor funeral dirge be muttered o'er thy
 tomb?
 Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be
 drest,
 And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:
 There shall the morn her earliest tears
 bestow,
 There the first roses of the year shall blow;
 While angels with their silver wings o'er-
 shade
 The ground, now sacred by thy reliques
 made.

So peaceful rests, without a stone, a
 name,
 What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and
 fame.
 How loved, how honoured once, avails
 thee not,
 To whom related, or by whom begot;
 A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
 'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall
 be!

Poets themselves must fall, like those
 they sung,
 Deaf the praised ear and mute the tune-
 ful tongue.
 Even he, whose soul now melts in mourn-
 ful lays,
 Shall shortly want the generous tear he
 pays;
 Then from his closing eyes thy form shall
 part,
 And the last pang shall tear thee from his
 heart,
 Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
 The Muse forgot, and thou be loved no
 more!

---:O:---

THOMAS GRAY.

1716—1771.

ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the
 lea;
 The ploughman homeward plods his
 weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and
 to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on
 the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning
 flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant
 folds;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
 The moping owl does to the moon com-
 plain
 Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
 Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

Beneath these rugged elms, that yew-tree's
 shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a moulder-
 ing heap,
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
 The swallow twittering from her straw-
 built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing
 horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their
 lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall
 burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to
 share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield;
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has
 broke:
 How jocund did they drive their team
 afield!
 How bowed the woods beneath their
 sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
 Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful
 smile,
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er
 gave,
 Await alike the inevitable hour:—
 The paths of glory lead but to the
 grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the
 fault,
 If memory o'er their tomb no trophies
 raise,
 Where, through the long-drawn aisle and
 fretted vault,
 The pealing anthem swells the note of
 praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting
 breath?
 Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
 Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of
 death?

Perhaps, in this neglected spot, is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial
 fire;
 Hands that the rod of empire might have
 swayed,
 Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

But knowledge to their eyes her ample
 page,
 Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er
 unroll:
 Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
 The dark unfathomed caves of ocean
 bear;
 Full many a flower is born to blush un-
 seen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with daunt-
 less breast
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may
 rest;
 Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's
 blood.

The applause of listening senates to com-
 mand,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes
 confined;
 Forbade to wade through slaughter to a
 throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on man-
 kind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth
 to hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous
 shame,
 Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
 With incense kindled at the Muse's
 flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble
 strife,
 Their sober wishes never learned to
 stray;
 Along the cool sequestered vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenour of their
 way.

Yet e'en these bones, from insult to pro-
 tect,
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculp-
 ture decked,
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the un-
 lettered Muse,
 The place of fame and elegy supply;
 And many a holy text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing anxious being e'er re-
 signed,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful
 day,
 Nor cast one longing, lingering look
 [behind?]

On some fond breast the parting soul
 relies;
 Some pious drops the closing eye re-
 quires;
 E'en from the tomb the voice of nature
 cries;
 E'en in our ashes live their wonted
 fires.

For thee who, mindful of the unhonoured
 dead,
 Dost in these lines their artless tale
 relate,
 If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy
 fate:

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
 "Oft have we seen him, at the peep of
 dawn,
 Brushing, with hasty steps, the dews away,
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so
high,
His listless length at noontide would he
stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles
by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in
scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would
rove,
Now drooping, woeful wan, like one for-
lorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hope-
less love.

"One morn I missed him on th' accus-
tomed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite
tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was
he.

"The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we
saw him borne:
Approach and read (for thou canst read)
the lay,
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged
thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head, upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame un-
known;
Fair science frowned not on his humble
birth,
And melancholy marked him for her
own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
Heaven did a recompense as largely
send:

He gave to misery all he had—a tear;
He gained from Heaven—'twas all he
wished—a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread
abode;

There they alike in trembling hope repose,
The bosom of his Father and his God.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

1752—1770.

A DIRGE.

OH! sing unto my roundelay,
Oh! drop the briny tear with me,
Dance no more at holiday,
Like a running river be:
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed
All under the willow-tree.

Black his hair as the winter night,
White his skin as the summer snow,
Red his face as the morning light,
Cold he lies in the grave below:
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed
All under the willow-tree.

* * * * *

Hark! the raven flaps his wing
In the briared dell below;
Hark! the death-owl loud doth sing
To the nightmares as they go:
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed
All under the willow-tree.

See! the white moon shines on high,—
Whiter is my true love's shroud,
Whiter than the morning sky,
Whiter than the evening cloud:
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed
All under the willow-tree.

Here upon my true love's grave
Shall the barren flowers be laid,
Nor one holy saint to save
All the coldness of a maid.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed
All under the willow-tree.

With my hands I'll bind the briars
Round his holy corse to gre;
Elfin fairy, light your fires,
Here my body still shall be.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed
All under the willow-tree.

Come with acorn-cup and thorn,
Drain my heart's blood all away;
Life and all its good I scorn,
Dance by night, or teast by day.

My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed
All under the willow-tree.

Water-witches, crowned with reyes,
Bear me to your deadly tide.
I die; I come! my true love waits.—
Thus the damsel spake, and died.

—:C:—

ROBERT BURNS.

1759—1796.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.*

THOU lingering star, with lessening ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his
breast?

That sacred hour can I forget?
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where, by the winding Ayr, we met,
To live one day of parting love?
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace—
Ah, little thought we 'twas our last?

Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods' thickening
green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twined am'rous round the raptured
scene;

The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray—
Till too, too soon the glowing west
Proclaimed the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but th' impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his
breast?

* Mary Campbell, or Highland Mary.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

1771—1832.

CORONACH.

HE is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest.
The font, reappearing,
From the rain-drops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow!
The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory.
The autumn winds rushing
Waft the leaves that are searest,
But our flower was in flushing
When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,
Sage council in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber!
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and for ever!

—O—

STANZA.

THE rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns
from fears; [dew,
The rose is sweetest washed with morning
And love is loveliest when embalmed in
tears.

—:O:—

CHARLES WOLFE.

1791—1823.

BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow,
And we steadfastly gazed on the face of
the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow
bed
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread
o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they 'll talk of the spirit that 's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him; [on
But little he 'll reckon, if they let him sleep
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
Of the enemy sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a
stone,
But we left him alone in his glory!

—o—

"IF I HAD THOUGHT THOU
COULD'ST HAVE DIED."

If I had thought thou couldst have died,
I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be;
It never through my mind had past
The time would e'er be o'er,
When I on thee should look my last,
And thou shouldst smile no more.

And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again,
And still the thought I will not brook
That I must look in vain;
But, when I speak, thou dost not say
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid,
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary! thou art dead.

If thou wouldst stay e'en as thou art,
All cold, and all serene,
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been.
While e'en thy chill bleak corse I have,
Thou seemest still mine own;
But there I lay thee in thy grave,—
And I am now alone.

I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me;
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart
In thinking too of thee;
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore.

—:O:—

BERNARD BARTON.

1784—1849.

A SPRING DIRGE.

THE songster on the bough,
Spring's early greenness, and its opening
flower,
Were joyous once:—but now
Faintly my spirit seems to feel their power.

My heart, with answering glee,
Was wont to hail "the merry month of
May,"
And, like the sapling tree,
To bud and blossom in its genial ray.

Now it seems cold and drear,
While birds are singing round, and flow-
ers blow;
As—rugged, mossed, and sere—
Stands the scathed trunk, whose sap for-
gets to flow.

Round such Time does but fling
Its ivy-wreath of sorrow and of care;
Closer its tendrils cling,
As less and less of life within they bear.

All is not dead beneath,
For life still lingers in the root below;
But the dark ivy-wreath
Lends them the only greenness they can
show.

And 'tis a mournful thought
To think the verdure of life's lingering day
Is but with ruin fraught,
The pledge and prelude of its sure decay.

—:O:—

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

1781—1849.

LET ME REST.

HE does well who does his best:
Is he weary? let him rest:
Brothers! I have done my best,
I am weary—let me rest.
After toiling oft in vain,
Baffled, yet to struggle fain;
After toiling long, to gain
Little good with mickle pain;
Let me rest—but lay me low,
Where the hedge-side roses blow;
Where the little daisies grow,
When the winds a-maying go;
Where the footpath rustics plod;
Where the breeze-bowed poplars nod;
Where the old woods worship God;
Where His pencil paints the sod;
Where the wedded throstle sings;
Where the young bird tries his wings;
Where the wailing plover swings,
Near the runlet's rushy springs;
Where, at times the tempest's roar,
Shaking distant sea and shore,
Still will rave old Barnesdale o'er,
To be heard by me no more!
There, beneath the breezy west,
Tired and thankful, let me rest,
Like a child, that sleepeth best
On its gentle mother's breast.

—o—

LOVE STRONG IN DEATH.

WE watched him while the moonlight,
Beneath the shadowed hill,
Seemed dreaming of good angels,
And all the woods were still.
The brother of two sisters
Drew painfully his breath:
A strange fear had come o'er him,
For love was strong in death.
The fire of fatal fever
Burned darkly on his cheek,

And often to his mother
He spoke, or tried to speak:
"I felt, as if from slumber
I never could awake:
Oh, mother, give me something
To cherish for your sake!
A cold, dead weight is on me,
A heavy weight like lead;
My hands and feet seem sinking
Quite through my little bed;
I am so tired, so weary,
With weariness I ache:
Oh, mother, give me something
To cherish for your sake!
Some little token give me,
Which I may kiss in sleep—
To make me feel I'm near you,
And bless you, though I weep.
My sisters say I'm better—
But then, their heads they shake:
Oh, mother, give me something
To cherish for your sake!
Why can't I see the poplar,
The moonlit stream and hill,
Where, Fanny says, good angels
Dream, when the woods are still.
Why can't I see you, mother?
I surely am awake:
Oh, haste! and give me something
To cherish for your sake!"
His little bosom heaves not,
The fire hath left his cheek,
The fine chord—is it broken?
The strong chord—could it break?
Ah, yes! the loving spirit
Hath winged his flight away,—
A mother and two sisters
Look down on lifeless clay.

—:O:—

JOHN WILSON.

(CHRISTOPHER NORTH.)

1785—1854.

FUNERAL HYMN.

OH! beautiful the streams
That through our valleys run,
Singing and dancing in the gleams
Of summer's cloudless sun.
The sweetest of them all
From its fairy banks is gone,
And the music of the waterfall
Hath left the silent stone.

Up among the mountains,
 In soft and mossy cell,
 By the silent springs and fountains,
 The happy wild flowers dwell.
 The queen-rose of the wilderness
 Hath withered in the wind,
 And the shepherds see no loveliness
 In the blossoms left behind.

Birds cheer our lonely groves
 With many a beauteous wing;
 When happy in their harmless loves,
 How tenderly they sing!
 O'er all the rest was heard
 One wild and mournful strain; [bird,
 But hushed is the voice of that hymning
 She ne'er must sing again!

Bright through the yew-trees' gloom
 I saw a sleeping dove,
 On the silence of her silvery plume
 The sunlight lay in love.
 The grove seemed all her own,
 Round the beauty of that breast;
 But the startled dove afar is flown,
 Forsaken is her nest.

In yonder forest wide
 A flock of wild deer lies;
 Beauty breathes o'er each tender side,
 And shades their peaceful eyes.
 The hunter in the night
 Hath singled out the doe, [bright,
 In whose light the mountain flock lay
 Whose hue was like the snow.

A thousand stars shone forth,
 With pure and dewy ray,
 Till by night the mountains of our north
 Seem gladdening in the day.
 Oh! empty all the heaven,
 Though a thousand lights be there,—
 For clouds o'er the evening star are driven,
 And shorn her golden hair.

What though the stream be dead,
 Its banks all still and dry?
 It murmureth now o'er a lovelier bed,
 In the air-groves of the sky.
 What though our prayers from death
 The queen-rose might not save?
 With brighter bloom and balmier breath
 She springeth from the grave.

What though our bird of light
 Lie mute with plumage dim?
 In heaven I see her glancing bright,
 I hear her angel hymn,

What though the dark tree smile
 No more—with our dove's calm sleep,
 She folds her wing on a sunny isle,
 In heaven's untroubled deep.

True that our beauteous doe
 Hath left her still retreat;
 But purer now in heavenly snow
 She lies at Jesus' feet.
 O star! untimely set,
 Why should we weep for thee?
 Thy bright and dewy coronet
 Is rising o'er the sea.

—:O:—

CAROLINE BOWLES.

(MRS. SOUTHEY.)
 1787—1854.

THE DYING MOTHER TO HER INFANT.

My baby! my poor little one! thou'st
 come a winter flower,—
 A pale and tender blossom, in a cold, un-
 kindly hour;
 Thou comest with the snowdrop—and,
 like that pretty thing,
 The power that called my bud to life will
 shield its blossoming.

The snowdrop hath no guardian leaves,
 to fold her safe and warm,
 Yet well she bides the bitter blast, and
 weathers out the storm;
 I shall not long enfold thee thus—not
 long,—but well I know,
 The Everlasting Arms, my babe, will never
 let thee go!

The snowdrop—how it haunts me still!—
 hangs down her fair young head;
 So thine may droop in days to come, when
 I have long been dead;
 And yet the little snowdrop's safe!—
 from her instruction seek,
 For who would crush the motherless, the
 lowly, and the meek?

Yet motherless thou'lt not be long—not
 long in name, my life!
 Thy father soon will bring him home
 another, fairer wife:
 Be loving, dutiful to her;—find favour in
 her sight;
 But never, O my child! forget thine own
 poor mother quite,

But who will speak to thee of her?—the
 gravestone at her head
 Will only tell the name and age and line-
 age of the dead ;
 But not a word of all the love—the mighty
 love for thee,
 That crowded years into an hour of brief
 maternity.

They 'll put my picture from its place, to
 fix another there,—
That picture, that was thought so like,
 and yet so passing fair !
 Some chamber in thy father's house they 'll
 let the call thine own,—
 Oh ! take it there—to look upon when
 thou art all alone !—

To breathe thine early griefs unto—if such
 assail my child ;
 To turn to, from less loving looks, from
 faces not so mild.
 Alas ! unconscious little one !—thou 'lt
 never know that best,
 That holiest home of all the earth, a living
 mother's breast !

I do repent me now too late, of each im-
 patient thought,
 That would not let me tarry out God's
 leisure as I ought ;
 I've been too hasty, peevish, proud,—I
 longed to go away ;
 And now I 'd fain live on for thee, God will
 not let me stay.

Oh ! when I think of what I was, and what
 I *might have* been—
 A bride last year,—and now to die ! and I
 am scarce nineteen ;
 And just, just opening in my heart, a fount
 of love so new,
 So deep !—could that have run to waste?—
 could that have failed me too?

The bliss it would have been to see my
 daughter at my side !
 My prime of life scarce overblown, and
 hers in all its pride ;
 To deck her with my finest things—with
 all I've rich and rare !
 To hear it said—"How beautiful ! and
 good as she is fair !"

And then to place the marriage crown
 upon that bright young brow !
 Oh no ! not *that*—'tis full of thorns ! alas,
 I'm wandering now,

This weak, weak head ! this foolish heart !
 they'll cheat me to the last !
 I've been a dreamer all my life, and now
 that life is past.

Thou 'lt have thy father's eyes, my child !
 —oh ! once how kind they were !
 His long black lashes—his own smile, and
 just such raven hair ;—
 But here 's a mark—poor innocent !—he 'll
 love thee for 't the less,
 Like that upon thy mother's cheek, his
 lips were wont to press.

And yet, perhaps, I do him wrong—per-
 haps, when all's forgot
 But our young loves, in memory's mood
 he 'll kiss this very spot.
 Oh, then, my dearest ! clasp thine arms
 about his neck full fast,
 And whisper that I blessed him now, and
 loved him to the last.

I've heard that little infants converse by
 smiles and signs,
 With the guardian band of angels that
 around about them shines,
 Unseen by grosser senses.—Belovèd one !
 dost thou
 Smile so upon thy heavenly friends, and
 commune with them now ?

And hast thou not one look for me? those
 little restless eyes
 Are wandering, wandering everywhere, the
 while thy mother dies ;—
 And yet—perhaps thou 'rt seeking me—
 expecting me, mine own !—
 Come, Death, and make me to my child
 at least in spirit known !

—:O:—

BARRY CORNWALL.

1788—1874.

A DIRGE.

SING a low song !
 A tender cradling measure, soft and low,
 Not sad, nor long,
 But such as we remember long ago,
 When Time, now old, was flying
 Over the sunny seasons, bright and fleet,
 And the red rose was lying
 Amongst a crowd of flowers all too sweet,

Sing o'er the bier !
The bell is swinging in the time-worn
tower :

He's gone who late was here,
As fresh as manhood in its lustiest hour.
A song to each brief season,
Winter and shining summer, doth belong,
For some sweet human reason,—
O'er cradle or the coffin still a song.

—:o:—

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

1792—1822.

STANZAS WRITTEN IN DEJECTION, NEAR NAPLES.

THE sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and bright ;
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
The purple noon's transparent light ;
The breath of the moist earth is light
Around its unexpanded buds ;
Like many a voice of one delight,
The winds, the birds, the ocean floods,
The City's voice itself is soft, like Solitude's.

I see the Deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple seaweeds strown ;
I see the waves upon the shore
Like light dissolved in star-showers
thrown.

I sit upon the sands alone,
The lightning of the noontide ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone
Arises from its measured motion,
How sweet ! did any heart now share in
my emotion.

Alas ! I have nor hope nor health,
Nor peace within, nor calm around,
Nor that content, surpassing wealth,
The sage in meditation found,
And walked with inward glory crowned ;
Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure.
Others I see whom these surround—
Smiling they live, and call life pleasure ;
To me that cup has been dealt in another
measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild,
Even as the winds and waters are ;
I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne, and yet must bear,

Till death, like sleep, might steal on me,
And I might feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last mono-
tony.

Some might lament that I were cold,
As I, when this sweet day is gone,
Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,
Insults with this untimely moan ;
They might lament—for I am one
Whom men love not,—and yet regret ;
Unlike this day, which, when the sun
Shall on its stainless glory set,
Will linger, though enjoyed, like joy in
memory yet.

—o—

A LAMENT.

SWIFTER than the summer's flight,
Swifter far than youth's delight,
Swifter far than happy night,
Art thou come and gone.
As the earth when leaves are dead,
As the night when sleep is sped,
As the heart when joy is fled,
I am left alone.

The swallow Summer comes again,
The owlet Night resumes her reign,
But the wild swan Youth is fain
To fly with thee, false as thou !
My heart each day desires the morrow,
Sleep itself is turned to sorrow ;
Vainly would my Winter borrow
Sunny leaves from any bough.

Lilies for a bridal bed,
Roses for a matron's head,
Violets for a maiden dead,
Pansies let my flowers be ;
On the living grave I bear,
Scatter them without a tear ;
Let no friend, however dear,
Waste one hope, one fear for me.

—:o:—

FELICIA HEMANS.

1793—1835.

TO A DEPARTED SPIRIT.

FROM the bright stars, or from the view-
less air, [thought,
Or from some world unreach'd by human

Spirit, sweet spirit ! if thy home be there,
And if thy visions with the past be fraught,
Answer me, answer me !

Have we not communed here of life and
death ?

Have we not said that love, such love as
ours,

Was not to perish as a rose's breath,
To melt away, like song from festal bowers ?

Answer, oh ! answer me !

Thine eye's last light was mine—the soul
that shone

Intensely, mournfully, through gathering
haze ;

Didst thou bear with thee, to the shore
unknown,

Nought of what lived in that long earnest
gaze ?

Hear, hear, and answer me !

Thy voice—its low, soft, fervent, farewell
tone,

Thrilled through the tempest of the part-
ing strife

Like a faint breeze :—oh ! from that music
flown

Send back *one* sound, if love's be quench-
less life !

But once, oh ! answer me !

In the still noontide, in the sunset's hush,
In the dead hour of night, when thought
grows deep ;

When the heart's phantoms from the dark-
ness rush,

Fearfully beautiful, to strive with sleep ;

Spirit ! then answer me !

By the remembrance of our blended prayer ;
By all our tears, whose mingling made them
sweet ;

By our last hope, the victor o'er despair,
Speak !—if our souls in deathless yearnings
meet,

Answer me, answer me !

The grave is silent—and the far-off sky,
And the deep midnight :—silent all, and
lone !

Oh ! if thy buried love make no reply,
What voice has earth ?—Hear, pity, speak !
mine own !

Answer me, answer me !

—:o:—

JOHN KEBLE.

1800—1866.

BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

And when the Lord saw her, He had compas-
sion on her, and said unto her, Weep not. And
He came and touched the bier ; and they that
bare him stood still. And He said, Young man,
I say unto thee, Arise.

St. Luke, vii. 13, 14.

WHO says, the wan autumnal sun

Beams with too faint a smile

To light up nature's face again,

And, though the year be on the wane,

With thoughts of spring the heart be-
guile ?

Waft him, thou soft September breeze,

And gently lay him down

Within some circling woodland wall,

Where bright leaves, reddening ere they
fall,

Wave gaily o'er the waters brown.

And let some graceful arch be there

With wreathed mullions proud,

With burnished ivy for its screen,

And moss, that grows as fresh and green

As though beneath an April cloud.—

Who says the widow's heart must break,

The childless mother sink ?—

A kinder, truer voice I hear,

Which e'en beside that mournful bier

Whence parents' eyes would hopeless
shrink,

Bids weep no more.—O heart bereft,

How strange, to thee, that sound !

A widow o'er her only son,

Feeling more bitterly alone

For friends that press officious round.

Yet is the voice of comfort heard,

For Christ hath touched the bier ;

The bearers wait with wondering eye,

The swelling bosom dares not sigh,

But all is still, 'twixt hope and fear.

E'en such an awful soothing calm

We sometimes see alight

On Christian mourners, while they wait

In silence, by some churchyard gate,

Their summons to the holy rite.

And such the tones of love, which break
The stillness of that hour,
Quelling th' embittered spirit's strife—
"The Resurrection and the Life
"Am I: believe, and die no more."—

Unchanged that voice—and though not
yet

The dead sit up and speak,
Answering its call; we gladlier rest
Our darlings on earth's quiet breast,
And our hearts feel they must not break.

Far better they should sleep awhile
Within the Church's shade,
Nor wake, until new heaven, new earth,
Meet for their new immortal birth,
For their abiding-place be made,

Than wander back to life, and lean
On our frail love once more.
'Tis sweet, as year by year we lose
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse
How grows in Paradise our store.

Then pass, ye mourners, cheerly on,
Through prayer unto the tomb,
Still, as ye watch life's falling leaf,
Gathering from every loss and grief
Hope of new spring and endless home.

Then cheerly to your work again
With heart new-braced and set
To run, untired, love's blessed race,
As meet for those who face to face
Over the grave their Lord have met.

—:O:—

T. K. HERVEY.

1804—1859.

A LAMENT.

SHE sleeps that still and placid sleep
For which the weary pant in vain,
And, where the dews of evening weep,
I may not weep again;—
Oh! never more upon her grave
Shall I behold the wild flower wave!

They laid her where the sun and moon
Look on her tomb with loving eye;
And I have heard the breeze of June
Sweep o'er it,—like a sigh;
And the wild river's wailing song
Grew dirge-like as it stole along.

And I have dreamt, in many dreams,
Of her who was a dream to me;
And talked of her, by summer streams,
In crowds, and on the sea,
Till in my soul she was enshrined;
A young Egeria of the mind.

'Tis years ago!—and other eyes
Have flung their beauty o'er my youth;
And I have hung on other sighs,
And sounds that seemed like truth;
And loved the music which they gave
Like that which perished in the grave!

And I have left the *cold* and *dead*,
To mingle with the *living cold*:—
There is a weight around my head,
My heart is growing old:
Oh for a refuge and a home
With thee, dead Ellen, in thy tomb!

Age sits upon my breast and brain,
My spirit fades before its time;
But they are all thine own again,
Lost partner of their prime!
And thou art dearer in thy shroud
Than all the false and selfish crowd.

Rise, gentle vision of the hours
Which go, like birds that come not back!
And fling thy pale and funeral flowers
On Memory's wasted track!
Oh for the wings that made *thee* blest,
To flee away, and be at rest!

—:O:—

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

REQUIESCAT.

STREW on her roses, roses,
And never a spray of yew.
In quiet she reposes:
Ah! would that I did too.

Her mirth the world required:
She bathed it in smiles of glee.
But her heart was tired, tired,
And now they let her be.

Her life was turning, turning,
In mazes of heat and sound.
But for peace her soul was yearning,
And now peace laps her round.

Her cabined, ample spirit,
 It fluttered and failed for breath.
 To-night it doth inherit
 The vasty Hall of Death.

—:O:—

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

THE PALE IMAGE.

WHEN she lieth on her bed,
 With a crown of lilies pale
 Set upon her peaceful head,
 And her true love's kiss would fail
 To restore a little red
 To the blanched cheek ;

When her hands, all white and cold,
 On her cold, cold breast are laid,
 O'er the strait and snowy fold
 Palm to palm, as if she prayed—
 Prayer to rest for aye untold
 On that mouth so meek ;

Do not gaze on her too much,
 You that have the nearest right ;
 Press her lip with parting touch,
 Leaving dimmed your misty sight ;
 Death is false—and e'en to such
 Gentle ones as she !

If you feed your loving eyes,
 Then, when death her bridegroom
 seems,
 She shall come in deathly guise
 Through your thoughts and through
 your dreams ;
 And when met in Paradise,
 Scarcely known shall be.

—:O:—

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

SOUND SLEEP.

SOME are laughing, some are weeping ;
 She is sleeping, only sleeping ;
 Round her rest wild flowers are creeping.
 There the wind is heaping, heaping
 Sweetest sweets of summer's keeping,
 By the corn-fields, ripe for reaping.

There are lilies, and there blushes
 The deep rose, and there the thrushes
 Sing till latest sunlight flushes
 In the west ; a fresh wind brushes
 Through the leaves while evening hushes.

There by day the lark is singing,
 And the grass and weeds are springing ;
 There by night the bat is winging ;
 There for ever winds are bringing
 Far-off chimes of church bells ringing.

Night and morning, noon and even,
 Their sound fills her dreams with heaven ;
 The long strife at length is striven,
 Till her grave-bands shall be riven.
 Such is the good portion given
 To her soul at rest and shriven.

—:O:—

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

THE BLESSÈD DAMOZEL.

THE blessèd damozel leaned out
 From the gold bar of heaven ;
 Her eyes were deeper than the depth
 Of waters stilled at even ;
 She had three lilies in her hand,
 And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
 No wrought flowers did adorn,
 But a white rose of Mary's gift,
 For service meetly worn ;
 Her hair that lay along her back
 Was yellow like ripe corn.

Her seemed she scarce had been a day
 One of God's choristers ;
 The wonder was not yet quite gone
 From that still look of hers ;
 Albeit, to them she left, her day
 Had counted as ten years.

(To one, it is ten years of years.
 . . . Yet now, and in this place,
 Surely she leaned o'er me—her hair
 Fell all about my face. . . .
 Nothing : the autumn fall of leaves,
 The whole year sets apace.)

It was the rampant of God's House
 That she was standing on ;

By God built over the sheer depth
The which is Space begun ;
So high, that looking downward thence
She scarce could see the sun.

It lies in heaven, across the flood
Of ether, as a bridge.
Beneath, the tides of day and night
With flame and darkness ridge
The void, as low as where this earth
Spins like a fretful midge.

Around her, lovers, newly met
'Mid deathless love's acclaims
Spoke evermore among themselves
Their rapturous new names ;
And the souls mounting up to God
Went by her like thin flames.

And still she bowed herself and stooped
Out of the circling charm,
Until her bosom must have made
The bar she leaned on warm,
And the lilies lay as if asleep
Along her bended arm.

From the fixed place of heaven she saw
Time like a pulse shake fierce [strove
Through all the worlds. Her gaze still
Within the gulf to pierce
Its path ; and now she spoke as when
The stars sang in their spheres.

The sun was gone now ; the curled moon
Was like a little feather
Fluttering far down the gulf ; and now
She spoke through the still weather.
Her voice was like the voice the stars
Had when they sang together.

(Ah, sweet ! Even now, in that bird's song,
Strove not her accents there,
Fain to be hearkened ? When those bells
Possessed the midday air,
Strove not her steps to reach my side
Down all the echoing stair ?)

"I wish that he were come to me,
For he will come," she said.
"Have I not prayed in heaven?—on earth,
Lord, Lord, has he not prayed?
Are not two prayers a perfect strength?
And shall I feel afraid ?

"When round his head the aureole clings,
And he is clothed in white,
I'll take his hand and go with him
To the deep wells of light ;

We will step down as to a stream,
And bathe there in God's sight.

"We two will stand beside that shrine
Occult, withheld, untrod,
Whose lamps are stirred continually
With prayer sent up to God ;
And see our old prayers, granted, melt
Each like a little cloud.

"We two will lie i' the shadow of
That living mystic tree
Within whose secret growth the Dove
Is sometimes felt to be,
While every leaf that His plumes touch
Saith His Name audibly.

"And I myself will teach to him,
I myself, lying so,
The songs I sing here ; which his voice
Shall pause in, hushed and slow,
And find some knowledge at each pause,
Or some new thing to know."

(Alas ! we two, we two, thou say'st !
Yea, one wast thou with me
That once of old. But shall God lift
To endless unity
The soul whose likeness with thy soul
Was but its love for thee ?)

"We two," she said, "will seek the groves
Where the Lady Mary is,
With her five handmaidens, whose names
Are five sweet symphonies,
Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,
Margaret and Rosalys.

"Circlewise sit they, with bound locks
And foreheads garlanded ;
Into the fine cloth white like flame
Weaving the golden thread,
To fashion the birth-robcs for them
Who are just born, being dead.

"He shall fear, haply, and be dumb :
Then will I lay my cheek
To his, and tell about our love,
Not once abashed or weak :
And the dear Mother will approve
My pride, and let me speak.

"Herself shall bring us, hand in hand,
To Him round whom all souls
Kneel, the clear-ranged unnumbered heads,
Bowed with their aureoles :
And angels meeting us shall sing
To their citherns and citoles.

"There will I ask of Christ the Lord
 Thus much for him and me :—
 Only to live as once on earth
 With Love,—only to be
 As then awhile, for ever now
 Together, I and he."

She gazed and listened, and then said,
 Less sad of speech than mild,—
 "All this is when he comes." She ceased.
 The light thrilled towards her, filled
 With angels in strong level flight.
 Her eyes prayed, and she smiled.

(I saw her smile.) But soon their path
 Was vague in distant spheres ;

And then she cast her arms along
 The golden barriers,
 And laid her face between her hands,
 And wept. (I heard her tears.)

—:O:—

TENNYSON.

THE JOY OF GRIEF.

I HOLD it true whate'er befall,
 I feel it when I sorrow most :
 'Tis better to have loved and lost
 Than never to have loved at all.



SONNETS.

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

(SCOTTISH POET.)

1475—1530.

TO A LADY.

SWEET rose of virtue and of gentleness,
Deliyhtsome lily of everie lustiness,
Richest in bounty and in beauty clear,
And everie virtue that to Heaven is dear,
Except onlie that ye are merciless.
Into your garthe* this day I did pursue,
There saw I flouris that fresche were of
hew,
Both white and red, most lustye were to
seyne,
And halsum herbis upon stalkis green,
Yet leif nor flour find could I none of Rue.
I doubt that Marche with his cold blastis
keen
Has slain this gentill herbe that I of mene,
Whose piteous deithe does my heart sic
pain,
That I would vrak to plant his root again.

—:O:—

EARL OF SURREY.

1516—1547.

SPRING.

THE sweet season that bird and bloom
forth brings,
With green hath clad the hill and eke
the vale;
The nightingale, with feathers new, she
sings;
The turtle to her mate hath told her
tale;
Summer is come, for every spray now
springs;
The hart hath hung his old head on the
pale;

* Garden.

The buck in brake his winter coat he flings;
The fishes fleet with new repaired scale;
The adder, all her slough away she flings;
The swift swallow pursueth the flies
small;

The busy bee her honey now she wings:
Winter is worn, that was the flowers' bale.
And thus I see among these pleasant things
Each care decay—and yet my sorrow
springs.

—:O:—

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

1554—1586.

SONNETS TO STELLA.

COME, Sleep, O Sleep, the certain knot of
peace,
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's
release,
The indifferent judge between the high and
low;
With shield of proof shield me from out
the prease
Of those fierce darts despair at me doth
throw;
Oh, make in me those civil wars to cease;
I will good tribute pay if thou do so.
Take thou of me sweet pillows, sweetest
hed;
A chamber deaf to noise and blind to light;
A rosy garland, and a weary head.
And if these things, as being thine by right,
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me,
Livelier than elsewhere, STELLA'S image
see.

—O—

STELLA'S ANGER.

LOVE still a boy, and oft a wanton, is,
Schooled only by his mother's tender eye;
What wonder, then, if he his lesson miss,
When for so soft a rod dear play he try!

And yet my Star, because a sugared kiss
In sport I sucked, while she asleep did lie,
Doth lour, nay chide, nay threat, for only
this.

Sweet, it was saucy Love, not humble I.
But no 'scuse serves; she makes her wrath
appear

In beauty's throne,—see now who dares
come near [pain!

Those scarlet judges, threat'ning bloody
O heav'nly fool, thy most kiss-worthy face
Anger invests with such a lovely grace,
That anger's self I needs must kiss again.

—:O:—

EDMUND SPENSER.

1553—1598.

HER NAME ON SAND.

ONE day I wrote her name upon the
strand;

But came the waves, and washèd it away:
Again I wrote it with a second hand;

But came the tide, and made my pains his
prey.

"Vain man," said she, "thou dost in vain
assay

A mortal thing so to immortalize;
For I myself shall like to this decay,

And eke my name be wipèd out likewise."
"Not so," quoth I; "let baser things

devise

To die in dust, but you shall live by fame:
My verse your virtues rare shall èternize,
And in the heavens write your glorious
name.

Where, when as death shall all the world
subdue,

Our love shall live, and later life renew.

—O—

SPRING.

FRESH Spring! the herald of Love's mighty
king,

In whose coat armour richly are displayed
All sorts of flowers, the which on earth do
spring

In goodly colours gloriously arrayed.—

Go to my love, where she is careless laid,
Yet in her winter's bower, not well awake;

Tell her, the joyous time will not be stayed,
Unless she do him by the forelock take:

Bid her, therefore, herself soon ready make
To wait on Love amongst his lovely crew;
Where every one that misseth then her
make,*

Shall be by him amerced with penance
due.

Make haste, therefore, sweet Love! whilst
it is prime;

For none can call again the passèd time.

—:O:—

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

1552—1648.

A VISION UPON THE FAËRY QUEEN.

METHOUGHT I saw the grave where Laura
lay,

Within that temple where the vestal flame
Was wont to burn; and passing back that
way,

To see the buried dust of living fame,
Whose tomb fair Love and fairer Virtue
kept,

All suddenly I saw the Faëry Queen;
At whose approach the soul of Petrarch
wept,

And from henceforth those Graces were
not seen;

For they this Queen attended: in whose
stead

Oblivion laid him down on Laura's hearse;
Hereat the hardest stones were seen to bleed,

And groans of buried ghosts the heavens
did pierce;

Where Homer's spright did tremble all for
[grief,
And cursed the access of that celestial
thief.

—:O:—

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

1564—1616.

THE VIOLET.

THE forward violet thus did I chide:—
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy
sweet that smells,

If not from my love's breath? The purple
pride,

Which on thy soft cheek for complexion
dwells,

* Lover.

In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed;

The lily I condemn'd for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had stol'n thy hair;
And roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair;
A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both,

And to his robbery had annexed thy breath,
But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth,
A vengeful canker ate him up to death.

More flowers I noted, yet I none could see

But sweet or colour it had stolen from thee.

—o—

LOVELINESS OF TRUTH.

OH, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
[give!

By that sweet ornament which truth doth
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfum'd tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their mask'd buds
discloses.

But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwooded, and unsuspected fade;
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours
made; [youth,

And so of you, beauteous and lovely
When that shall fade, my verse distils
your truth.

—o—

A TENDER THOUGHT.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:

Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be
forgot, [woe.

If thinking on me then should make you
Oh, if (I say) you look upon this verse
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
But let your love even with my life decay;

Lest the wise world should look into your
moan,

And mock you with me after I am gone.

HIS MISTRESS.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red;
If snow be white, why, then her breasts are
dun; [head.

If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more de-
light [reeks.

Than in the breath that from my mistress
I love to hear her speak,—yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound:
I grant I never saw a goddess go,—
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the
ground. [rare

And yet, by heaven, I think my love as
As any she belied with false compare.

—o—

HER IMMORTALITY.

SHALL I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of
May, [date:

And summer's lease hath all too short a
Some time too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair some time declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course,
untrimm'd;

But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his
shade,

When in eternal lines to time thou growest:
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can
see,

So long lives this, and this gives life to
thee.

—o—

SONNET.

WHEN to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes now wail my dear time's
waste:

Then can I drown an eye unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless
night, [woe,

And weep afresh love's long-since cancelled
And moan the expense of many a vanished
sight.

Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoanèd moan
Which I new pay as if not paid before.

But if the while I think on thee, dear
friend,

All losses are restored, and sorrows end.



A CHANGED FRIEND.

FULL many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign
eye, [green,
Kissing with golden face the meadows
Gilding paled streams with heavenly al-
chemy;

Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
Even so my sun one early morn did shine,
With all triumphant splendour on my
brow; [mine,

But, out! alack! he was but one hour
The regent cloud hath masked him from
me now. [eth;

Yet him for this my love no whit disdain-
Suñs of the world may stain, when
heaven's sun staineth.



MUSIC.

MUSIC to hear, why hear'st thou music
sadly? [in joy.

Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights
Why lovest thou that which thou receiv'st
not gladly.

Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,
By unions married, do offend thine ear,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who con-
founds

In singleness the parts that thou shouldst
bear. [another,

Mark how one string, sweet husband to
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering;
Resembling sire and child and happy
mother,

Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing:
Whose speechless song, being many,
seeming one,

Sings this to thee, "Thou single wilt
prove none."



WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

(OF HAWTHORNDEN.)

1585—1649.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

SWEET bird, that sing'st away the early
hours

Of winters past or coming, void of care,
Well pleased with delights which present
are,

Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-
smelling flowers:

To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy
bowers

Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee He did not
spare:

A stain to human sense in sin that lowers,
What soul can be so sick, which by thy
songs

(Attired in sweetness) sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites, and
wrongs,

And lift a reverend eye and thought to
heaven?

Sweet artless songster, thou my mind dost
raise

To airs of spheres, yes, and to angels' lays.



THE FADING FLOWER.

LOOK how the flower, which lingeringly
doth fade, [queen,

The morning's darling late, the summer's
Spoiled of that juice which kept it fresh
and green, [head:

As high as it did raise, bows low the
Right so the pleasures of my life being
dead,

Or in their contraries but only seen,
With swifter speed declines than erst it
spread,

And (blasted) scarce now shows what it
hath been.

Therefore, as doth the pilgrim, whom the
night

Hastes darkly to imprison on his way,
Think on thy home (my soul), and think
aright

Of what's yet left thee of life's wasting day:
Thy sun posts westward, passèd is thy
morn,

And twice it is not given thee to be born.



SLEEP.

SLEEP, silence' child, sweet father of soft
rest,
Prince, whose approach peace to all mortals brings,
Indifferent host to shepherds or to kings,
Sole comforter of minds which are oppressed.
Lo! by thy charming rod all breathing things
Lie slumbering with forgetfulness possessed,
And yet o'er me to spread thy drowsy wings
Thou sparest, alas! who cannot be thy guest.
Since I am thine, oh, come, but with that face
To inward light which thou art wont to show,
With feigned solace ease a true-felt woe;
Or if, deaf god, thou do deny that grace,
Come as thou wilt, and what thou wilt bequeath,—
I long to kiss the image of my death.

—o—

TO THE THRUSH.

DEAR chorister, who from those shadows sends,
Ere that the blushing morn dare show her light,
Such sad lamenting strains, that night attends,
(Become all ear), stars stay to hear thy plight;
If one, whose grief even reach of thought transcends,
Who ne'er (not in a dream) did taste delight,
May thee importune, who like case pretends,
And seems to joy in woe, in woe's despite;
Tell me (so may thou fortune milder try,
And long, long sing!) for what thou thus complain'st,
Since winter's gone, and sun in dappled sky
Enamoured smiles on woods and flowery plains?
The bird, as if my questions did her move,
With trembling wings, sighed forth, "I love, I love!"

—o—

TO MY DEAD LOVE.

I KNOW that all beneath the moon decays,
And what by mortals in this world is brought
In time's great periods shall return to nought;
That fairest states have fatal nights and days.
I know that all the Muses' heavenly lays,
With toil of spright, which are so dearly bought,
As idle sounds, of few or none are sought.
That there is nothing lighter than vain praise.
I know frail beauty's like the purple flower,
To which one morn oft birth and death affords;
That love a jarring is of mind's accords,
Where sense and will bring under reason's power:—
Know what I list, this all cannot me move,
But that, alas! I both must write and love.

—:o:—

JOHN MILTON.

1608—1674.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O NIGHTINGALE, that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.
Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
Portend success in love; oh, if Jove's will
Have linked that amorous power to thy soft lay,
Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
Foretell my hopeless doom in some grove nigh;
As thou from year to year hast sung too late
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why:
Whether the Muse or Love call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

—o—

ON HIS DECEASED WIFE.

METHOUGHT I saw my late-espousèd
 saint
 Brought to me like Alcestis from the
 grave,
 Whom Jove's great son to her glad
 husband gave,
 Rescued from death by force, though pale
 and faint.
 Mine, as whom washed from spot of child-
 bed taint
 Purification in the old law did save,
 And such, as yet once more I trust to
 have
 Full sight of her in heav'n without re-
 straint,
 Came vested all in white, pure as her
 mind:
 Her face was veiled, yet to my fancied
 sight
 Love, sweetness, goodness, in her per-
 son shined
 So clear, as in no face with more delight.
 But oh, as to embrace me she inclined,
 I waked, she fled, and day brought back
 my night.

—:O:—

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

1618—1674.

TO CRAWSHAW.

POET and Saint! to thee alone are given
 The two most sacred names of earth and
 heaven,
 The hard and rarest union which can be,
 Next that of Godhead with humanity.
 Long did the Muses banished slaves abide,
 And built their pyramids to mortal pride;
 Like Moses, thou, though spells and
 charms withstand,
 Hast brought them nobly home, back to
 their Holy Land.

Hail, Bard triumphant, and some care
 bestow
 On us, the poets militant below,
 Opposed by our old enemy, adverse chance,
 Attacked by envy and by ignorance.
 Thou, from low earth in nobler flames
 didst rise,
 And like Elijah mount alive the skies.

—O—

WILLIAM BOWLES.

1762—1850.

TO TIME.

O TIME, who know'st a lenient hand to lay
 Softest on sorrow's wounds, and slowly
 thence
 (Lulling to sad repose the weary sense)
 The faint pang stealest unperceived away;
 On thee I rest my only hopes at last,
 And think, when thou hast dried the bitter
 tear
 That flows in vain o'er all my soul held dear,
 I may look back on many a sorrow past,
 And greet life's peaceful evening with a
 smile—
 As some lone bird at day's departing hour
 Sings in the sunshine of the transient
 shower,
 Forgetful though its wings are wet the
 while:
 Yet ah! what ills must that poor heart
 endure,
 Which hopes from thee, and thee alone, a
 cure!

—O—

DOVER CLIFFS.

ON these white cliffs, that calm above the
 flood
 Uplift their shadowy heads, and at their
 feet
 Scarce hear the surge that has for ages
 beat,
 Sure many a lonely wanderer has stood;
 And while the distant murmur met his
 ear,
 And o'er the distant billows the still eve
 Sailed slow, has thought of all his heart
 must leave
 To-morrow; of the friends he loved most
 dear;
 Of social scenes from which he wept to
 part.
 But if, like me, he knew how fruitless
 all
 The thoughts that would full fain the
 past recall,
 Soon would he quell the risings of his
 heart,
 And brave the wild winds and unhearing
 tide,
 The world his country, and his God his
 guide.

—:O:—

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

1770—1850.

SONNET ON WESTMINSTER
BRIDGE.

EARTH has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples
lie

Open unto the fields and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless
air.

Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still.

—o—

EVENING.

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free;
The holy time is quiet as a nun
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;
The gentleness of heaven is on the sea:
Listen! the mighty being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.
Dear child! dear girl! that walkest with
me here,

If thou appear'st untouched by solemn
thought,

Thy nature is not therefore less divine:
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the
year,

And worshipp'st at the temple's inner
shrine,

God being with thee when we know it not.

—o—

THE SHIP.

WHERE lies the land to which yon ship [must go?
Festively she puts forth her trim array,
As vigorous as a lark at break of day:
Is she for tropic suns, or polar snow?
What boots the inquiry?—Neither friend
nor foe

She cares for: let her travel where she may,
She finds familiar names, a beaten way

Ever before her, and a wind to blow.
Yet, still I ask, what haven is her mark?
And, almost as it was when ships were
rare,
(From time to time, like pilgrims, here and
there [dark,
Crossing the waters) doubt, and something
Of the old sea some reverential fear,
Is with me at thy farewell, joyous bark!

—o—

THE WORLD.

THE world is too much with us; late and
soon, [powers:
Getting and spending, we lay waste out
Little we see in nature that is ours,
We have given our hearts away, a sordid
boon! [moon;
This sea that bares her bosom to the
The winds that will be howling at all
hours, [flowers;
And are up-gathered now like sleeping
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less
forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed
horn.

—o—

TO A SNOWDROP.

LONE flower, hemmed in with snows, and
white as they,
But hardier far, once more I see thee bend
Thy forehead, as if fearful to offend,
Like an unbidden guest. Though day by
day [waylay
Storms, sallying from the mountain-tops,
The rising sun, and on the plains descend;
Yet art thou welcome, welcome as a friend
Whose zeal outruns his promise! Blue-
eyed May
Shall soon behold this border thickly set
With bright jonquils, their odours lavish-
ing
On the soft west wind and his frolic peers;
Nor will I then thy modest grace forget,
Chaste snowdrop, venturous harbinger of
spring,
And pensive monitor of fleeting years!

—o—

FLOWERS.

ERE yet our course was graced with social
trees
It lacked not old remains of hawthorn
bowers,
Where small birds warbled to their para-
mours; [bees;
And, earlier still, was heard the hum of
I saw them ply their harmless robberies,
And caught the fragrance which the sun-
dry flowers,
Fed by the stream with soft perpetual
showers,
Plenteously yielded to the vagrant breeze.
There bloomed the strawberry of the
wilderness;
The trembling eyebright showed her sap-
phire blue, [even;
The thyme her purple, like the blush of
And, if the breath of some to no caress
Invited, forth they peeped so fair to view,
All kinds alike seemed favourites of heaven.

—:O:—

JOHN KEATS.

1795—1812.

THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE
CRICKET.

THE poetry of earth is never dead:
When all the birds are faint with the
hot sun, [run
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown
mead:
That is the grasshopper's—he takes the
lead
In summer luxury,—he has never done
With his delights, for when tired out
with fun, [weed.
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant
The poetry of earth is ceasing never:
On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove
there shrills [ever,
The cricket's song, in warmth increasing
And seems to one, in drowsiness half
lost, [hills,
The grasshopper's among some grassy

—:O:—

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

1785—1806.

TO THE INFINITE ONE.

WHAT art thou, Mighty One, and where
thy seat?
Thou broodest on the calm that cheers
the lands;
And thou dost bear within thine awful
hands
The rolling thunders and the lightnings
fleet.
Stern on thy dark wrought car of cloud and
wind,
Thou guid'st the northern storm at
night's dread noon,
Or on the red wing of the fierce mon-
soon
Disturb'st the sleeping giant of the Ind.
In the drear silence of the polar span
Dost thou repose? or in the solitude
Of sultry tracts, where the lone caravan
Hears nightly howl the tiger's hungry
brood?
Vain thought, the confines of His throne
to trace
Who glows through all the fields of bound-
less space!

—:O:—

SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE.

1772—1834.

SONNET.

THOU gentle look, that didst my soul be-
guile,
Why hast thou left me? Still in some fond
dream
Revisit my sad heart, auspicious smile!
As falls on closing flowers the lunar beam;
What time in sickly mood, at parting day,
I lay me down and think of happier years,
Of joys that glimmered in Hope's twilight
ray,
Then left me, darkling, in a vale of tears.
O pleasant days of Hope—for ever flown!
Could I recall you!—but that thought is
vain.
Availeth not persuasion's sweetest tone
To lure the fleet-winged travellers back
again;
Yet fair, though faint, their images shall
gleam,
Like a bright rainbow on an evening stream.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

1796—1849.

THE DREAM OF LOVE.

It must be so—my infant love must find
 In my own heart a cradle and a grave ;
 Like a rich jewel hid beneath the wave,—
 Or rebel spirit bound within the rind
 Of some old wreathèd oak, or fast enshrined
 In the cold durance of an echoing cave. —
 Yet better thus than cold disdain to brave ;
 Or worse, to taint the quiet of that mind
 That decks its temple with unearthly grace.
 Together must we dwell, my dream and I—
 Unknown then live, and unlamented die,
 Rather than dim the lustre of that face,
 Or drive the laughing dimple from its place,
 Or heave that white breast with a painful
 sigh.

—o—

SONNET.

If I have sinned in act, I may repent ;
 If I have erred in thought, I may disclaim
 My silent error, and yet feel no shame ;
 But if my soul, big with an ill intent,
 Guilty in will, by fate be innocent,
 Or being bad, yet murmurs at the curse
 And incapacity of being worse,
 That makes my hungry passion still keep
 Lent
 In keen expectance of a Carnival ;
 Where, in all worlds, that round the sun
 revolve
 And shed their influence on this passive
 ball,
 Abides a power that can my soul absolve?
 Could any sin survive and be forgiven,
 One sinful wish would make a hell of hea-
 ven !

—:o:—

JOSEPH BLANCO WHITE.

1789—1834.

NIGHT AND DEATH.

(Dedicated to S. T. Coleridge, Esq.)

MYSTERIOUS night, when the first man
 but knew
 Thee by report, unseen, and heard thy
 name,
 Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
 This glorious canopy of light and blue?

Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew
 Bathed in the rays of the great setting
 flame,

Hesperus, with the host of heaven, came,
 And lo! creation widened on his view!

Who could have thought what darkness
 lay concealed

Within thy beams, O sun? or who could
 find,

Whilst fly, and leaf, and insect stood
 revealed, [blind?

That to such endless orbs thou mad'st us
 Weak man! Why to shun death this
 anxious strife?

If *light* can thus deceive, wherefore not
life?

—:o:—

LEIGH HUNT.

1784—1859.

AN ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

How sweet it were, if without feeble fright,
 Or dying of the dreadful beauteous sight,
 An angel came to us, and we could bear
 To see him issue from the silent air
 At evening in our room, and bend on ours
 His divine eyes, and bring us from his
 bowers

News of dear friends, and children who
 have never

Been dead indeed—as we shall know for
 ever.

Alas! we think not what we daily see
 About our hearths—angels that *are* to be,
 Or may be, if they will, and we prepare
 Their souls and ours to meet in happy air—
 A child, a friend, a wife whose soft heart
 sings

In unison with ours, breeding its future
 wings.

—:o:—

LAMAN BLANCHARD.

1803—1845.

MORNING.

WAKE from your misty nests—instantive
 wake,

Ye fine and numberless and sleepy things!
 The infant saviour of all blossomings
 From heaven's blue womb hath passed;
 and for the sake

Of Earth and her green family, doth make
In air redemption and soft gloryings.
The world, as though inspired, erectly flings
Its shadowy coronals away, to slake
A holy thirst for light; and one by one
The enamoured hills—with many a startled
dell,

Fountain and forest—blush before the sun!
Voices and wings are up, and waters swell;
And flowers, like clustered shepherds, have
begun

To ope their fragrant mouths, and heavenly
tidings tell.

—o—

EVENING.

ALREADY hath the day grown grey with
age; [crowned,
And in the west, like to a conqueror
Is faint with too much glory, on the ground
He flings his dazzling arms; and as a sage
Prepares him for a cloud-hung hermitage;
Where meditation meets him at the door;
And all around—on wall, and roof, and
floor—

Some pensive star unfolds its silver page
Of truth, which God's own hand hath tes-
tified.

Sweet eve! whom poets sing to as a bride,
Queen of the quiet—Eden of time's bright
map—

Thy look allures me from my hushed fire-
side, [tap,

And sharp leaves rustling at my casement
And beckon forth my mind to dream upon
thy lap.

—:o:—

ELIZABETH B. BROWNING.

1809—1861.

PATIENCE TAUGHT BY NATURE.

“O DREARY life!” we cry, “O dreary
life!”

And still the generations of the birds
Sing through our sighing, and the flocks
and herds

Serenely live while we are keeping strife
With heaven's true purpose in us, as a
knife [girds

Against which we may struggle. Ocean
Unslackened the dry land: savannah-
swards [and rife

Unweary sweep; hills watch, unworn;

Meek leaves drop yearly from the forest
trees, [pass
To show, above, the unwasted stars that
In their old glory. O thou God of old!
Grant me some smaller grace than comes
to these;—

But so much patience, as a blade of grass
Grows by contented through the heat and
cold.

—o—

LOVE.

I THOUGHT once how Theocritus had sung
Of the sweet years, the dear and wished-
for years, [pears

Who each one, in a gracious hand, ap-
To bear a gift for mortals old and young;
And as I mused it in his antique tongue,
I saw a gradual vision through my tears;
The sweet sad years, the melancholy years,
Those of my own life, who by turns had
flung [ware,

A shadow across me. Straightway I was
So weeping, how a mystic shape did move
Behind me, and drew me backwards by
the hair,

And a voice said in mastery while I strove,
“Guess now who holds thee?” “Death,”
I said; but there

The silver answer rang—“Not Death, but
Love.”

—:o:—

LORD LYTTON.

(OWEN MEREDITH.)

ALREADY evening; in the duskiest nook
Of yon dusk corner, under the Death's
head, [legended

Between the alembics, thrust this
And iron-bound and melancholy book;

For I will read no longer. The loud brook
Shelves his sharp light up shallow banks
thin-spread; [and red;

The slumb'rous west grows slowly red
Up from the ripened corn her silver hook
The moon is lifting; and deliciously

Along the warm blue hills the day declines.
The first star brightens while she waits
for me, [grows tight:

And round her swelling heart the zone
Musing, half sad, in her soft hair she twines
The white rose, whispering, “He will
come to-night.”

—:o:—

WILLIAM M. ROSSETTI.

SHELLEY'S HEART.

(Cor Cordium.)

TO EDWARD JOHN TRELAWNY.

"What surprised us all was that the heart remained entire. In snatching this relic from the fiery furnace, my hand was severely burnt."

—*Trelawny's Records of Shelley.*

TRELAWNY'S hand, which held'st the
sacred heart,
The heart of Shelley, and hast felt the
fire
Wherein the drossier framework of that
lyre

Of heaven and earth was molten,—but its
part

Immortal yet reverberates, and shall dart
Pangs of keen love to human souls, and
dire

Ecstatic sorrow of joy, as high and
higher

They mount to know thee, Shelley, what
thou art :—

Trelawny's hand did then the outward burn
As once the inward? O cor cordium.

Thou spirit of love scorched to a life-
less clot,

What other other flame was wont to
come

Lambent from thee to fainter hearts, and
turn

Their frost to fire of the sun's chariot!



SATIRES AND HUMOROUS POEMS.

BEN JONSON.

1573—1637.

WOMAN.

FOLLOW a shadow, it still flies you ;
Seem to fly it, it will pursue ;
So, court a mistress, she denies you ;
Let her alone, she will court you.
Say, are not women truly then
Styled but the shadows of us men ?

At morn and even shades are longest,
At noon they are or short or none ;
So men at weakest, they are strongest,
But grant us perfect, they're not known.
Say, are not women truly then
Styled but the shadows of us men ?

—:O:—

GEORGE WITHER.

1588—1667.

SHALL I, WASTING IN DESPAIR.

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair ?
Or make pale my cheeks with care
'Cause another's rosy are ?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flow'ry meads in May,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be ?

Should my heart be grieved or pined
'Cause I see a woman kind ?
Or a well disposèd nature
Joinèd with a lovely feature ?
Be she meeker, kinder than
Turtle-dove or pelican,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be ?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love ?
Or her well-deservings, known,
Make me quite forget my own ?
Be she with that goodness blest
Which may gain her name of best,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how good she be ?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die ?
Those that bear a noble mind,
Where they want of riches find,
Think what with them they would do,
That without them dare to woo ;
And unless that mind I see,
What care I how great she be ?

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair :
If she love me, this believe,
I will die e'er she shall grieve :
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go ;
For if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be ?

—:O:—

EARL OF ROCHESTER.

1647—1680.

LINES OVER
CHARLES THE SECOND'S
BED-ROOM DOOR.

HERE lies our sovereign Lord the King,
Whose word no man relies on,
Who never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one.

—:O:—

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

1613—1641.

PRITHEE.

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover ?
 Prithee why so pale ?
 Will, when looking well can't move her,
 Looking ill prevail ?
 Prithee why so pale ?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner ?
 Prithee why so mute ?
 Will, when speaking well can't win her,
 Saying nothing do't ?
 Prithee why so mute ?

Quit, quit, for shame ! this will not move,
 This cannot take her ;
 If of herself she will not love,
 Nothing can make her :
 Let who will take her.

—:O:—

SAMUEL BUTLER.

1612—1680.

REFLECTIONS OF HUDIBRAS IN
THE STOCKS.

" 'Tis not restraint or liberty
 That makes men prisoners or free,
 But perturbations that possess
 The mind or equanimities.
 The whole world was not half so wide
 To Alexander, when he cried
 Because he had but one to subdue
 As was a paltry narrow tub to
 Diogenes ; who is not said
 (For aught that ever I could read)
 To whine, put finger i' the eye, and sob
 Because he'd ne'er another tub.
 The ancients make two several kinds
 Of prowess in heroic minds,—
 The active and the passive val'ant,
 Both which are *pari libra* gallant ;
 For both to give blows and to carry
 In fights are equi-necessary ;
 But in defeats the passive stout
 Are always found to stand it out
 Most desp'rately, and to outdo
 'The active 'gainst a conquering foe.

* * * *

He that is valiant and dares fight,
 Though drubbed, can lose no honour by't.
 Honour's a lease for lives to come,
 And cannot be extended from
 The legal tenant ; 'tis a chattel
 Not to be forfeited in battle.
 If he that in the field is slain
 Be in the bed of Honour lain,
 He that is beaten may be said
 To lie in Honour's truckle bed."

—O—

ANTIQUITY DOES NOT MAKE
TRUTH.

'Tis not antiquity nor author
 Can make Truth, Truth, although Time's
 daughter.
 'Twas he that put her in the pit
 Before he pulled her out of it ;
 And as he eats his sons, just so
 He feeds upon his daughters too.
 Nor does it follow 'cause a herald
 Can make a gentleman scarce a year old
 To be descended of a race
 Of ancient kings in a small space,
 That we should all opinions hold
 Authentic, that we can make old.

—O—

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

—If we had not weighty cause
 To not appear in making laws,
 We could, in spite of all your tricks
 And shallow formal politics,
 Force you our managements t' obey,
 As we to yours (in show) give way.
 Hence 'tis that while you vainly strive
 T' advance your high prerogative,
 You basely, after all your braves,
 Submit, and own yourselves our slaves !
 And 'cause we do not make it known,
 Nor publicly our interests own,
 Like sots, suppose we have no shares
 In ordering you and your affairs ;
 When all your empire and command
 You have *from us* at second-hand !
 As if a pilot, that appears
 To sit still only, while he steers,
 And does not make a noise and stir
 Like every common mariner,
 Knew nothing of the card nor star,
 And did not guide the man-of-war !
 Nor we, because we don't appear
 In councils, do not govern there ;

While like the mighty Prester John,
Whose person none dares look upon,
But is preserved in close disguise
From being made cheap to vulgar eyes,
W' enjoy as large a power unseen
To govern him, as he does men.

* * * *

We make and execute all laws ;
Can judge the judges and the cause ;
Prescribe all rules of right and wrong
To the long robe and the longer tongue,
'Gainst which the world has no defence,
But our more powerful eloquence.
We manage things of greatest weight
In all the world's affairs of state ;
Are ministers of war and peace
That sway all nations as we please.

* * * *

We rule in every public meeting,
And make men do what we judge fitting ;
Are magistrates in all great towns,
Where men do nothing but wear gowns.
We make the man-of-war strike sail,
And to our braver conduct vail ;
And when he's chased his enemies,
Submit to us upon his knees.
Is there an officer of state
Untimely raised, or magistrate
That's haughty and imperious ?
He's but a journeyman to us,
That, as he gives us cause to do 't,
Can keep him in or turn him out.
We are your guardians, that increase
Or waste your fortunes how we please ;
And, as you humour us, can deal
In all your matters ill or well.

—:O:—

JOHN DRYDEN.

1631—1701.

CHARACTER OF AN AMBITIOUS, RESTLESS STATESMAN.

Of these the false Achitophel* was first—
A name to all succeeding ages curst ;
For close designs and crooked counsels fit,
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit ;
Restless, unfixed in principles and place,
In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace ;

* Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury,
but a type rather than an individual.

A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
And o'er-informed the tenement of clay.
A daring pilot in extremity,
Pleased with the danger, when the waves
went high

He sought the storm ; but for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast
his wit.

Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide ;
Else why should he, with wealth and
honour blest,

Refuse his age the needful hours of rest ?
Punish a body which he could not please,
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease ?
And all to leave what by his toil he won
To that unfeathered, two-legged thing—
a son !

* * *

In friendship false, implacable in hate,
Resolved to ruin or to rule the state ;
To compass this the triple bond he broke,
The pillars of the public safety shook,
And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke.
Then, seized with fear, yet still affecting
fame,

Usurped a patriot's all-atoning name ;
So easy still it proves, in factious times,
With public zeal to cancel private crimes.
How safe is treason, and how sacred ill,
Where none can sin against the people's
will ;

Where crowds can wink and no offence be
Since, in another's guilt, they find their
own !

* * *

Now, manifest of crimes contrived long
He stood at bold defiance with his prince ;
Held up the buckler of the people's cause
Against the Crown, and skulked behind
the laws.

—O—

CHARACTER OF VILLIERS, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

SOME of their chiefs were princes of the
land ;

In the first rank of these did Zimri stand,
A man so various that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome.
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was everything by turns, and nothing
long ;

But in the course of one revolving moon
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buf-
foon,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

1667—1744.

VERSES ON THE DEATH OF
DR. SWIFT.*Occasioned by reading the following
maxim in Rochefoucauld.*

“Dans l’adversité de nos meilleurs amis nous
trouvons toujours quelque choses, qui ne
nous déplaisent pas.”

“In the adversity of our best friends we al-
ways find something that doth not displease
us.”

AS ROCHEFOUCAULD his maxims drew
From nature, I believe them true:
They argue no corrupted mind
In him; the fault is in mankind.

This maxim, more than all the rest,
Is thought too base for human breast:—
“In all distresses of our friends
We first consult our private ends;
While nature, kindly bent to ease us,
Points out some circumstance to please us.”
If this, perhaps, your patience move,
Let reason and experience prove.

We all behold with envious eyes
Our equal raised above our size.
I love my friend as well as you;
But why should he obstruct my view?
Then let me have the higher post:
Suppose it but an inch at most.
If in a battle you should find
One, whom you love of all mankind,
Had some heroic action done,—
A champion killed or trophy won;
Rather than thus be overtopped,
Would you not wish his laurels cropt?
Dear honest Ned is in the gout,
Lies racked with pain, and you without;
How patiently you hear him groan!
How glad the case is not your own!

What poet would not grieve to see
His brother write as well as he?
But, rather than they should excel,
Would wish his rivals all in hell?

Her end when emulation misses,
She turns to envy, stings, and hisses:
The strongest friendship yields to pride,
Unless the odds be on our side.

Vain human-kind! fantastic race!
Thy various follies who can trace?

Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
Their empire in our hearts divide.
Give others riches, power, and station;
’Tis all on me an usurpation.
I have no title to aspire;
Yet, when you sink, I seem the higher.
In Pope I cannot read a line,
But with a sigh I wish it mine:
When he can in one couplet fix
More sense than I can do in six.

* * * * *

I grieve to be outdone by Gay
In my own humorous, biting way.
Arbutnot is no more my friend,
Who dares to irony pretend,
Which I was born to introduce,
Refined it first, and showed its use.
St. John,* as well as Pulteney,† knows
That I had some repute for prose;
And, till they drove me out of date,
Could maul a minister of state.
If they have mortified my pride,
And made me throw my pen aside,
If with such talents Heav’n hath blest ’em,
Have I not reason to detest ’em?

To all my foes, dear Fortune, send
Thy gifts, but never to my friend;
I tamely can endure the first,
But this with envy makes me burst.

Thus much may serve by way of proem;
Proceed we therefore to our poem.

The time is not remote, when I
Must by the course of nature die;
When, I foresee my special friends
Will try to find their private ends;
And, though ’tis hardly understood
Which way my death can do them good,
Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak:—
“See, how the Dean begins to break!
Poor gentleman! he droops apace!
You plainly find it in his face:
That old vertigo in his head
Will never leave him till he’s dead.
Besides, his memory decays;
He recollects not what he says;
He cannot call his friends to mind;
Forgets the place where last he dined;
Plies you with stories o’er and o’er;
He told them fifty times before.
How does he fancy we can sit
To hear his out-of-fashion wit?

* Lord Viscount Bolinbroke.

† William Pulteney, Esq.; now Earl of Bath.

But he takes up with younger folks,
Who for his wine will bear his jokes,
Faith, he must make his stories shorter,
Or change his comrades once a quarter;
In half the time he talks them round,
There must another set be found.

"For poetry he's past his prime;
He takes an hour to find a rhyme;
His fire is out, his wit decayed,
His fancy sunk, his Muse a jade.
I'd have him throw away his pen—
But there's no talking to some men."

And then their tenderness appears
By adding largely to my years:
"He's older than he would be reckoned,
And well remembers Charles the Second.
He hardly drinks a pint of wine;
And that, I doubt, is no good sign.
His stomach, too, begins to fail:
Last year we thought him strong and hale;
But now he's quite another thing—
I wish he may hold out till spring."
They hug themselves, and reason thus:
"It is not yet so bad with us."

In such a case they talk in tropes,
And by their fears express their hopes.
Some great misfortune to portend
No enemy can match a friend.
With all the kindness they profess,
The merit of a lucky guess
(When daily how-d'-ye's come of course,
And servants answer, "Worse and worse!")
Would please them better, than to tell
That, God be praised! the Dean is well.
Then he, who prophesied the best,
Approves his foresight to the rest:
"You know I always feared the worst,
And often told you so at first."
He'd rather chose that I should die
Than his prediction prove a lie.
Not one foretells I shall recover;
But all agree to give me over.

Yet, should some neighbour feel a pain
Just in the parts where I complain,
How many a message would he send?
What hearty prayers that I should mend?
Inquire what regimen I kept;
What gave me ease, and how I slept?
And more lament when I was dead,
Than all the sniv'lers round my bed.

My good companions, never fear;
For though you may mistake a year,

Though your prognostics run too fast,
They must be verified at last.

Behold the fatal day arrive!
"How is the Dean?" "He's just alive."
Now the departing prayer is read;
He hardly breathes—the Dean is dead.

Before the passing-bell begun,
The news through half the town has run.
"Oh! may we all for death prepare!
What has he left? and who's his heir?"
"I know no more than what the news is;
'Tis all bequeathed to public uses."
"To public uses! there's a whim!
What had the public done for him?
Mere envy, avarice, and pride;
He gave it all—but first he died.
And had the Dean, in all the nation
No worthy friend, no poor relation?
So ready to do strangers good,
Forgetting his own flesh and blood?"

Now Grub Streets wits are all employed;
With elegies the town is cloyed;
Some paragraph in every paper
To curse the Dean or bless the Drapier.
The doctors, tender of their fame,
Wisely on me lay all the blame:
"We must confess his case was nice,
But he would never take advice.
Had he been ruled, for aught appears,
He might have lived those twenty years;
For, when we opened him, we found
That all his vital parts were sound."
From Dublin soon to London spread,
'Tis told at court, the Dean is dead.
And Lady Suffolk* in the spleen
Runs laughing up to tell Queen.
The queen, so gracious, mild, and good,
Cries, "Is he gone? 'tis time he should."

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

Now Chartres†, at Sir Robert's‡ levee,
Tells with a sneer the tidings heavy:
"Why, if he died without his shoes,"
(Cries Bob) "I'm sorry for the news;

* Mrs. Howard, then Countess of Suffolk, and of the bedchamber to the late Queen.

† Colonel Francis Chartres.

‡ Sir Robert Walpole, then First Minister of State, afterwards Earl of Orford.

Oh, were the wretch but living still,
And in his place my good friend Will,*
Or had a mitre on his head,
Provided Bolingbroke was dead!"

Now Curl† his shop from rubbish drains:
Three genuine tomes of Swift's Remains!
And then, to make them pass the glibber,
Revised by Tibbalds, Moore, and Cibber.
He'll treat me, as he does my betters,
Publish my will, my life, my letters;‡
Revive the libels born to die;
Which Pope must bear as well as I.

Here shift the scene, to represent
How those I love my death lament.
Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay
A week, and Arbuthnot a day.

St. John himself will scarce forbear
To bite his pen and drop a tear.
The rest will give a shrug, and cry,
"I'm sorry—but we all must die!"

Indifference clad in wisdom's guise
All fortitude of mind supplies;
For how can stony bowels melt
In those who never pity felt?
When we were lashed, they kiss the rod,
Resigning to the will of God.

The fools my juniors by a year
Are tortured with suspense and fear;
Who wisely thought my age a screen,
When death approached, to stand between;
The screen removed, their hearts are trem-
bling;
They mourn for me without dissembling.

My female friends, whose tender hearts
Have better learned to act their parts,
Receive the news in doleful dumps:
"The Dean is dead (pray, what is trumps?)
Then, "Lord have mercy on his soul!
(Ladies, I'll venture for the vole).
Six deans, they say, must bear the pall
(I wish I knew what king to call).
Madam, your husband will attend
The funeral of so good a friend?"
"No, madam, 'tis a shocking sight;
And he's engaged to-morrow night;

* William Pulteney, Earl of Bath.

† An infamous bookseller, who published things in the Dean's name, which he never wrote.

‡ For some of these practices he was brought before the House of Lords.

My Lady Club will take it ill
If he should fail her at quadrille.
He loved the Dean—(I lead a heart);
But dearest friends, they say, must part.
His time is come; he ran his race;
We hope he's in a better place."

Why do we grieve that friends should die?

No loss more easy to supply.
One year is past; a different scene!
No further mention of the Dean,
Who now, alas! is no more missed,
Than if he never did exist.
Where's now the fav'rite of Apollo?
Departed,—and his works must follow,
Must undergo the common fate;
His kind of wit is out of date.

Some country squire to Lintot§ goes,
Inquires for Swift in verse and prose.
Says Lintot, "I have heard the name;
He died a year ago." "The same."
He searches all the shop in vain.
"Sir, you may find them in Duck Lane;||
I sent them, with a load of books,
Last Monday to the pastrycook's.
To fancy they could live a year!
I find you're but a stranger here.
The Dean was famous in his time,
And had a kind of knack at rhyme.
His way of writing now is past:
The town has got a better taste.
I keep no antiquated stuff,
But spick-and-span I have enough.
Pray, do but give me leave to show 'em:
Here's Colley Cibber's birthday poem.
This ode you never yet have seen
By Stephen Duck upon the Queen.
Then here's a letter finely penned
Against the Craftsman and his friend:
It clearly shows that all reflection
On ministers is disaffection.
Next, here's Sir Robert's vindication,
And Mr. Henley's¶ last oration.
The hawkers have not got them yet:
Your honour please to have a set?"

Suppose me dead; and then suppose
A club assembled at the Rose,
Where, from discourse of this and that,
I grow the subject of their chat.

§ Bernard Lintot, a bookseller. See Pope's "Dunciad" and letters.

|| A place where old books were sold.

¶ Commonly called Orator Henley, whose rhapsodies burlesqued religion and disgraced his country.

The Dean, if we believe report,
Was never ill received at court.
Although ironically grave,
He shamed the fool, and lashed the knave.

"Sir, I have heard another story:
He was a most confounded Tory,
And grew, or he is much belied,
Extremely dull before he died."

Can we the Drapier then forget?
Is not our nation in his debt?

'Twas he that writ the Drapier's Letters!

"He should have left them for his
betters;

We had a hundred abler men,
Nor need depend upon his pen.—
Say what you will about his reading,
You never can defend his breeding;
Who, in his satires running riot,
Could never leave the world in quiet;
Attacking, when he took the whim,
Court, city, camp,—all one to him.

"But why would he, except he slob-
bered,

Offend our patriot, great Sir Robert,
Whose counsels aid the sovereign power
To save the nation every hour?
What scenes of evil he unravels
In satires, libels, lying travels!
Not sparing his own clergy-cloth,
But eats into it like a moth."

Perhaps I may allow, the Dean
Had too much satire in his vein,
And seemed determined not to starve it,
Because no age could more deserve it.
Vice, if it e'er can be abashed,
Must be or ridiculed or lashed.
If you resent it, who's to blame?
He neither knew you, nor your name:
Should vice expect to 'scape rebuke,
Because its owner is a duke?
His friendships, still to few confined,
Were always of the middling kind;
No fools of rank or mongrel breed,
Who fain would pass for lords indeed,
Where titles give no right or power,
And peerage is a withered flower.
He would have deemed it a disgrace,
If such a wretch had known his face.
He never thought an honour done him
Because a peer was proud to own him;
Would rather slip aside, and choose
To talk with wits in dirty shoes,

And scorn the tools with stars and garters
So often seen caressing Chartres.

He kept with princes due decorum,
Yet never stood in awe before 'em.
He followed David's lesson just,—
In princes never put his trust;
And, would you make him truly sour,
Provoke him with a slave in power.

"Alas, poor Dean! his only scope
Was to be held a misanthrope.
This into gen'ral odium drew him,
Which if he liked, much good may 't do
him.

His zeal was not to lash our crimes,
But discontent against the times;
For, had we made him timely offers
To raise his post or fill his coffers,
Perhaps he might have truckled down,
Like other brethren of his gown.
For party he would scarce have bled:
I say no more,—because he's dead.—
"What writings has he left behind?—
I hear they're of a different kind:
A few in verse, but most in prose;
Some high-flown pamphlets, I suppose,—
All scribbled in the worst of times,
To palliate his friend Oxford's crimes,
To praise Queen Anne, nay more, defend
her,

As never fav'ring the Pretender;—
Or libels yet concealed from sight,
Against the court to show his spite;—
Perhaps his *Travels*, Part the Third;
A lie at ev'ry second word—
Offensive to a loyal ear,—
But—not one sermon, you may swear."

As for his works in verse or prose,
I own myself no judge of those.
Nor can I tell what critics thought 'em;
But this I know, all people bought 'em,
As with a moral view designed,
To please and to reform mankind;
And if he often missed his aim,
The world must own it, to their shame,
The praise is his, and theirs the blame.
He gave the little wealth he had
To build a house for fools and mad;
To show, by one satiric touch,
No nation wanted it so much.
And, since you dread no further lashes,
Methinks you may forgive his ashes.

SWIFT AND POPE.

IMITATION OF THE SIXTH
SATIRE OF THE SECOND BOOK
OF HORACE.

I've often wished that I had clear,
For life, six hundred pounds a year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terrace walk, and half a rood
Of land set out to plant a wood.

Well, now I have all this and more,
I ask not to increase my store;
"But here a grievance seems to lie,—
All this is mine but till I die;
I can't but think 'twould sound more
clever,

To me and to my heirs for ever.
If I ne'er got or lost a groat,
By any trick, or any fault;
And if I pray by reason's rules,
And not like forty other fools;
As thus, 'Vouchsafe, O gracious Maker!
To grant me this and t'other acre;
Or, if it be Thy will and pleasure,
Direct my plough to find a treasure!
But only what my station fits,
And to be kept in my right wits,
Preserve, Almighty Providence!
Just what you gave me, competence!
And let me in these shades compose
Something in verse as true as prose;
Removed from all the ambitious scene,
Nor puffed by pride, nor sunk by spleen."

In short, I'm perfectly content,
Let me but live on this side Trent;
Nor cross the channel twice a year,
To spend six months with statesmen here.

I must by all means come to town,
'Tis for the service of the Crown.

"Lewis, the Dean will be of use;
Send for him up, take no excuse."
The toil, the danger of the seas,
Great ministers ne'er think of these;
Or let it cost five hundred pound,
No matter where the money's found,
It is but so much more in debt,
And that they ne'er considered yet.

"Good Mr. Dean, go change your gown,
Let my lord know you're come to town."

I hurry me in haste away,
Not thinking it is *levée* day;

And find his Honour in a pound,
Hemmed by a triple circle round,
Chequered with ribbons blue and green:
How should I thrust myself between?
Some wag observes me thus perplexed,
And, smiling, whispers to the next,
"I thought the Dean had been to
proud

To jostle here among the crowd!"

Another in a surly fit
Tells me I have more zeal than wit:

"So eager to express your love,
You ne'er consider whom you shove,
But rudely press before a duke."
I own I'm pleased with this rebuke,
And take it kindly meant to show
What I desire the world should know.

I get a whisper, and withdraw;
When twenty fools I never saw
Come with petitions fairly penned,
Desiring I would stand their friend.

This humbly offers me his case—
That begs my interest for a place.
A hundred other men's affairs,
Like bees are humming in my ears.

"To-morrow my appeal comes on;
Without your help the cause is gone"—
"The duke expects my lord and you,
About some great affair or two"—

"Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind,
To get my warrant quickly signed:
Consider, 'tis my first request,"—

"Be satisfied, I'll do my best."
Then presently he falls to tease,
"You may for certain, if you please:
I doubt not, if his lordship knew—
And, Mr. Dean, one word from you"—

'Tis (let me see) three years and more
(October next it will be four)
Since Harley bid me first attend,
And chose me for an humble friend;
Would take me in his coach to chat,
And question me of this and that;
As "What's o'clock?" and "How's the
wind?"

Whose chariot's that we left behind?"
Or gravely try to read the lines
Writ underneath the country signs;
Or, "Have you nothing new to-day
From Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay?"
Such tattle often entertains
My lord and me as far as Staines,
As once a week we travel down
To Windsor, and again to town.

Where all that passes *inter nos*
Might be proclaimed at Charing Cross.

Yet some I know with envy swell
Because they see me used so well.
"How think you of our friend the Dean?
I wonder what some people mean!
My lord and he are grown so great
Always together *tête-à-tête*;
What! they admire him for his jokes!—
See but the fortune of some folks!"

There flies about a strange report
Of some express arrived at court!
I'm stopped by all the fools I meet,
And catechised in every street.

"You, Mr. Dean, frequent the great;
Inform us, will the Emperor treat?
Or do the prints and papers lie?"
"Faith, sir, you know as much as I."
"Ah, Doctor, how you love to jest!
'Tis now no secret."—"I protest
'Tis one to me."—"Then tell us, pray,
When are the troops to have their pay?"
And though I solemnly declare
I know no more than my lord mayor,
They stand amazed, and think me grown
The closest mortal ever known.

Thus in a sea of folly tost,
My choicest hours of life are lost,
Yet always wishing to retreat.
Oh, could I see my country seat!
There leaning near a gentle brook,
Sleep, or peruse some ancient book!
And there in sweet oblivion drown
Those cares that haunt the court and town.
O charming noons and nights divine!
Or when I sup or when I dine,
My friends above, my folks below,
Chatting and laughing all a-row,
The beans and bacon set before 'em,
The grace-cup served with all decorum:
Each willing to be pleased and please,
And even the very dogs at ease!
Here no man prates of idle things,
How this or that Italian sings,
A neighbour's madness, or his spouse's,
Or what's in either of the Houses;
But something much more our concern,
And quite a scandal not to learn:
Which is the happier or the wiser,
A man of merit or a miser?
Whether we ought to choose our friends
For their own worth or our own ends?
What good or better we may call,
And what the very best of all?

Our friend Dan Prior told (you know)
A tale extremely *à propos*:
Name a town life, and in a trice
He had a story of Two Mice.
Once on a time (so runs the fable)
A country mouse right hospitable,
Received a town mouse at his board,
Just as a farmer might a lord.
A frugal mouse upon the whole,
Yet loved his friend, and had a soul,
Knew what was handsome, and would do 't,
On just occasion "*conte qui conte*."
He brought him bacon (nothing lean),
Pudding that might have pleased a dean;
Cheese such as men in Suffolk make,
But wished it Stilton for his sake;
Yet, to his guest though no way sparing,
He ate himself the rind and paring.
Our courtier scarce could touch a bit,
But showed his breeding and his wit;
He did his best to seem to eat,
And cried, "I vow you're mighty neat,
But lord! my friend, this savage scene!
For God's sake, come, and live with men.
Consider, mice, like men, must die!
Both small and great, both you and I;
Then spend your life in joy and sport,
(This doctrine, friend, I learnt at court.)"
The veriest hermit in the nation
May yield, God knows, to strong tempta-
tion."
Away they came, through thick and thin,
To a tall house near Lincoln's Inn:
('Twas on the night of a debate,
When all their lordships had sat late.)

Behold the place, where, if a poet
Shined in description, he might show it;
Tell how the moonbeam trembling falls,
And tips with silver all the walls;
Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
Grotesco roofs, and stucco floors;
But let it (in a word) be said,
The moon was up, and men abed,
The napkins white, the carpet red;
The guests withdrawn, had left the treat,
And down the mice sat, *tête-à-tête*.

Our courtier walks from dish to dish,
Tastes for his friend of fowl and fish;
Tells all their names, lays down the law,
"*Que ça est bon! Ah, goûtez ça!*"
That jelly's rich, this malmsey healing,
Pray dip your whiskers and your tail in."
Was ever such a happy swain?
He stuffs and swills, and stuffs again.
"I'm quite ashamed—'tis mighty rude
To eat so much—but all's so good.

I have a thousand thanks to give—
 My lord alone knows how to live."
 No sooner said, but from the hall
 Rush chaplain, butler, dogs and all:
 "A rat, a rat! clap to the door!"—
 The cat comes bouncing on the floor.
 Oh for the heart of Homer's mice,
 Or gods to save them in a trice!
 (It was by Providence they think,
 For your d——d stucco has no chink.)
 "An't please your honour," quoth the
 peasant,
 "This same desert is not so pleasant:
 Give me again my hollow tree,
 A crust of bread and liberty!"

—:o:—

ALEXANDER POPE.

1688—1744.

POWER OF SATIRE.

F. YOU'RE strangely proud.

P. So proud, I am no slave;
 So impudent, I own myself no knave;
 So odd, my country's ruin makes me grave.
 Yes, I am proud; I must be proud to see
 Men not afraid of God, afraid of me:
 Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the
 throne,
 Yet touched and shamed by ridicule alone.
 O sacred weapon! left for Truth's de-
 fence,
 Sole dread of folly, vice, and insolence!
 To all but Heaven-directed hands denied,
 The Muse may give thee, but the gods
 must guide.

Rev'rent I touch thee! but with honest
 zeal,

To rouse the watchmen of the public weal;
 To virtue's work provoke the tardy Hall,
 And goad the prelate slumbering in his
 stall.

Ye tinsel insects! whom a court maintains,
 That counts your beauties only by your
 stains,

Spin all your cobwebs o'er the eye of day!
 The Muse's wing shall brush you all away:
 All his grace preaches, all his lordship
 sings,

All that makes saints of queens, and gods
 of kings,

All, all but truth, drops dead-born from
 the press,

Like the last gazette, or the last address.

When black ambition stains a public
 cause,
 A monarch's sword when mad vainglory
 draws,
 Not Waller's wreath can hide the nation's
 scar,
 Nor Boileau turn the feather to a star.
 Not so, when diademed with rays divine,
 Touched with the flame that breaks from
 Virtue's shrine,
 Her priestess Muse forbids the good to die,
 And opes the temple of eternity.

* * *

Let envy howl, while heaven's whole chorus
 sings,
 And bark at honour not conferred by kings;
 Let flatt'ry sickening see the incense rise,
 Sweet to the world, and grateful to the
 skies:

Truth guards the poet, sanctifies the line,
 And makes immortal, verse as mean as
 mine.

Yes, the last pen for freedom let me
 draw,
 When truth stands trembling on the edge
 of law;

Here, last of Britons! let your names be
 read;

Are none, none living?—let me praise the
 dead,

And for that cause which made your fathers
 shine,

Fall by the votes of their degen'rate line.

F. Alas! alas! pray end what you be-
 gan,

And write next winter more Essays on Man.

—o—

CONTRARIETIES OF HUMAN CHARACTER.

In vain sedate reflections we would make,
 When half our knowledge we must snatch,
 not take.

Of, in the passions' wild rotation tost,
 Our spring of action to ourselves is lost:
 Tired, not determined, to the last we yield,
 And what comes then is master of the field,
 As the last image of that troubled heap,
 When sense subsides, and fancy sports in
 sleep

(Though past the recollection of the
 thought),

Becomes the stuff of which our dream is
 wrought:

Something as dim to our internal view,
 Is thus, perhaps, the cause of most we do.

True, some are open, and to all men known;
 Others so very close, they're hid from none.
 (So darkness strikes the sense no less than light.)
 Thus gracious Chandos* is beloved at sight;
 And every child hates Shylock, though his soul
 Still sits at squat, and peeps not from his hole.
 At half mankind when generous Manly raves,†
 All know 'tis virtue, for he thinks them knaves.
 When universal homage Umbra pays,‡
 All see 'tis vice and itch of vulgar praise.
 When flattery glares, all hate it in a queen,§
 While one there is who charms us with his spleen.||

But these plain characters we rarely find.
 Though strong the bent, yet quick the turns of mind:
 Or puzzling contraries confound the whole,
 Or affectations quite reverse the soul.
 The dull, flat falsehood serves for policy;
 And in the cunning, truth itself's a lie:
 Unthought-of frailties cheat us in the wise;
 The fool lies hid in inconsistencies.

See the same man, in vigour, in the gout;
 Alone, in company; in place or out;
 Early at business, and at hazard late;
 Mad at a fox-chase, wise at a debate;
 Drunk at a borough, civil at a ball;
 Friendly at Hackney, faithless at Whitehall.

Catius is ever moral, ever grave,
 Thinks who endures a knave is next a knave;
 Save just at dinner—then prefers, no doubt,
 A rogue with venison to a saint without,

* "Chandos." James Brydges, first Duke of Chandos.

† "Manly." The principal character in Wycherly's "Plain Dealer," a comedy taken from Molière's "Misanthrope."

‡ "Umbra" was supposed to be Bubb Doddington, the favourite adviser of Augusta, Princess of Wales, mother of George III. For political subserviency to Sir Robert Walpole he was created Lord Melcombe-Regis.

§ Meaning Queen Caroline, Consort of George II., whom he disliked.

|| Dean Swift.

Who would not praise Patritio's¶ high desert,
 His hand unstained, his uncorrupted heart,
 His comprehensive head! all interests weighed,
 All Europe saved, yet Britain not betrayed.
 He thanks you not, his pride is in piquet,
 Newmarket fame, and judgment at a bet.

What made (say, Montagne,** or more sage Charron)
 Otho a warrior, Cromwell a buffoon?
 A perjured prince a leaden saint revere,††
 A godless regent tremble at a star?
 The throne a bigot keep, a genius quit,§§
 Faithless through piety, and duped through wit?
 Europe a woman, child, or dotard rule,||||
 And just her wisest monarch made a fool?

Know, God and Nature only are the same:
 In man, the judgment shoots at flying game,
 A bird of passage! gone as soon as found,
 Now in the moon, perhaps, now underground.

—O—

THE RULING PASSION.

SEARCH then the Ruling Passion: there, alone,
 The wild are constant, and the cunning known;
 The fool consistent, and the false sincere;
 Priests, princes, women, no dissemblers here.

¶ Lord Godolphin: "though he was a great gamester," says Warton, "yet he was an able and honest minister."

** Montaigne, the celebrated French essayist—his name was often thus spelt in Pope's time. He lived between 1533 and 1592. Peter Charron was his dearest friend; he permitted Charron to bear the Montaigne arms.

†† Louis XI. of France wore in his hat a leaden image of the Virgin Mary, which, when he swore by, he feared to break his oath.—*Pope.*

‡‡ The Regent Duke of Orleans, who, though an infidel, believed in astrology.

§§ Philip V. of Spain, who, after renouncing the throne for religion, resumed it to gratify his Queen; and Victor Amadeus II., King of Sardinia, who resigned the crown, and, trying to resume it, was imprisoned till his death.—*Pope.*

|||| The Czarina Catherine II., the King of France, then a child, the Pope, and the King of Sardinia.

This clue once found, unravels all the rest,
The prospect clears, and Wharton stands
confest.*

Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our
days,

Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise :
Born with whate'er could win it from the
wise,

Women and fools must him like, or he dies;
Though wond'ring senates hung on all he
spoke,

The club must hail him master of the joke.
Shall parts so various aim at nothing new?
He'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot too.

* * * * *

Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
And wanting nothing but an honest heart;
Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt;
And most contemptible, to shun contempt:
His passion still, to covet general praise,
His life, to forfeit it a thousand ways;
A constant bounty which no friend has
made;

An angel tongue, which no man can per-
suade;

A fool, with more of wit than half man-
kind;

Too rash for thought, for action too refined;
A tyrant to the wife his heart approves;
A rebel to the very king he loves;

He dies, sad outcast of each church and
state,

And, harder still! flagitious, yet not great.
Ask you why Wharton broke through every
rule?

'Twas all for fear the knaves should call
him fool.

Nature well known no prodigies remain,
Comets are regular, and Wharton plain.

* * * * *

'The frugal crone, whom praying priests
attend,

Still tries to save the hallowed taper's end,
Collects her breath, as ebbing life retires,
For one puff more, and in that puff expires.

"Odious! in woollen! 'twould a saint
provoke,"

(Were the last words that poor Narcissa
spoke).

* Philip, Duke of Wharton, born 1698; died
a monk in Spain, 1731. His e-centric and
dissipated career rendered him remarkable.
He was, towards the end of his life, attached
to the Court of the Pretender.

"No, let a charming chintz and Brussels
lace [less face:]

Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my life—
One would not, sure, be frightful when
one's dead—

And—Betty—give this a cheek little red."

The courtier smooth, who forty years
had shined

An humble servant to all human kind,
Just brought out this, when scarce his
tongue could stir, [sir?]

"If—where I'm going—I could serve you,

"I give and I devise" (old Euclio said,
And sighed) "my lands and tenements to
Ned."

"Your money, sir?" "My money, sir!
what, all?"

Why,—if I must" (then wept) "I give it
Paul."

"The manor, sir?"—"The manor! hold,"
he cried, [and died.*]

"Not that,—I cannot part with that,"—

And you, brave Cobham! to the latest
breath [death:]

Shall feel your ruling passion strong in
Such in those moments as in all the past,

"Oh, save my country, Heaven!" shall be
your last.

—o—

CHARACTERISTICS OF WOMAN.

BUT grant, in public men sometimes are
shown,

A woman's seen in private life alone:

Our bolder talents in full light displayed;

Your virtues open fairest in the shade.

Bred to disguise, in public 'tis you hide;

There, none distinguish 'twixt your shame
or pride,

Weakness or delicacy; all so nice,

That each may seem a virtue, or a vice.

In men, we various ruling passions find;

In women, two almost divide the kind;

Those, only fixed, they first or last obey,

The love of pleasure, and the love of sway.

That, nature gives; and where the lesson
taught

Is but to please, can pleasure seem a fault?

Experience, this; by man's oppression
curst,

They seek the second not to lose the first.

* Sir William Bateman used those very words
on his death-bed,—*Warton*.

Men, some to bus'ness, some to pleasure
take,

But ev'ry woman is at heart a rake :
Men, some to quiet, some to public strife;
But ev'ry lady would be queen for life.
Yet mark the fate of a whole sex of queens!
Pow'r all their end, but beauty all the
means :

In youth they conquer with so wild a rage
As leaves them scarce a subject in their age:
For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam;
No thought of peace or happiness at home.
But wisdom's triumph is well-timed retreat,
As hard a science to the fair as great!
Beauties, like tyrants, old and friendless
grown,

Yet h'ate repose, and dread to be alone;
Worn out in public, weary ev'ry eye,
Nor leave one sigh behind them when they
die.

* * * * *

See how the world its veterans rewards!
A youth of frolics, an old age of cards;
Fair to no purpose, artful to no end,
Young without lovers, old without a friend;
A love their passion, but their prize a sot;
Alive ridiculous, and dead, forgot!

Ah, friend! to dazzle let the vain design;
To raise the thought, and touch the heart
be thine :

That charm shall grow, while what fatigues
the Ring, [thing :
Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded
So when the sun's broad beam has tired
the sight, [light,
All mild ascends the moon's more sober
Serene in virgin modesty she shines,
And unobserved the glaring orb declines.

Oh! blest with temper, whose unclouded
ray

Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day ;
She, who can love a sister's charms, or hear;
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear;
She, who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules;
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humour most when she obeys;
Let fops or fortune fly which way they will;
Disdains all loss of tickets or codille; [all,
Spleen, vapours, or small-pox, above them
And mistress of herself, though china fall.

And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman's at best a contradiction still.

Heav'n, when it strives to polish all it can
Its last best work, but forms a softer man;
Picks from each sex, to make the fav'rite
blest,

Your love of pleasure, our desire of rest ;
Blends, in exception to all gen'ral rules,
Your taste of follies with our scorn of fools:
Reserve with frankness, art with truth
allied,
Courage with softness, modesty with pride;
Fixed principles, with fancy ever new ;
Shakes all together, and produces—you.

Be this a woman's fame: with this un-
blest, [jest.
Toasts live a scorn, and queens may die a
This Phœbus promised (I forget the year)
When those blue eyes first opened on the
sphere;

Ascendent Phœbus watched that hour with
care,

Averted half your parents' simple pray'r,
And gave you beauty, but denied the pelf
That buys your sex a tyrant o'er itself.
The generous God, who wit and gold re-
fines,

And ripens spirits as He ripens mines,
Kept dross for duchesses, the world shall
know it,

To you gave sense, good-humour, and a
poet.

—:O:—

MATTHEW PRIOR.

1664—1721.

EPIGRAM.

I LOVED thee, beautiful and kind,
And plighted an eternal vow ;
So altered are thy face and mind—
'Twere perjury to love thee now.

—:O:—

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

1728—1774.

AN ELEGY ON THE GLORY OF HER SEX, MRS. MARY BLAIZE.

GOOD people all, with one accord
Lament for Madam Blaize,
Who never wanted a good word—
From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom passed her door,
And always found her kind;
She freely lent to all the poor—
Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighbourhood to please
With manners wondrous winning;
And never followed wicked ways—
Unless when she was sinning.

At church, in silks and satins new,
With hoop of monstrous size,
She never slumbered in her pew—
But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux and more;
The king himself has followed her—
When she has walked before.

But now her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut short all;
The doctors found, when she was dead—
Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament in sorrow sore,
For Kent Street well may say
That had she lived a twelvemonth more—
She had not died to-day.

—o—

BURLESQUE ELEGY.

YE muses, pour the pitying tear
For Pollio snatched away;
Oh, had he lived another year—
He had not died to-day.

Oh, were he born to bless mankind
In virtuous times of yore,
Heroes themselves had fall'n behind—
Whene'er he went before.

How sad the groves and plains appear,
And sympathetic sheep:
Ev'n pitying hills would drop a tear—
If hills could learn to weep.

His bounty in exalted strain
Each bard may well display,
Since none implored relief in vain—
That went relieved away.

And hark! I hear the tuneful throng
His obsequies forbid:
He still shall live, shall live as long—
As ever dead man did.

—o—

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A
MAD DOG.

Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song,
And if you find it wondrous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say
That still a godly race he ran—
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad—
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain some private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring streets
The wond'ring neighbours ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seemed both sore and sad
To every Christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That showed the rogues they lied,—
The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that died!

—:o:—

WILLIAM COWPER.

1731—1800.

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF
JOHN GILPIN.

Showing how he went farther than he intended, and came safe home again.

The story of John Gilpin's ride was related to Cowper by his friend, Lady Austen, who had heard it as a child. It caused the poet a sleepless night, we are told, as he was kept

awake by laughter at it. During these restless hours he turned it into the famous ballad. It appeared in the "Public Advertiser," November 14th, 1782, anonymously.

A celebrated actor named Henderson took it for one of his public recitations at Freemasons' Hall. It became immediately so popular that it was printed everywhere—in newspapers, magazines, and separately. It was even sung as a common ballad in the streets. It has preserved its popularity to the present date.

The original John Gilpin was, it is said, a Mr. Beyer, a linendraper, who lived at the Cheapside corner of Paternoster Row. He died in 1791, at the age of nearly a hundred years.

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A trainband captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
"Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister, and my sister's child,
Myself, and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we."

He soon replied, "I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

"I am a linendraper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, "That's well said:
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
O'erjoyed was he to find
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in;
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the
wheels,
Were never folks so glad!
The stones did rattle underneath
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,—
But soon came down again;

For saddletree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came downstairs—
"The wine is left behind!"

"Good lack!" quoth he; "yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red coat, well brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smother road
 Beneath his well-shod feet,
 The snorting beast began to trot,
 Which galled him in his seat.

So "Fair and softly," John he cried,
 But John he cried in vain;
 That trot became a gallop soon,
 In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
 Who cannot sit upright,
 He grasped the mane with both his hands,
 And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
 Had handled been before,
 What thing upon his back had got
 Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
 Away went hat and wig;
 He little dreamt, when he set out,
 Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly
 Like streamer long and gay,
 Till loop and button failing both,
 At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
 The bottles he had slung;
 A bottle swinging at each side,
 As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
 Up flew the windows all;
 And every soul cried out, "Well done!"
 As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
 His fame soon spread around:
 "He carries weight!" "He rides a race!"
 "'Tis for a thousand pound!"

And still, as fast as he drew near,
 'Twas wonderful to view
 How in a-trice the turnpike men
 Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
 His reeking head full low,
 The bottles twain behind his back
 Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
 Most piteous to be seen,
 Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
 As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
 With leathern girdle braced;
 For all might see the bottle-necks
 Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
 These gambols he did play,
 Until he came unto the Wash
 Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the Wash about,
 On both sides of the way,
 Just like unto a trundling mop,
 Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton, his loving wife
 From the balcony spied
 Her tender husband, wondering much
 To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—Here's the
 house!"
 They all at once did cry;
 "The dinner waits, and we are tired."
 Said Gilpin, "So am I!"

But yet his horse was not a whit
 Inclined to tarry there;
 For why?—his owner had a house
 Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
 Shot by an archer strong;
 So did he fly—which brings me to
 The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
 And sore against his will,
 Till, at his friend the calender's,
 His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
 His neighbour in such trim,
 Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
 And thus accosted him:—

"What news? what news? your tidings
 tell;
 Tell me you must and shall—
 Say why bareheaded you are come,
 Or why you come at all?"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke;
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke:—

“I came because your horse would come;
And, if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here,—
They are upon the road.”

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in;

Whence straight he came with hat and
wig;
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus showed his ready wit:
‘My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

“But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case.”

Said John, “It is my wedding day,
And all the world would stare
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware.”

So turning to his horse, he said,
“I am in haste to dine;
’Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine.”

Ah! luckless speech, and bootless boast,
For which he paid full dear;
For while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin’s hat and wig:
He lost them sooner than at first,
For why?—they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half a crown;

And thus unto the youth she said
That drove them to the Bell,
“This shall be yours, when you bring
back
My husband safe and well.”

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain;
Whom in a trice he tried to stop
By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frightened steed he frightened more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went postboy at his heels,
The postboy’s horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With postboy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry:— [man!”

“Stop thief! stop thief!—a highway-
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike-gates again
Flew open in short space;
The tollmen thinking, as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town;
Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing long live the King,
And Gilpin, long live he;
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!

—o—

SATIRE.

UNLESS a love of virtue light the flame,
Satire is, more than those he brands, to
blame;

He hides behind a magisterial air
 His own offences, and strips others bare;
 Affects indeed a most humane concern
 That men, if gently tutored, will not learn;
 That mulish folly, not to be reclaimed
 By softer methods, must be made ashamed;
 But (I might instance in St. Patrick's Dean)*
 Too often rails to gratify his spleen.
 Most satirists are indeed a public scourge;
 Their mildest physic is a farrier's purge;
 Their acrid temper turns, as soon as
 stirred,

The milk of their good purpose all to curd.
 Their zeal begotten, as their works re-
 hearse,

By lean despair upon an empty purse,
 The wild assassins start into the street,
 Prepared to poniard whomso'er they meet.
 No skill in swordmanship, however just,
 Can be secure against a madman's thrust;
 And even virtue, so unfairly matched,
 Although immortal, may be pricked or
 scratched.

When scandal has new minted an old lie,
 Or taxed invention for a fresh supply,
 'Tis called a satire, and the world appears
 Gathering around it with erected ears:

A thousand names are tossed into the
 crowd, [aloud,

Some whispered softly, and some twanged
 Just as the sapience of an author's brain
 Suggests it safe or dangerous to be plain.
 Strange! how the frequent interjected dash
 Quickens a market, and helps off the trash;
 The important letters that include the rest
 Serve as a key to those that are suppress;
 Conjecture gripes the victims in his paw,
 The world is charmed, and Scrib escapes
 the law.

So when the cold damp shades of night
 prevail,

Worms may be caught by either head or
 tail;

Forcibly drawn from many a close recess,
 They meet with little pity, no redress;
 Plunged in the stream, they lodge upon the
 mud,

Food for the famished rovers of the flood.

All zeal for a reform that gives offence
 To peace and charity is mere pretence:
 A bold remark, but which, if well applied,
 Would humble many a towering poet's
 pride.

Perhaps the man was in a sportive fit,
 And had no other play-place for his wit;

* Dean Swift.

Perhaps, enchanted with the love of fame,
 He sought the jewel in his neighbour's
 shame;

Perhaps—whatever end he might pursue,
 The cause of virtue could not be his view.
 At every stroke wit flashes in our eyes;
 The turns are quick, the polished points
 surprise,

But shine with cruel and tremendous
 charms, [alarms.

That, while they please, possess us with
 So have I seen (and hastened to the sight
 On all the wings of holiday delight),

Where stands that monument of ancient
 power,

Named with emphatic dignity, the Tower,
 Guns, halberds, swords and pistols, great
 and small,

In starry forms disposed upon the wall:

We wonder, as we gazing stand below,
 That brass and steel should make so fine
 a show; [skill,

But though we praise the exact designer's
 Account them implements of mischief still.

—o—

THE MODERN PATRIOT.

REBELLION is my theme all day;

I only wish 't would come
 (As who knows but perhaps it may?)
 A little nearer home.

Yon roaring boys, who rave and fight

On t' other side the Atlantic,
 I always held them in the right,
 But most so when most frantic.

When lawless mobs insult the court,

That man shall be my toast,
 If breaking windows be the sport,
 Who bravely breaks the most.

But oh! for him my fancy culls

The choicest flowers she bears,
 Who constitutionally pulls
 Your house about your ears.

Such civil broils are my delight,

Though some folks can't endure them,
 Who say the mob are mad outright,
 And that a rope must cure them.

A rope! I wish we patriots had

Such strings for all who need 'em—
 What? hang a man for going mad!
 Then farewell British freedom.

—:o:—

ROBERT BURNS.

1759—1796.

TAM O' SHANTER. A TALE.

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neebors neebors meet,
As market-days are wearin' late,
An' folk begin to tak' the gate :
While we sit bousing at the nappy,
An' getting fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, an' stiles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Whare sits our sulky sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses
For honest men and bonny lasses).

O Tam, hadst thou but been sae wise
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice !
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
A blethering, blustering, drunken bhellum ;
That frae November to October,
Ae market-day thou was nae sober,
That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller,
That every naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on ;
That at the Lord's house, e'en on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean til Monday.
She prophesied that, late or soon,
'Thou wad be found deep drowned in Doon,
Or caught wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames, it gars me greet
To think how mony counsels sweet,
How mony lengthened sage advices
The husband fra the wife despises !

But to our tale. Ae market night,
Tam had got planted unco right
Fast by an ingle bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely ;
And at his elbow Souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony :
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither ;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
The night dave on wi' sangs an' clatter,
And aye the ale was growing better ;
The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
Wi' favours secret, sweet, and precious ;

The Souter tauld his queerest stories ;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus ;
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whustle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drowned himself among the nappy.
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes winged their way wi' pleasure.
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills of life victorious.
But pleasures are like poppies spread—
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed ;
Or like the snow falls in the river—
A moment white, then melts for ever ;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place ;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
Evanishing amid the storm.

Nae man can tether time or tide :
The hour approaches Tam maun ride ;
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in ;
And sic a night he tacks the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.
The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last ;
The rattling show'rs rose on the blast ;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallowed,
Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellowed :
That night a child might understand
The deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his grey mare McG
(A better never lifted leg),
Tam skelpit on through dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire ;
Whiles hauding fast his guid blue bonnet,
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots
sonnet ;
Whiles glow'ring round with prudent care,
Lest bogles catch him unaware :
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Where ghaists and houlets nightly cry.

By this time he was cross the ford,
Whare in the snaw the chapman smoored ;
And past the birks and meikle stane
Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane ;
And through the whins, and by the cairn,
Whare hunters fand the murdered bairn ;
And near the thorn aboon the well,
Whare Mungo's mither hanged hersel'.
Before him Doon pours all his floods ;
The doubling storm roars through the
wuds ;

The lightnings flash from pole to pole ;
Near and more near the thunders roll ;
When, glimmering thro' the groaning
trees,
Kirk-Alloway seemed in a bleeze ;
Through ilka bore the beams were glanc-
ing,
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn !
What dangers thou canst make us scorn !
Wi' tippenny we fear nae evil ;
Wi' usquebae we'll face the devil !
The swats sae reamed in Tammie's noddle,
Fair play, he cared na deils a bodle ;
But Maggie stood right sair astonished,
Till, by the heel and hand admonished,
She ventured forward on the light,
And wow ! Tam saw an unco sight !
Warlocks and witches in a dance !
Nae cotillion, brent-new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels
Put life and mettle in their heels.
At winnock-bunker in the shape,
There sat auld Nick in shape o' beast :
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
To gie them music was his charge :
He screwed his pipes, and gart them skirl
Till roof an' rafters a' did dirl.
Coffins stood round like open presses,
That shawed the dead in their last dresses ;
And by some devilish cantrip sleight,
Each in his cauld hand held a light,
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table
A murderer's bairns in gibbet-airns ;
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristened bairns ;
A thief, new-cutted frae a rape,
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape ;
Five tomahawks, wi' blude red rusted ;
Five scimitars, wi' murder crusted ;
A garter, which a babe had strangled ;
A knife a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son o' life bereft,—
The grey hairs yet stak to the heft ;
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glow'ed, amazed and glori-
ous,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious ;
The piper loud and louder blew ;
The dancers quick and quicker flew ;
They reeled, they set, they crossed, they
cleek it
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
And coost her duddies to the wark,
And linket at it in her sark !

Now, Tam, O Tam ! had they been
queans,
A' plump and strappin', in their teens ;
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
Been snaw-white se'enteen-hunder linen,
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush, o' gude blue hair,
I wad hae gien them aff my hurdies,
For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies !

But withered beldams, auld and droll,
Rigwoodie hags, wad spean a foal,
Louping and flinging on a crummock,
I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But Tam kenned what was what fu'
brawlie.
There was ae winsome wench and walie,
That night enlisted in the core,
(Lang after kenned on Carrick shore ;
For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perished mony a bonnie boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
And kept the country-side in fear) ;
Her cutty sark o' Paisley harn,
That while a lassie she had worn,
In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie—
Ah ! little kenned thy reverend grannie,
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie
Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),
Wad ever grace a dance of witches !

But here my Muse her wing maun cow'r ;
Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r ;
To sing how Nannie lap and flang
(A souple jade she was, and strang),
And how Tam stood, like ane bewitched,
And thought his very een enriched ;
Even Satan glow'ed and fidget fu' fain,
And hotched and blew wi' might and main ;
Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark !"
And in an instant a' was dark :
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke
When plundering herds assail their byke ;
As open pussie's mortal foes,
When, pop ! she starts before their nose ;
As eager runs the market crowd,
When "Catch the thief !" resounds aloud ;
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' mony an eldritch screech and hollow.

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'lt get thy
 fairin'!
 In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin'!
 In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin'!
 Kate soon will be a waefu' woman.
 Now do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
 And win the key-stane o' the brig;
 There at them thou thy tail may toss,
 A running stream they dare na cross.
 But ere the key-stane she could make,
 The fient a tail she had to shake;
 For Nannie, far before the rest,
 Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
 And flew at Tam with furious ettle,
 But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
 Ae spring brought off her master hale,
 But left behind her ain grey tail:
 The carlin claught her by the rump,
 And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
 Ilk man and mother's son, tak' heed:
 Whene'er to drink you are inclined,
 Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
 Think, ye may buy the joys ow'r dear—
 Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

—O—

MY SPOUSE NANCY.

Tune—"To Janet."

HUSBAND, husband, cease your strife,
 Nor longer idly rave, sir;
 Though I am your wedded wife,
 Yet I am not your slave, sir.

"One of two must still obey,
 Nancy, Nancy;
 Is it man, or woman, say,
 My spouse Nancy?"

If 'tis still the lordly word,
 Service and obedience;
 I'll desert my sovereign lord,
 And so good bye, allegiance!

"Sad will I be, so bereft,
 Nancy, Nancy;
 Yet I'll try to make a shift,
 My spouse Nancy."

My poor heart then break it must,
 My last hour I'm near it:
 When you lay me in the dust,
 Think, think how you will bear it.

"I will hope and trust in Heaven,
 Nancy, Nancy;
 Strength to bear it will be given,
 My spouse Nancy."

Well, sir, from the silent dead
 Still I'll try to daunt you;
 Ever round your midnight bed
 Horrid sprites shall haunt you.

"I'll wed another like my dear
 Nancy, Nancy;
 Then all ghosts will fly for fear—
 My spouse Nancy."

—:O:—

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

1771—1832.

NORA'S VOW.

In the original Gaelic, the Lady makes protestations that she will not go with the Red Earl's son, until the swan shall build in the cliff, and the eagle in the lake—until one mountain should change places with another, and so forth. It is but fair to add, that there is no authority for supposing that she altered her mind—except the vehemence of her protestations.

HEAR what Highland Nora said,—
 "The Earlie's son I will not wed,
 Should all the race of nature die,
 And none be left but he and I.
 For all the gold, for all the gear,
 And all the lands both far and near,
 That ever valour lost or won,
 I would not wed the Earlie's son."

"A maiden's vows," old Callum spoke,
 "Are lightly made and lightly broke.
 The heather on the mountain's height
 Begins to bloom in purple light;
 The frost-wind soon shall sweep away
 That lustre deep from glen and brae;
 Yet Nora, ere its bloom be gone,
 May blithely wed the Earlie's son."

"The swan," she said, "the lake's clear
 breast
 May barter for the eagle's nest; [turn,
 The Awe's fierce stream may backward
 Ben-Cruaichan fall, and crush Kilchurn;
 Our kilted clans, when blood is high,
 Before their foes may turn and fly;

But I, were all these marvels done,
Would never wed the Earlie's son."

Still in the water-lily's shade
Her wonted nest the wild swan made;
Ben-Cruaichan stands as fast as ever,
Still downward flows the Awe's fierce river;
To shun the clash of foeman's steel
No Highland brogue has turned the heel;
But Nora's heart is lost and won,
—She's wedded to the Earlie's son!

—o—

THE SEARCH AFTER HAPPINESS; OR, THE QUEST OF SULTAN SOLIMAUN.

OH for a glance of that gay Muse's eye,
That lightened on Bandello's laughing tale,
And twinkled with a lustre shrewd and sly,
When Gian Battista bade her vision hail!—
Yet fear not, ladies, the *naïve* detail
Given by the natives of that land canorous;
Italian license loves to leap the pale,
We Britons have the fear of shame before
us,

And, if not wise in mirth, at least must be
decorous.

In the far Eastern clime, no great while since,
Lived Sultan Solimaun, a mighty prince,
Whose eyes, as oft as they performed their
round,

Beheld all others fixed upon the ground;
Whose ears received the same unvaried
phrase,

"Sultan! thy vassal hears, and he obeys!"
All have their tastes—this may the fancy
strike

Of such grave folks as pomp and grandeur
like;

For me, I love the honest heart and warm
Of monarch who can amble round his farm,
Or, when the toil of state no more annoys,
In chimney-corner seek domestic joys;

I love a prince will bid the bottle pass,
Exchanging with his subjects glance and
glass;

In fitting time can, gayest of the gay,
Keep up the jest and mingle in the lay:
Such monarchs best our free-born humours
suit,

But despots must be stately, stern, and
mute.

This Solimaun, Serendib had in sway—
And where's Serendib? may some critic
say.—

Good lack! mine honest friend, consult the
chart,

Scare not my Pegasus before I start!
If Rennell has it not, you'll find, mayhap,
The isle laid down in Captain Sinbad's
map,—

Famed mariner! whose merciless narra-
tions

Drove every friend and kinsman out of
patience,

Till, fain to find a guest who thought them
shorter,

He deigned to tell them over to a porter:
The last edition see, by Long. and Co.,
Rees, Hurst, and Orme, our fathers in the
Row.

Serendib found, deem not my tale a fiction:
This Sultan, whether lacking contradic-
tion

(A sort of stimulant which hath its uses,
To raise the spirits and reform the juices,
—Sovereign specific for all sorts of cures
In my wife's practice, and perhaps in yours),
The Sultan lacking this same wholesome
bitter,

Or cordial smooth for prince's palate fitter—
Or if some Mollah had hag-rid his dreams
With Degial, Ginnistan, and such wild
themes

Belonging to the Mollah's subtle craft,
I wot not—but the Sultan never laughed,
Scarce ate or drank, and took a melancholy,
That scorned all remedy—profane or holy;
In his long list of melancholies, mad,
Or mazed, or dumb, hath Burton none so
bad.*

Physicians soon arrived, sage, ware, and
tried,

As e'er scrawled jargon in a darkened
room:

With heedful glance the Sultan's tongue
they eyed,

Peeped in his bath, and God knows where
beside,

And then in solemn accent spoke their
doom.

"His Majesty is very far from well."
Then each to work with his specific fell:
The Hakim Ibrahim *instantly* brought
His ungent Mahazzim al Zerdukkaut,
While Roompot, a practioner more wily
Relied on his Munaskif al fillfily.

* See Burton, "Anatomy of Melancholy."

* * * * *

Their remedies to reinforce and vary,
Came surgeon eke, and eke apothecary;
Till the tired monarch, though of words
grown chary,
Yet dropt, to recompense their fruitless
labour,
Some hint about a bowstring or a sabre.
There lacked, I promise you, no longer
speeches
To rid the palace of those learned leeches.

Then was the council called—by their ad-
vice
(They deemed the matter ticklish all, and
nice,
And sought to shift it off from their own
shoulders),
Tartars and couriers in all speed were sent
To call a sort of Eastern Parliament
Of feudatory chieftains and freeholders—
Such have the Persians at this very day,
My gallant Malcolm calls them *couroultai*;
I'm not prepared to show in this slight
song
That to Serendib the same forms belong,—
E'en let the learned go search, and tell me
if I'm wrong.

The Omrahs, each with hand on scymitar,
Gave, like Sempronius, still their voice for
war—

“The sabre of the Sultan in its sheath
Too long has slept, nor owned the work of
death;

Let the Tambourgi bid his signal rattle,
Bang the loud gong, and raise the shout of
battle!

This dreary cloud that dims our sovereign's
day

Shall from his kindled bosom flit away,
When the bold Lootie wheels his courser
round,

And the armed elephant shall shake the
ground.

Each noble pants to own the glorious sum-
mons;

And for the charges—Lo! your faithful
Commons!”

The Riots who attended in their places
(Serendib language calls a farmer Riot)
Looked ruefully in one another's faces,
From this oration auguring much dis-
quiet,

Double assessment, forage, and free quar-
ters;
And fearing these as Chinamen the Tartars,

Or as the whiskered vermin fear the
mousers,
Each fumbled in the pocket of his trousers.

And next came forth the reverend Convo-
cation,

Bald heads, white beards, and many a
turban green,

Imaum and Mollah there of every station,
Santon, Fakir, and Calendar were seen.
Their votes were various—some advised a
mosque

With fitting revenues should be erected,
With seemly gardens and with gay kiosque,
To recreate a band of priests selected;
Others opined that through the realms a
dole

Be made to holy men, whose prayers
might profit

The Sultan's weal in body and in soul.
But their long-headed chief, the Sheik
Ul-Sofit,

More closely touched the point:—“Thy
studious mood,”

Quoth he, “O prince! hath thickened all
thy blood,

And dulled thy brain with labour beyond
measure;

Wherefore relax a space and take thy
pleasure,

And toy with beauty, or tell o'er thy
treasure!

From all the cares of state, my liege, en-
large thee,

And leave the burden to thy faithful clergy.”

These councils sage availed not a whit,
And so the patient (as is not uncommon
Where grave physicians lose their time and
wit)

Resolved to take advice of an old woman;
His mother she, a dame who once was
beauteous,

And still was called so by each subject
duteous.

Now, whether Fatima was witch in earnest,
Or only made believe, I cannot say—

But she professed to cure disease the
sternest

By dint of magic amulet or lay;
And, when all other skill in vain was shown,
She deemed it fitting time to use her own.

“*Sympathia magica* hath wonders done,”
(Thus did old Fatima bespeak her son),
“It works upon the fibres and the pores
And thus, insensibly, our health restores,

And it must help us here.—Thou must endure

The ill, my son, or travel for the cure.
Search land and sea, and get, where'er
you can,

The inmost vesture of a happy man,
I mean his SHIRT, my son; which, taken
warm

And fresh from off his back, shall chase
your harm,

Bid every current of your veins rejoice,
And your dull heart leap light as shep-
herd-boy's."

Such was the counsel from his mother
came;—

I know not if she had some under-game,
As doctors have, who bid their patients
roam

And live abroad, when sure to die at home;
Or if she thought that, somehow or another,
Queen-Regent sounded better than Queen-
Mother;

But, says the chronicle (who will go look
it)

That such was her advice:—the Sultan
took it.

All are on board—the Sultan and his
train,

In gilded galley prompt to plough the main.

The old Rais* was the first who ques-
tioned, "Whither?"

They paused.—"Arabia," thought the
pensive prince,

"Was called The Happy many ages
since.

For Mokha, Rais."—And they came
safely thither.

But not in Araby, with all her balm,
Not where Judea weeps beneath her palm,
Not in rich Egypt, not in Nubian waste,
Could there the step of happiness be traced.
One Copt alone professed to have seen her
smile,

When Bruce his goblet filled at infant
Nile;

She blessed the dauntless traveller as he
quaffed,

But vanished from him with the ended
draught.

"Enough of turbans," said the weary King,
"These dolimans of ours are not the thing;
Try we the Giaours, these men of coat and
cap, I

Incline to think some of them must be
happy;

* Sea-captain.

At least, they have as fair a cause as any
can,

They drink good wine and keep no Ram-
azan.

Then northward, ho!"—The vessel cuts
the sea,

And fair Italia lies upon her lee.

But fair Italia, she who once unfurled
Her eagle banners o'er a conquered world,
Long from her throne of domination
tumbled,

Lay, by her quondam vassals sorely
humbled;

The Pope himself looked pensive, pale,
and lean,

And was not half the man he once had
been.

"While these the priest and those the
noble fleeces,

Our poor old boot," they said, "is torn
to pieces.

Its tops the vengeful claws of Austria feel,
And the great Devil is rending toe and
heel.

If happiness you seek, to tell you truly,
We think she dwells with one Giovanni
Bulli;

A tramontane, a heretic,—the buck,

Poffaredio! still has all the luck;

By land or ocean never strikes his flag—
And he—*a* perfect walking money-bag."

Off set our prince to seek John Bull's
abode,

But first took France—it lay upon the
road.

Monsieur Baboon, after much late com-
motion,

Was agitated like a settling ocean,
Quite out of sorts, and could not tell what
ailed him,

Only the glory of his house had failed
him;

Besides, some tumours on his noddle
biding,

Gave indication of a recent hiding.

Our prince, though Sultans of such things
are heedless,

Thought it a thing indelicate and needless
To ask, if at that moment he was happy.

And Monsieur, seeing that he was *comme
il faut*, a

Loud voice mustered up, for "*Vive le
Roi!*"

Then whispered, "'Ave you any news
of Nappy?"

The Sultan answered him with a cross
question,—

"Pray, can you tell me aught of one John Bull,
That dwells somewhere beyond your herring-pool?"
The query seemed of difficult digestion,
The party shrugged, and grinned, and took his snuff,
And found his whole good-breeding scarce enough.

Twitching his visage into as many puckers
As damsels wont to put into their tuckers,
(Ere liberal Fashion damned both lace and lawn,
And bade the veil of modesty be drawn),
Replied the Frenchman, after a brief pause,
"Jean Bool!—I vas not know him—Yes, I vas—
I vas remember dat, von year or two,
I saw him at von place called Vaterloo—
Ma foi! il s'est tres joliment battu,
Dat is for Englishman,—m'entendez vous?
But den he had wit him one d—— son-gun
Rogue I no like—dey call him Vellington."
Monsieur's politeness could not hide his fret, [strait.
So Solimaun took leave, and crossed the

John Bull was in his very worst of moods,
Raving of sterile farms and unsold goods;
His sugar-loaves and bales about he threw,
And on his counter beat the devil's tattoo.
His wars were ended, and the victory won,
But then, 'twas reckoning-day with honest John;
And authors vouch, 'twas still this worthy's way,
"Never to grumble till he came to pay;
And then he always thinks, his temper's such,
The work too little, and the pay too much."

Yet, grumbler as he is, so kind and hearty,
That when his mortal foe was on the floor,
And past the power to harm his quiet more,
Poor John had well-nigh wept for Bonaparte!
Such was the wight whom Solimaun salaamed,—
"And who are you?" John answered,
"and be d—d!"
"A stranger, come to see the happiest man,—
So, signior, all avouch,—in Frangistan."

"Happy? my tenants breaking on my hand;
Unstocked my pastures and untilled my land;
Sugar and rum a drug, and mice and moths
The sole consumers of my good broad-cloths—
Happy?—Why, cursèd war and racking tax
Have left us scarcely raiment to our backs."
"In that case, signior, I may take my leave;
I came to ask a favour—but I grieve"—
"Favour?" said John, and eyed the Sultan hard,
"It's my belief you come to break the yard!—
But, stay, you look like some poor foreign sinner,—
Take that to buy yourself a shirt and dinner."—
With that he chucked a guinea at his head;
But, with due dignity, the Sultan said,
"Permit me, sir, your bounty to decline;
A shirt indeed I seek, but none of thine.
Signior, I kiss your hands, so fare you well."
"Kiss and be d—d," quoth John, "and go to h—!"

[Peg,
Next door to John there dwelt his sister
Once a wild lass as ever shook a leg
When the blithe bagpipe blew, butsoberer now, [cow,
She *doucely* span her flax and milked her
And whereas erst she was a needy slattern,
Nor now of wealth or cleanliness a pattern,
Yet once a month her house was partly swept,
And once a week a plenteous board she kept.
And whereas, eke, the vixen used her claws
And teeth of yore, on slender provocation,
She now was grown amenable to laws,
A quiet soul as any in the nation;
The sole remembrance of her warlike joys
Was in old songs she sang to please her boys.
John Bull, whom, in their years of early strife,
She wont to lead a cat-and-doggish life,
Now found the woman, as he said, a neighbour
Who looked to the main chance, declined no labour,

Loved a long grace, and spoke a northern jargon,
And was d—d close in making of a bargain.

The Sultan entered, and he made his leg,
And with decorum curtsied sister Peg.
(She loved a book, and knew a thing or two,
And guessed at once with whom she had to do.)

She bade him "Sit into the fire," and took
Her dram, her cake, her kebbuck from the nook;

Asked him "about the news from Eastern parts;

And of her absent bairns, puir Highland hearts

If peace brought down the price of tea and pepper,

And if the *nitmugs* were grown *ony* cheaper;—

Were there nae *speerings* of our Mungo Park?—

Ye'll be the gentleman that wants the sark?
If ye wad buy a web o' auld wife's spinnin',
I'll warrant ye it's a weel-wearing linen."

Then up got Peg, and round the house 'gan scuttle

In search of goods her customer to nail,
Until the Sultan strained his princely throttle,

And hollo'd, "Ma'am, that is not what I ail.

Pray, are you happy, ma'am, in this snug glen?"

"Happy?" said Peg; "what for d'ye want to ken?

Besides, just think upon this by-gane year,
Grain wadna pay the yoking of the plough."

"What say you to the present?"—"Meal's sae dear,

To make their *brose* my bairns have scarce aneugh."

"The devil take the shirt," said Solimaun,
"I think my quest will end as it began.—

Farewell, ma'am; nay, no ceremony, I beg"—

"Ye'll no be for the linen then?" said Peg.

Now for the land of verdant Erin
The Sultan's royal bark is steering,
The Emerald Isle, where honest Paddy dwells,
The cousin of John Bull, as story tells.

For a long space had John, with words of thunder,

Hard looks, and harder knocks, kept Paddy under, [unduly,

Till the poor lad, like boy that's flogged
Had gotten somewhat restive and unruly.

Hard was his lot and lodging, you'll allow,
A wigwam that would hardly serve a sow;

His landlord, and of middle-men two brace,

Had screwed his rent up to the starving-place;

His garment was a top-coat, and an old one;
His meal was a potato, and a cold one;

But still for fun or frolic, and all that,
In the round world was not the match of Pat.

The Sultan saw him on a holiday,
Which is with Paddy still a jolly day:

When Mass is ended, and his load of sins
Confessed, and Mother Church hath from her binns

Dealt forth a bonus of imputed merit,
Then is Pat's time for fancy, whim, and spirit!

To jest, to sing, to caper fair and free,
And dance as light as leaf upon the tree.

"By Mahomet," said Sultan Solimaun,
"That ragged fellow is our very man!

Rush in and seize him—do not do him hurt,
But, will he nill he, let me have his shirt."

Shilela their plan was wellnigh after baulking, [ing,)

(Much less provocation will it set a-walk—
But the odds that foiled Hercules foiled Paddy Whack;

They seized, and they floored, and they stripped him.—Alack!

Up-bubboo! Paddy had *not*—a shirt to his back!!!

And the King, disappointed, with sorrow and shame,

Went back to Serendib as sad as he came.

—:O:—

DR. WOLCOT.

1738—1819.

THE RAZOR-SELLER.

A FELLOW in a market town,
Most musical cried "Razors," up and down,

And offered twelve for eighteenpence;
Which certainly seemed wondrous cheap,
And for the money quite a heap,
As every man should buy, with cash
and sense.

A country bumpkin the great offer heard;
Poor Hodge! who suffered by a thick
black beard,

That seemed a shoebrush stuck beneath
his nose; [paid,
With cheerfulness the eighteenpence he
And proudly to himself, in whispers, said,
"This rascal stole the razors, I suppose!

"No matter if the fellow be a knave,
Provided that the razors shave:
It *sartinly* will be a monstrous prize."
So home the clown with his good fortune
went,
Smiling, in heart and soul content,
And quickly soaped himself to ears and
eyes.

Being well lathered from a dish or tub,
Hodge now began with grinning pain to
grub,

Just like a hedger cutting furze:
'T was a vile razor!—then the rest he
tried—
All were impostors—"Ah!" Hodge sighed,
"I wish my eighteenpence were in my
purse."

In vain, to chase his beard, and bring the
graces,
He cut, and dug, and winced, and
stamped, and swore,
Brought blood, and danced, reviled, and
made wry faces,
And cursed each razor's body o'er and
o'er:

His muzzle, formed of opposition stuff,
Firm as a Foxite, would not lose its ruff;
So kept it—laughing at the steel and
suds:

Hodge, in a passion, stretched his angry
jaws, [claws,
Vowing the direst vengeance, with clenched
On the vile cheat that sold the goods:
"Razors! a base, confounded dog!
Not fit to scrape a hog!"

Hodge sought the fellow—found him, and
begun—
"Perhaps, Master Razor-rogue, to you
'tis fun

That people flay themselves out of their
lives;
You rascal! for an hour have I been grub-
bing,
Giving my whiskers here a scrubbing
With razors just like oyster-knives.
Sirrah, I tell you you're a knave,
To cry up razors that can't shave."

"Friend," quoth the razor-man, "I'm no
knave;
As for the razors you have bought,
Upon my word, I never thought
That they would shave."
"Not think they'd shave!" quoth Hodge,
with wondering eyes,
And voice not much unlike an Indian yell;
"What were they made for, then, you
dog?" he cries.
"Made!" quoth the fellow, with a smile
—"to sell."

—:O:—

WILLIAM PITT.

(Date unknown.)

THE SAILOR'S CONSOLATION.

ONE night came on a hurricane,
The sea was mountains rolling,
When Barney Buntline slewed his quid,
And said to Billy Bowline:
"A strong nor'-wester's blowing, Bill;
Hark! don't ye hear it roar now?
Lord help 'em, how I pities them
Unhappy folks on shore now!

"Foolhardy chaps as live in towns,
What danger they are all in,
And now lie quaking in their beds,
For fear the roof should fall in:
Poor creatures! how they envies us,
And wishes, I've a notion,
For our good luck, in such a storm,
To be upon the ocean!

"And as for them that's out all day,
On business from their houses,
And late at night returning home,
To cheer their babes and spouses;
While you and I, Bill, on the deck
Are comfortably lying,
My eyes! what tiles and chimneypots
About their heads are flying!

"Both you and I have ofttimes heard
 How men are killed and undone
 By overturns from carriages,
 By thieves, and fires in London.
 We know what risks these landsmen run,
 From noblemen to tailors!
 Then, Bill, let us thank Providence
 That you and I are sailors."

—:O:—

GEORGE CANNING.

1770—1827.

THE FRIEND OF HUMANITY AND THE KNIFE-GRINDER.

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

NEEDY Knife-grinder! whither are you
 going?

Rough is your road, your wheel is out of
 order;

Bleak blows the blast—your hat has got a
 hole in 't,

So have your breeches.

Weary Knife-grinder! little think the
 proud ones,

Who, in their coaches, roll along the
 turnpike—

Road, what hard work 'tis crying all day,
 "Knives and

Scissors to grind, O!"

Tell me, Knife-grinder, how came you to
 grind knives?

Did some rich man tyrannically use you?
 Was it the squire, or parson of the parish,

Or the attorney?

Was it the squire, for killing of his game?
 or

Covetous parson, for his tithes distrain-
 ing?

Or roguish lawyer, made you lose your
 little

All in a lawsuit?

(Have you not read the "Rights of Man,"
 by Tom Paine?)

Drops of compassion tremble on my eye-
 lids,

Ready to fall, as soon as you have told
 your

Pitiful story.

KNIFE-GRINDER.

Story? God bless you, I have none to tell,
 sir;

Only last night, a-drinking at the Chequers,
 This poor old hat and breeches, as you
 see, were

Torn in a scuffle.

Constables came up for to take me into
 Custody; they took me before the justice;
 Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish
 Stocks for a vagrant.

I should be glad to drink your honour's
 health in [pence;
 A pot of beer, if you will give me six—
 But, for my part, I never love to meddle
 With politics, sir.

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

I give thee sixpence! I will see thee hanged
 first—

Wretch, whom no sense of wrongs can
 rouse to vengeance—

Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,
 Spiritless outcast!

[Kicks the Knife-grinder, overturns his
 wheel, and exit in a transport of re-
 publican enthusiasm and universal
 philanthropy.

—:O:—

HORACE SMITH.

1779—1849.

THE JESTER CONDEMNED TO DEATH.

ONE of the Kings of Scanderoon,
 A royal jester,

Had in his train a gross buffoon,
 Who used to pester

The court with tricks inopportune,
 Venting on the highest folks his
 Scurvy pleasantries and hoaxes.

It needs some sense to play the fool,
 Which wholesome rule

Occurred not to our jackanapes,
 Who consequently found his freaks
 Lead to innumerable scrapes,

And quite as many kicks and tweaks,
 Which only seemed to make him faster
 Try the patience of his master.

Some sin, at last, beyond all measure
 Incurred the desperate displeasure
 Of his Serene and raging Highness:
 Whether he twitched his most revered
 And sacred beard,
 Or had intruded on the shyness
 Of the seraglio, or let fly
 An epigram at royalty,
 None knows: his sin was an occult one,
 But records tell us that the Sultan,
 Meaning to terrify the knave, [breath:
 Exclaimed, "'Tis time to stop that
 Thy doom is sealed, presumptuous slave!
 Thou stand'st condemned to certain
 death:
 Silence, base rebel! no replying!
 But such is my indulgence still,
 That, of my own free grace and will,
 I leave to thee the mode of dying."
 "Thy royal will be done—'tis just,"
 Replied the wretch, and kissed the dust.
 "Since my last moments to assuage,
 Your majesty's humane decree
 Has deigned to leave the choice to me,
 I'll die, so please you, of old age!"

—:O:—

THOMAS MOORE.

1779—1852.

THE LOOKING-GLASSES.

THERE was a land—to name the place
 Is neither now my wish nor duty—
 Where reigned a certain royal race
 By right of their superior beauty.

What was the cut legitimate
 Of these great persons' chins and noses,
 By right of which they ruled the state,
 No history I have seen discloses.

But so it was—a settled case—
 An Act of Parliament passed snugly
 Had voted *them* a beauteous race,
 And all their faithful subjects ugly.

As rank, indeed, stood high or low,
 Some change it made in visual organs;
 Your Peers were decent—Knights, so so—
 But all your *common* people, Gorgons!

Of course, if any knave but hinted
 That the King's nose was turned awry,
 Or that the Queen (God bless her!) squinted,
 The judges doomed that knave to die.

But rarely things like this occurred:
 The people to their King were duteous,
 And took it on his royal word
 That they were frights, and he was
 beauteous.

The cause whereof, among all classes,
 Was simply this—these island elves
 Had never yet seen looking-glasses,
 And, therefore, did not *know themselves*.

Sometimes, indeed, their neighbours' faces
 Might strike them as more full of reason,
 More fresh than those in certain places—
 But, Lord! the very thought was treason.

Besides, howe'er we love our neighbour,
 And take his face's part, 'tis known
 We ne'er so much in earnest labour
 As when the face attacked 's our own.

So, on they went—the crowd believing—
 (As crowds well governed always do)
 Their rulers, too, themselves deceiving—
 So old the joke, they thought it true.

But jokes, we know, if they too far go,
 Must have an end—and so, one day,
 Upon that coast there was a cargo
 Of looking-glasses cast away.

'Twas said, some Radicals, somewhere,
 Had laid their wicked heads together,
 And forced that ship to founder there—
 While some believed it was the weather.

However this might be, the freight
 Was landed without fees or duties;
 And from that hour historians date
 The downfall of the race of beauties.

The looking-glasses got about,
 And grew so common through the land,
 That scarce a tinker could walk out
 Without a mirror in his hand.

Comparing faces, morning, noon,
 And night, their constant occupation—
 By dint of looking-glasses, soon
 They grew a most *reflecting* nation.

In vain the court, aware of errors
 In all the old established mazards,
 Prohibited the use of mirrors,
 And tried to break them at all hazards:—

In vain—their laws might just as well
Have been waste paper on the shelves ;
That fatal freight had broke the spell ;
People had looked—and knew them-
selves.

If chance a duke, of birth sublime,
Presumed upon his ancient face
(Some calf-head ugly from all time),
They popped a mirror to his Grace :—

Just hinting, by that gentle sign,
How little Nature holds it true
That what is called an ancient line
Must be a line of beauty too.

From dukes they passed to regal phizzes,
Compared them proudly with their own,
And cried, "How *could* such monstrous
quizzes
In beauty's name usurp the throne?"

Then they wrote essays, pamphlets, books,
Upon cosmetical economy,
Which made the king try various looks,
But none improved his physiognomy.

At length—but here I drop the veil,
To spare some loyal folks' sensations ;
Besides, what followed is the tale
Of all such late-enlightened nations ;

Of all to whom old Time discloses
A truth they should have sooner known—
That kings have neither rights nor noses
A wit diviner than their own.



REASON, FOLLY, AND BEAUTY.

REASON, and Folly, and Beauty, they say,
Went on a party of pleasure one day :
Folly played
Around the maid,
The bells of his cap rang merrily out,
While Reason took
To his sermon-book ;
Oh ! which was the pleasanter no one need
doubt,
Which was the pleasanter no one need
doubt.

Beauty, who likes to be thought very sage,
Turned for a moment to Reason's dull page,
Till Folly said,
"Look here, sweet maid !"

The sight of his cap brought her back to
herself,
While Reason read
His leaves of lead,
With no one to mind him, poor sensible elf !
No, no one to mind him, poor sensible elf !

Then Reason grew jealous of Folly's gay
cap ;
Had he that on, he her heart might entrap.
"There it is,"
Quoth Folly, "old quiz !"
Folly was always good-natured, 'tis said,
"Under the sun,
There's no such fun
As Reason with my cap and bells on his
head,
Reason with my cap and bells on his head."

But Reason the head-dress so awkwardly
wore,
That Beauty now liked him still less than
before ;
While Folly took
Old Reason's book,
And twisted the leaves in a cap of such *ton*,
That Beauty vowed
(Though not aloud)
She liked him still better in that than his
own !
Liked him still better in that than his own !



THE ENGLISH ABROAD.

AND is there then no earthly place
Where we can rest, in dream Elysian,
Without some cursed round English face,
Popping up near to break the vision?

'Mid northern lakes, 'mid southern vines,
Unholy cits we're doomed to meet ;
Nor highest Alps and Apennines
Are sacred from Threadneedle Street !

If up the Simplon's path we wind,
Fancying we leave the world behind,
Such pleasant sounds salute one's ear
As—"Baddish news from 'Change, my
dear—

"The Funds—(pew, curse this ugly hill!)
Are lowering fast—(what ! higher still?)
And — (zooks ! we're mounting up to
heaven!)—
Will soon be down to sixty-seven."

Go where we may, rest where we will,
 Eternal London haunts us still.
 The trash of Almack's or Fleet Ditch—
 And scarce a pin's head difference *which*—
 Mixes, though even to Greece we run,
 With every rill from Helicon!
 And, if this rage for travelling lasts,
 If Cockneys of all sects and castes,
 Old maidens, aldermen, and squires,
Will leave their puddings and coal fires,
 To gape at things in foreign lands.
 No soul among them understands—
 If Blues desert their coteries,
 To show off 'mong the Wahabees—
 If neither sex nor age controls,
 Nor fear of Mamelukes forbids
 Young ladies, with pink parasols,
 To glide among the pyramids—
 Why, then, farewell all hope to find
 A spot that's free from London-kind!
 Who knows, if to the West we roam,
 But we may find some *Blue* "at home"
 Among the *Blacks* of Carolina—
 Or, flying to the eastward, see
 Some Mrs. Hopkins, taking tea
 And toast upon the Wall of China!

—:o:—

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

1797—1859.

SEEING'S NOT BELIEVING.

I SAW her, as I fancied, fair,
 Yes, fairest of earth's creatures;
 I saw the purest red and white
 O'erspread her lovely features;
 She fainted, and I sprinkled her,
 Her malady relieving;
 I washed both rose and lily off!
 Oh! seeing's not believing!

I looked again, again I longed
 To breathe love's fond confession;
 I saw her eyebrows formed to give
 Her face its arch expression;
 But gum is very apt to crack,
 And whilst my breast was heaving,
 It so fell out that one fell off!
 Oh! seeing's not believing!

I saw the tresses on her brow
 So beautifully braided;
 I never saw, in all my life,
 Locks look so well as they did.

She walked with me one windy day—
 Ye zephyrs, why so thieving?
 The lady lost her flaxen wig!
 Oh! seeing's not believing!

I saw her form, by Nature's hand
 So prodigally finished,
 She were less perfect if enlarged,
 Less perfect if diminished;
 Her toilet I surprised—the worst
 Of wonders then achieving:
 None knew the bustle I perceived:
 Oh! seeing's not believing!

I saw, when costly gems I gave
 The smile with which she took them;
 And if she said no tender things,
 I've often seen her look them;
 I saw her my affianced bride,
 And then, my mansion leaving,
 She ran away with Colonel Jones!
 Oh! seeing's not believing!

I saw another maiden soon,
 And struggled to detain her;
 I saw her plajn enough—in fact,
 Few women could be plainer;
 'Twas said, that at her father's death
 A plum she'd be receiving.
 I saw that father's house and grounds.
 Oh! seeing's not believing!

I saw her mother—she was decked
 With furbelows and feathers;
 I saw distinctly that she wore
 Silk stockings in all weathers;
 I saw, beneath a load of gems,
 The matron's bosom heaving;
 I saw a thousand signs of wealth.
 Oh! seeing's not believing!

I saw her father, and I spoke
 Of marriage in his study;
 But would he let her marry me?
 Alas! alas! how could he?
 I saw him smile a glad consent,
 My anxious heart relieving,
 And then I saw the settlements.
 Oh! seeing's not believing!

I saw the daughter, and I named
 My moderate finances;
 She spurned me not, she gave me one
 Of her most tender glances.
 I saw her father's bank:—thought I,
 There cash is safe from thieving;
 I saw my money safely lodged.
 Oh! seeing's not believing!

I saw the bank, the shutters up,
 I could not think what they meant,—
 The old infirmity of firms,
 The bank had just stopped payment !
 I saw my future father then
 Was ruined past retrieving,
 Like me, without a single *sous*.
 Oh ! seeing 's not believing !

I saw the banker's wife had got
 The fortune settled on her ;
 What cared he, when the creditors
 Talked loudly of dishonour ?
 I saw his name in the Gazette,
 But soon I stared, perceiving
 He bought another house and grounds !
 Oh ! seeing 's not believing !

I saw—yes, plain as plain could be,
 I saw the banker's daughter ;
 She saw me too, and called for sal-
 Volatile and water.
 She said that she had just espoused
 A rich old man, conceiving
 That I was dead or gone to jail.
 Oh ! seeing 's not believing !

I saw a friend, and freely spoke
 My mind on the transaction ;
 Her brother heard it, and he called,
 Demanding satisfaction.
 We met—I fell—that brother's ball
 In my left leg receiving ;
 I have two legs—true—*one is cork !*
 Oh ! seeing 's not believing !

—:O:—

WINTHROP M. PRAED.

1801—1839.

WATERLOO.

"It was here that the French cavalry charged,
 and cut to pieces the English squares."—*Nar-*
ative of a French Tourist.

"Is it true, think you ?"—*Winter's Tale.*

Ay, here such valorous deeds were done
 As ne'er were done before ;
 Ay, here the reddest wreath was won
 That ever Gallia wore :
 Since Ariosto's wondrous knight
 Made all the Pagans dance,
 There never dawned so bright a day
 As Waterloo's on France.

The trumpet poured its deafening sound—
 Flags fluttered on the gale ;
 And cannon roared, and heads flew round
 As fast as summer hail :
 The sabres flashed ; with rage and fear
 The steeds began to prance ;
 The English quaked from front to rear,—
 They never quake in France !

The cuirassiers rode in and out,
 As fierce as wolves and bears ;
 'Twas grand to see them slash about
 Amongst the English squares !
 And then the Polish lancer came,
 Careering with his lance ;—
 No wonder Britons blushed for shame,
 And ran away from France.

The Duke of York was killed that day—
 The King was sadly scarred ;—
 Lord Eldon, as he ran away,
 Was captured by the Guard :
 Poor Wellington, with fifty Blues,
 Escaped by some strange chance ;
 And henceforth never dared again
 To show himself in France.

So Buonaparte pitched his tent
 That day in Grosvenor Place ;
 And Ney rode straight to Parliament,
 And broke the Speaker's mace.
 "Vive l'Empereur !" was said and sung
 From Peebles to Penzance ;
 The mayor and aldermen were hung,
 Which made folks laugh in France.

They pulled the Tower of London down ;
 They burned our wooden walls ;
 They brought his Holiness to town,
 And throned him in St. Paul's :
 And Gog and Magog rubbed their eyes,
 Awaking from a trance,
 And grumbled out in dread surprise,
 "Oh, mercy ! we're in France."

They sent a Regent to our isle—
 The little King of Rome ;
 And squibs and crackers all the while
 Blazed in the Place Vendôme :
 And ever since, in arts and power
 They're making great advance ;
 They've had strong beer from that glad
 hour
 And sea-coal fires in France.

MORAL.

My uncle, Captain Flanigan,
 Who lost a leg in Spain,

Tell stories of a little man
 Who died at St. Helène;
 But bless my heart! they can't be true--
 They're surely all romance;
 John Bull was beat at Waterloo--
 They'll swear to it in France!

—:O:—

THOMAS HOOD.

1788—1874.

LINES TO MARY.

O MARY, I believed you true,
 And I was blest in so believing;
 But till this hour I never knew--
 That you were taken up for thieving!

Oh! when I snatched a tender kiss,
 Or some such trifle when I courted,
 You said, indeed, that love was bliss,
 But never owned you were transported!

But then to gaze on that fair face--
 It would have been an unfair feeling
 To dream that you had pilfered lace--
 And Flints had suffered from your stealing.

Or when my suit I first preferred,
 To bring your coldness to repentance,
 Before I hammered out a word,
 How could I dream you'd heard a sentence?

Or when with all the warmth of youth
 I strove to prove my love no fiction,
 How could I guess I urged a truth
 On one already past conviction?

How could I dream that ivory part,
 Your hand—where I have looked and
 lingered;
 Altho' it stole away my heart,
 Had been held up as one light-fingered?

In melting verse your charms I drew,
 The charms in which my Muse delighted;
 Alas! the lay, I thought was new,
 Spoke only what had been *indicted*!

Oh! when that form, a lovely one,
 Hung on the neck its arms had flown to,
 I little thought that you had run
 A chance of hanging on your own too!

You said you picked me from the world--
 My vanity it now must shock it,
 And down at once my pride is hurled,
 You've picked me—and you've picked a
 pocket!

Oh! when our love had got so far,
 The banns were read by Doctor Daly,
 Who asked if there was any *bar*--
 Why did not some one shout "Old Bailey"?

But when you robbed your flesh and bones
 In that pure white that angel garb is,
 Who could have thought you, Mary Jones,
 Among the Joans that link with *Darbies*!

And when the parson came to say
 My goods were yours, if I had got any,
 And you should honour and obey,
 Who could have thought—"O Bay of
 Botany!"

But, oh!--the worst of all your slips
 I did not till this day discover--
 That down in Deptford's prison ships,
 O Mary! you've a hulking lover!

--O--

DOMESTIC ASIDES; OR, TRUTH IN PARENTHESIS.

I REALLY take it very kind--
 This visit, Mrs. Skinner--
 I have not seen you such an age--
 (The wretch has come to dinner!)
 Your daughters, too--what loves of girls!
 What heads for painters' easels!
 Come here, and kiss the infant, dears--
 (And give it, p'rhaps, the measles!)

Your charming boys I see are home
 From Reverend Mr. Russell's--
 'Twas very kind to bring them both--
 (What boots for my new Brussels!)
 What! little Clara left at home?
 Well, now, I call that shabby!
 I should have loved to kiss her so--
 (A flabby, dabby baby!)

And Mr. S., I hope he's well?
 But, though he lives so handy,
 He never once drops in to sup--
 (The better for our brandy!)
 Come, take a seat—I long to hear
 About Matilda's marriage;
 You've come, of course, to spend the day
 (Thank Heaven! I hear the carriage!)

What! must you go?—next time I hope
 You'll give me longer measure.
 Nay, I shall see you down the stairs—
 (With most uncommon pleasure!)
 Good bye! good bye! Remember, all,
 Next time you'll take your dinners—
 (Now, David—mind, I'm not home,
 In future, to the Skinners.)

—o—

FAITHLESS NELLIE GRAY.
A Pathetic Ballad.

BEN BATTLE was a soldier bold,
 And used to war's alarms;
 But a cannon-ball took off his legs,
 So he laid down his arms!

Now, as they bore him off the field,
 Said he, "Let others shoot,
 For here I leave my second leg,
 And the Forty-second Foot!"

The army surgeons made him limbs:
 Said he, "They're only pegs:
 But there's as wooden members quite
 As represent my legs!"

Now Ben he loved a pretty maid,
 Her name was Nellie Gray;
 So he went to pay her his devours,
 When he'd devoured his pay!

But when he called on Nellie Gray,
 She made him quite a scoff;
 And when she saw his wooden legs,
 Began to take them off!

"O Nellie Gray! O Nellie Gray!
 Is this your love so warm?
 The love that loves a scarlet coat
 Should be more uniform!"

Said she, "I loved a soldier once,
 For he was blithe and brave;
 But I will never have a man
 With both legs in the grave!"

"Before you had those timber toes,
 Your love I did allow;
 But then, you know, you stand upon
 Another footing now!"

"O Nellie Gray! O Nellie Gray!
 For all your jeering speeches,
 At duty's call, I left my legs
 In Bajados's *breaches*!"

"Why, then," said she, "you've lost the
 feet

Of legs in war's alarms,
 And now you cannot wear your shoes
 Upon your feats of arms!"

"Oh, false and fickle Nellie Gray,
 I know why you refuse:—
 Though I've no feet—some other man
 Is standing in my shoes!"

"I wish I ne'er had seen your face;
 But, now, a long farewell!
 For you will be my death;—alas!
 You will not be my *Nell*!"

Now, when he went from Nellie Gray,
 His heart so heavy got,
 And life was such a burden grown,
 It made him take a knot!

So round his melancholy neck
 A rope he did entwine,
 And, for the second time in life,
 Enlisted in the Line!

One end he tied around a beam,
 And then removed his pegs,
 And, as his legs were off, of course,
 He soon was off his legs.

And there he hung, till he was dead
 As any nail in town,—
 For though distress had cut him up,
 It could not cut him down!

A dozen men sat on his corpse,
 To find out why he died,
 And they buried Ben in four cross-roads,
 With a stake in his inside!

—o—

A NOCTURNAL SKETCH.

EVEN is come, and from the dark Park,
 hark,
 The signal of the setting sun—one gun!
 And six is sounding from the chime, prime
 time
 To go and see the Drury Lane Dane
 slain,—
 Or hear Othello's jealous doubt spout
 out,—
 Or Macbeth raving at that shade-made
 blade,
 Denying to his frantic clutch much touch;

Or else to see Ducrow with wide stride ride
Four horses as no other man can span;
Or, in the small Olympic pit, sit split
Laughing at Liston, while you quiz his
phiz.

Anon Night comes, and with her wings
brings things
Such as, with his poetic tongue, Young
sung:

The gas upblazes with its bright white light,
And paralytic watchmen prowl, howl, growl
About the streets, and take up Pall Mall Sal,
Who, hasting to her nightly jobs, robs fobs.
Now thieves to enter for your cash, smash,
crash,

Past drowsy Charley, in a deep sleep, creep,
But frightened by Policeman B 3, flee,
And while they're going, whisper low,
"No go!"

Now puss, while folks are in their beds,
treads leads,
And sleepers, waking, grumble—"Drat
that cat!"

Who in the gutter caterwauls, squalls,
mauls

Some feline foe, and screams in shrill ill-
will.

Now Bulls of Bashan, of a prize size, rise
In childish dreams, and with a roar gore
poor

Georgy, or Charles, or Billy, willy nilly;—
But Nursemaid in a nightmare rest, chest-
pressed,

Dreameth of one of her old flames, James
Games,

And that she hears—what faith is man's!—
Ann's banns

And his, from Reverend Mr. Rice, twice,
thrice;

White ribbons flourish, and a stout shout
out,

That upwards goes, shows Rose knows
those bows' woes!

—o—

THE MERMAID OF MARGATE.

"Alas! what perils do environ
That man who meddles with a siren!"
—*Hudibras*.

ON Margate beach, where the sick one
roams,

And the sentimental reads;
Where the maiden flirts, and the widow
comes—

Like the ocean—to cast her weeds;—

Where urchins wander to pick up shells,
And the Cit to spy at the ships,
Like the water gala at Sadler's Wells,—
And the Chandler for watery dips;—

There's a maiden sits by the ocean brim,
As lovely and fair as sin!
But woe, deep water and woe to him,
That she snareth like Peter Fin!

Her head is crowned with pretty sea-wares,
And her locks are golden and loose;
And seek to her feet, like other folks' heirs,
To stand, of course, in her shoes!

And all day long she combeth them well
With a sea-shark's prickly jaw;
And her mouth is just like a rose-lipped
shell,
The fairest that man e'er saw!

[bc,
And the Fishmonger, humble as love may
Hath planted his seat by her side;
"Good even, fair maid! Is thy lover at sea,
To make thee so watch the tide?"

She turned about with her pearly brows,
And clasped him by the hand;
"Come, love, with me; I've a bonny house
On the golden Goodwin Sand."

And then she gave him a siren kiss,
No honeycomb e'er was sweeter:
Poor wretch! how little he dreamt for this
That Peter should be salt-Peter!

And away with her prize to the wave she
leapt,
Not walking, as damsels do,
With toe and heel, as she ought to have
stept,
But she hopt like a kangaroo!

One plunge, and then the victim was blind,
Whilst they galloped across the tide;
At last, on the bank he waked in his mind,
And the beauty was by his side.

One half on the sand, and half in the sea,
But his hair all began to stiffen,
For when he looked where her feet should
be,
She had no more feet than Miss Biffen!

But a scaly tale, of a dolphin's growth,
In the dabbling brine did soak.
At last she opened her pearly mouth,
Like an oyster, and thus she spoke:

"You crimp't my father, who was a skate,—
And my sister you sold—a maid;
So here remain for a fishy fate,
For lost you are, and betrayed!"

And away she went, with a seagull's scream,
And a splash of her saucy tail;
In a moment he lost the silvery gleam
That shone on her splendid mail!

The sun went down with a blood-red flame,
And the sky grew cloudy and black,
And the tumbling billows like leap-frog
came,
Each over the other's back!

Ah me! it had been a beautiful scene,
With the safe terra-firma round;
But the green water-hillocks all seemed to
him
Like those in a churchyard ground;

And Christians love in the turf to lie,
Not in watery graves to be;
Nay, the very fishes will sooner die
On the land than in the sea.

And whilst he stood, the watery strife
Encroached on every hand,
And the ground decreased,—his moments
of life
Seemed measured, like Time's, by sand;

And still the waters foamed in, like ale,
In front and on either flank,
He knew that Goodwin and Co. must fail,
There was such a run on the bank.

A little more, and a little more,
The surges came tumbling in;
He sang the evening hymn twice o'er,
And thought of every sin!

[heart,
Each flounder and plaice lay cold at his
As cold as his marble slab;
And he thought he felt, in every part,
The pincers of scalded crab!

The squealing lobsters that he had boiled,
And the little potted shrimps,
All the horny prawns he had ever spoiled,
Gnawed into his soul, like imps!

And the billows were wandering to and fro,
And the glorious sun was sunk,
And Day, getting black in the face, as
though
Of the night-shade she had drunk!

Had there been but a smuggler's cargo
adrift,
One tub or keg to be seen,
It might have given his spirits a lift,
Or an *anker* where *Hope* might lean!

But there was not a box or a beam afloat,
To raft him from that sad place;
Not a skiff, not a yawl, nor a mackerel-boat,
Nor a smack upon Neptune's face.

At last, his lingering hopes to buoy,
He saw a sail and a mast,
And called "Ahoy!"—but it was not a hoy,
And so the vessel went past.

[face,
And with saucy wing that flapped in his
The wild bird about him flew,
With a shrilly scream, that twitted his case,
"Why, thou art a sea-gull too!"

And lo! the tide was over his feet;
Oh! his heart began to freeze,
And slowly to pulse:—in another beat
The wave was up to his knees!

[tops,
He was deafened amidst the mountain-
And the salt spray blinded his eyes,
And washed away the other salt drops
That grief had caused to arise:—

But just as his body was all afloat,
And the surges above him broke,
He was saved from the hungry deep by a
boat
Of Deal—(but builded of oak).

The skipper gave him a dram, as he lay
And chafed his shivering skin;
And the Angel returned that was flying
away
With the spirit of Peter Fin!

—o—

FAITHLESS SALLY BROWN.

AN OLD BALLAD.

YOUNG BEN he was a nice young man,
A carpenter by trade;
And he fell in love with Sally Brown,
That was a lady's maid.

But as they fetched a walk one day,
They met a press-gang crew
And Sally she did faint away,
Whilst Ben he was brought to.

The Boatswain swore with wicked words,
 Enough to shock a saint,
 That though she did seem in a fit,
 'Twas nothing but a feint.

"Come, girl," said he, "hold up your
 head,
 He'll be as good as me;
 For when your swain is in our boat,
 A boatswain he will be."

So when they'd made their game of her,
 And taken off her elf,
 She roused, and found she only was
 A-coming to herself.

"And is he gone, and is he gone?"
 She cried, and wept outright:—
 "Then I will to the water-side,
 And see him out of sight."

A waterman came up to her,
 "Now, young woman," said he,
 "If you weep on so, you will make
 Eye-water in the sea."

"Alas! they've taken my beau Ben
 To sail with old Benbow;"
 And her woe began to run afresh,
 As if she'd said, Gee, woe!

Says he, "They've only taken him
 To the Tender ship, you see;"
 "The Tender ship!" cried Sally Brown,
 "What a hard-ship that must be!

"Oh! would I were a mermaid now,
 For then I'd follow him;
 But oh!—I'm not a fish-woman,
 And so I cannot swim.

"Alas! I was not born beneath
 The Virgin and the Scales,
 So I must curse my cruel stars,
 And walk about in Wales."

Now Ben had sailed to many a place
 That's underneath the world;
 But in two years the ship came home,
 And all her sails were furled.

But when he called on Sally Brown,
 To see how she went on,
 He found she'd got another Ben,
 Whose Christian name was John.

"O Sally Brown, O Sally Brown,
 How could you serve me so?
 I've met with many a breeze before,
 But never such a blow."

Then reading on his 'bacco-box,
 He heaved a bitter sigh,
 And then began to eye his pipe,
 And then to pipe his eye.

And then he tried to sing "All's Well,"
 But could not though he tried;
 His head was turned, and so he chewed
 His pigtail till he died.

His death, which happened in his berth,
 At forty-odd befell:
 They went and told the sexton, and
 The sexton tolled the bell.

—o—

MY SON AND HEIR.

My mother bids me bind my heir,
 But not the trade where I should bind;
 To place a boy—the how and where—
 It is the plague of parent-kind!

She does not hint the slightest plan,
 Nor what indentures to endorse;
 Whether to bind him to a man,
 Or, like Mazeppa, to a horse.

What line to choose of likely rise,
 To something in the stocks at last,—
 "Fast bind, fast find," the proverb cries:
 I find I cannot bind so fast!

A Statesman James can never be:
 A Tailor?—there I only learn
 His chief concern is cloth, and he
 Is always cutting his concern.

A Seedsman?—I'd not have him so;
 A Grocer's plum might disappoint;
 A Butcher?—no, not that—although
 I hear "the times are out of joint!"

Too many of all trades there be,
 Like Pedlars, each has such a pack;
 A Merchant selling coals?—we see
 The buyer send to cellar back.

A Hardware dealer?—that might please,
 But if his trade's foundation leans
 On spikes and nails, he won't have ease
 When he retires upon his means.

A Soldier?—there he has not nerves;
 A Sailor seldom lays up pelf!
 A Baker?—no, a baker serves,
 His customer before himself.

Dresser of hair?—that's not the sort;
 A Joiner jars with his desire;
 A Churchman?—James is very short,
 And cannot to a church aspire.

A Lawyer?—that's a hardish term!
 A Publisher might give him ease,
 If he could into Longman's firm
 Just plunge at once "in medias Rees."

A shop for pot, and pan, and cup?
 Such brittle stock I can't advise;
 A Builder running houses up,
 Their gains are stories—maybe lies!

A Coppersmith I can't endure;
 Nor petty Usher A, B, C-ing;
 A Publican no father, sure,
 Would be the author of his being!

A Paper-maker?—come he must
 To rags before he sells a sheet;
 A Miller?—all his toil is just
 To make a meal he does not eat.

A Currier?—that by favour goes;
 A Chandler gives me great misgiving;
 An Undertaker?—one of those
 That do not hope to get their living!

Three Golden Balls?—I like them not;
 An Auctioneer I never did—
 The victim of a slavish lot,
 Obligated to do as he is bid!

A Broker watching fall and rise
 Of stock?—I'd rather deal in stone:
 A Printer?—there his toils comprise
 Another's work beside his own.

A Cooper?—neither I nor Jim
 Have any taste or turn for that;
 A Fish retailer?—but with him
 One part of trade is always flat.

A Painter?—long he would not live,
 An Artist's a precarious craft;
 In trade, Apothecaries give,
 But very seldom take, a draught.

A Glazier?—what if he should smash!
 A Crispin he shall not be made;
 A Grazier may be losing cash,
 Although he drives "a roaring trade."

Well, something must be done! to look
 On all my little works around—
 James is too big a boy, like book,
 To leave upon the shelf unbound.

But what to do?—my temples ache
 From evening's dew to morning's pearl,
 What course to take my boy to make:
 Oh, could I make my boy—a girl!

—O—

PAIN IN A PLEASURE BOAT.

A SEA ECLOGUE.

"I apprehend you!"—*School of Reform.*

BOATMAN.

SHOVE off there!—ship the rudder, Bill—
 cast off! she's under way!

MRS. F.

She's under what?—I hope she's not!
 good gracious, what a spray!

BOATMAN.

Run out the jib, and rig the boom! keep
 keep clear of those two brigs!

MRS. F.

I hope they don't intend some joke by
 running of their rigs!

BOATMAN.

Bill, shift them bags of ballast aft—she's
 rather out of trim!

MRS. F.

Great bags of stones! they're pretty things
 to help a boat to swim!

BOATMAN.

The wind is fresh—if she don't scud, it's
 not the breeze's fault!

MRS. F.

Wind fresh, indeed! I never felt the air so
 full of salt!

BOATMAN.

That schooner, Bill, harn't left the roads,
with oranges and nuts.

MRS. F.

If seas have roads, they're very rough—I
never felt such ruts!

BOATMAN.

It's neap, ye see, she's heavy lade, and
couldn't pass the bar.

MRS. F.

The bar! what, roads with turnpikes too?
I wonder where they are!

BOATMAN.

Ho! Brig ahoy! hard up! hard up! that
lubber cannot steer!

MRS. F.

Yes, yes—hard up upon a rock! I know
some danger's near!
Lord, there's a wave! it's coming in! and
roaring like a bull!

BOATMAN.

Nothing, ma'am, but a little slop! Go
large, Bill! keep her full!

MRS. F.

What, keep her full! what daring work!
when full, she must go down!

BOATMAN.

Why, Bill, it lulls! ease off a bit—it's
coming off the town!
Steady your helm! we'll clear the *Pint*!
lay right for yonder pink!

MRS. F.

Be steady—well, I hope they can! but
they've got a pint of drink!

BOATMAN.

Bill, give that sheet another haul—she'll
fetch it up this reach.

MRS. F.

I'm getting rather pale, I know, and they
know it by that speech!
I wonder what it is, now, but—I never felt
so queer!

BOATMAN.

Bill, mind your luff—why, Bill, I say, she's
yawing—keep her near!

MRS. F.

Keep near! we're going farther off; the
land's behind our backs.

BOATMAN.

Be easy, ma'am, it's all correct, that's only
'cause we tacks;
We shall have to beat about a bit—Bill,
keep her out to sea.

MRS. F.

Beat who about? keep who at sea?—how
black they look at me!

BOATMAN.

It's veering round—I knew it would! off
with her head! stand by!

MRS. F.

Off with her head! whose? where? what
with?—an axe I seem to spy!

BOATMAN.

She can't keep her own, you see; we shall
have to pull her in!

MRS. F.

They'll drown me, and take all I have!
my life's not worth a pin!

BOATMAN.

Look out, you know, be ready, Bill—just
when she takes the sand!

MRS. F.

The sand—O Lord! to stop my mouth!
how everything is planned!

BOATMAN.

The handspike, Bill—quick, bear a hand!
now, ma'am, just step ashore!

MRS. F.

What! ain't I going to be killed—and
weltered in my gore?
Well, Heaven be praised! but I'll not go
a-sailing any more!

—:O:—

RICHARD BARHAM.

1793—1835.

THE CARDINAL LOSES HIS RING.

From "The Jackdaw of Rheims."

THE great Lord Cardinal turns at the sight
Of these nice little boys dressed all in white;
From his finger he draws
His costly turquoise,
And, not thinking at all about little jack-
daws,
Deposits it straight
By the side of his plate,
While the nice little boys on his Eminence
wait; [thing,
Till, when nobody's dreaming of any such
That little jackdaw hops off with the ring!

* * * * *

There's a cry and a shout,
And a terrible rout,
And nobody seems to know what they're
about,
But the monks have their pockets all turned
inside out;
The friars are kneeling,
And hunting, and feeling
The carpet, the floor, and the walls, and
the ceiling.
The Cardinal drew
Off each plum-coloured shoe,
And left his red stockings exposed to the
view;
He peeps and he feels
In the toes and the heels;
They turn up the dishes, they turn up the
plates; [grates;
They take up the poker and poke out the
They turn up the rugs,
They examine the mugs;
But, no! no such thing;—
They can't find the RING!

The Cardinal rose with a dignified look,
He called for his candle, his bell, and his
book!

In holy anger and pious grief
He solemnly cursed that rascally thief!
Never was heard such a terrible curse!
But what gave rise
To no little surprise,
Nobody seemed one penny the worse!

The day was gone,
The night came on,
The monks and the friars they searched
till dawn;

When the Sacristan saw,
On crumpled claw,
Come limping a poor little lame jackdaw!
No longer gay,
As on yesterday;
His feathers all seemed to be turned the
wrong way,
His pinions drooped—he could hardly
stand—
His head was as bald as the palm of your
hand;
His eye so dim,
So wasted each limb,
That, regardless of grammar, they all cried,
"THAT'S HIM!"
That's the scamp that has done this scan-
dalous thing!
That's the thief that has got my Lord
Cardinal's ring!"

—O—

CONVERSION OF THE JACKDAW.

SO FAR from any more pilfering deeds,
He always seemed telling the confessor's
beads.
If any one lied, or if any one swore,
That good jackdaw
Would give a great "caw!"
As much as to say, "Don't do so any
more!"

He long lived the pride
Of that country-side,
And at last in the odour of sanctity died;
When, as words were too faint
His merits to paint, [saint;
The conclave determined to make him a
And on newly-made saints and popes, as
you know,
It's the custom at Rome a new name to
bestow,
So they canonized him by the name of
Jim Crow.

—O—

THE CYNOTAPH.

Poor Tray charmant!
Poor Tray de mon ami!
—*Dog-bury and Vergers.*

OH! where shall I bury my poor dog Tray,
Now his fleeting breath has passed away?—
Seventeen years, I can venture to say,
Have I seen him gambol, and frolic, and
play.

Evermore happy, and frisky, and gay,
As though every one of his months was
May,

And the whole of his life one long holiday—
Now he's a lifeless lump of clay,
Oh! where shall I bury my faithful Tray?

I am almost tempted to think it hard
That it may not be there, in yon sunny
churchyard,

Where the green willows wave
O'er the peaceful grave
Which holds all that once was honest and
brave,

Kind and courteous, and faithful and true,
Qualities, Tray, that were found in you.
But it may not be—yon sacred ground,
By holiest feelings fenced around,
May ne'er within its hallowed bound
Receive the dust of a soul-less hound.

I would not place him in yonder fane,
Where the midday sun through the storied
pane

Throws on the pavement a crimson stain;
Where the banners of chivalry heavily
swing

O'er the pinnacled tomb of the Warrior
King,

With helmet and shield, and all that sort
of thing.

No!—come what may,
My gentle Tray
Shan't bean intruder on bluff Harry Tudor,
Or panoplied monarchs yet earlier and
runder

Whom you see on their backs,
In stone or in wax,
Though the Sacristans now are "forbidden
to ax"

For what Mr. Hume calls "a scandalous
tax;"

While the Chartists insist they've a right
to go snacks—

No!—Tray's humble tomb would look but
shabby

'Mid the sculptured shrines of that gor-
geous Abbey,

Besides, in the place
They say there's not space

To bury what wet-nurses call "a Babby."
Even "Rare Ben Jonson," that famous
wight,

I am told, is interred there bolt upright,
In just such a posture, beneath his bust,

As Tray used to sit in to beg for a crust.
The epitaph too,

Would scarcely do,

For what it could say

But, "Here lies Tray,

A very good kind of dog in his day"?
And satirical folks might be apt to imagine
it

Meant as a quiz on the House of Plan-
tagenet.

No! no!—The Abbey may do very well
For a feudal "Nob," or poetical "Swell,"
"Crusaders," or "Poets," or "Knights of
St. John,"

Or Knights of St. John's Wood, who once
went on

To the Castle of *Goode Lordie Eglingtonne*.
Count Fiddle-fumkin, and Lord Fiddle-
faddle,

"Sir Craven," "Sir Gael," and "Sir
Campbell of Saddell,"

(Who, as poor Hook said, when he heard
of the feat,

"Was somehow knocked out of his family
seat;")

The Esquires of the Body

To my Lord Tomnoddy;

"Sir Fairlie," "Sir Lamb,"

And the "Knight of the Ram,"

The "Knight of the Rose," and the
"Knight of the Dragon,"

Who, save at the flagon,

And prog in the wagon,

The newspapers tell us did little "to brag
on;"

And more, though the Muse knows but
little concerning 'em,

"Sir Hopkins," "Sir Popkins," "Sir
Gage," and "Sir Jerningham,"

All *Preux Chevaliers*, in friendly rivalry
Who should best bring back the glory of
Chi-valry.—

—(Pray be so good, for the sake of my
song,

To pronounce here the ante-penultimate
long;

Or some hyper-critic will certainly cry,
"The word 'Chivalry' is but a rhyme to
the eye."

And I own it is clear

A fastidious ear

Will be, more or less, always annoyed with
you when you in-

Sert any rhyme that's not perfectly genuine.
As to pleasing the "eye,"

'Tisn't worth while to try,

Since Moore and Tom Campbell them-
selves admit "spinach"

Is perfectly antiphonetic to "Greenwich.")

But stay!—I say!

Let me pause while I may—

This digression is leading me sadly astray
From my object—A grave for my poor
dog Tray!

I would not place him beneath thy walls,
And proud o'ershadowing dome, St. Paul's!
Though I've always considered Sir Chris-
topher Wren,

As an architect, one of the greatest of men;
And, talking of Epitaphs,—much I admire
his,

"*Circumspice, si Monumentum requiris;*"
Which an erudite Verger translated to me,
"If you ask for his monument, *Sir-come-
spy-see!*"

No!—I should not know where

To place him there;

I would not have him by surly Johnson
be;

Or that queer-looking horse that is rolling
on Ponsonby;

Or those ugly minxes

The sister Sphinxes,

Mixed creatures, half lady, half lioness,
ergo, [Virgo;

(Denon says), the emblems of *Leo* and
On one of the backs of which singular
jumble

Sir Ralph Abercrombie is going to tumble,
With a thump which alone were enough
to dispatch him,

If the Scotchman in front shouldn't happen
to catch him.

No!—I'd not have him there,—nor nearer
the door,

Where the man and the Angel have got
Sir John Moore,

And are quietly letting him down through
the floor;

By Gillespie, the one who escaped, at
Vellore,

Alone from the row;—

Neither he nor Lord Howe

Would like to be plagued with a little
Bow-wow.

No, Tray, we must yield

And go farther afield;

To lay you by Nelson were downright
effront'ry;

—We'll be off from the City, and look at
the country.

It shall not be there,

In that sepulchred square,

Where folks are interred for the sake of
the air,

(Though, pay but the dues,

They could hardly refuse

To Tray what they grant to Thugs, and
Hindoos,

Turks, Infidels, Heretics, Jumpers, and
Jews,)

Where the tombstones are placed

In the very *best taste*,

At the feet and the head

Of the elegant Dead,

And no one's received who's not "buried
in lead;"

For, there lie the bones

Of Deputy Jones,

Whom the widow's tears and the orphan's
groans

Affected as much as they do the stones

His executors laid on the Deputy's bones;

Little rest, poor knave!

Would Tray have in his grave;

Since spirits, 'tis plain,

Are sent back again,

To roam round their bodies,—the bad
ones in pain,—

Dragging after them sometimes a heavy
jack-chain;

Whenever they met, alarmed by its groans,
his

Ghost all night long would be barking at
Jones's.

Nor shall he be laid

By that cross old maid,

Miss Penelope Bird,—of whom it is said
All the dogs in the parish were ever afraid.

He must not be placed

By one so strait-laced

In her temper, her taste,

Her morals, and waist.

For 'tis said, when she went up to heaven,
and St. Peter,

Who happened to meet her,

Came forward to greet her;

She pursed up with scorn every vinegar
feature,

And bade him 'Get out for a horrid Male
Creature!'

So the Saint, after looking as if he could
eat her,

Not knowing, perhaps, very well how to
treat her,

And not being willing, or able, to beat
her,

Sent her back to her grave till her temper
grew sweeter,

With an epithet which I decline to repeat
here.

No; if Tray were interred
By Penelope Bird,
No dog could be e'er so be-"whelp"ed and
be-"cur"red.

All the night long her cantankerous sprite
Would be running about in the pale moon-
light,
Chasing him round, and attempting to lick
The ghost of poor Tray with the ghost of a
stick.

Stay!—let me see;
Ay—here it shall be,
At the root of this gnarled and time-worn
tree,

Where Tray and I
Would often lie,
And watch the bright clouds as they floated
by

In the broad expanse of the clear blue sky;
When the sun was bidding the world good
bye;

And the plaintive nightingale, warbling
nigh,
Poured forth her mournful melody;
While the tender wood-pigeon's wooing
cry

Has made me say to myself, with a sigh,
"How nice you would eat with a steak in
a pie!"

Ay, here it shall be!—far, far from the view
Of the noisy world and its maddening crew.

Simple and few,
Tender and true
The lines o'er his grave. They have, some
of them, too,
The advantage of being remarkably new.

EPITAPH.

Affliction sore
Long time he bore,
Physicians were in vain.
Grown blind, alas! he'd
Some Prussic Acid,
And that put him out of his pain!

—:O:—

W. S. GILBERT.

CAPTAIN REECE.

OF all the ships upon the blue,
No ship contained a better crew
Than that of worthy Captain Reece,
Commanding of the *Mantelpiece*.

He was adored by all his men.
For worthy Captain Reece, R.N.,
Did all that lay within him to
Promote the comfort of his crew.

If ever they were dull or sad,
Their captain danced to them like mad,
Or told, to make the time pass by,
Droll legends of his infancy.

A feather bed had every man,
Warm slippers and hot-water-can,
Brown Windsor from the captain's store,
A valet, too, to every four.

Did they with thirst in summer burn?
Lo, seltzogenes at every turn,
And on all very sultry days
Cream ices handed round on trays.

Then currant wines and ginger pops
Stood handily on all the "tops";
And, also, with amusement rife,
A "Zoetrope, or Wheel of Life,"

New volumes came across the sea
From Mister Mudie's lib'aree;
The Times and *Saturday Review*
Beguiled the leisure of the crew.

Kind-hearted Captain Reece R.N.,
Was quite devoted to his men;
In point of fact, good Captain Reece
Beatified the *Mantelpiece*.

One summer eve, at half-past ten,
He said, addressing all his men,
"Come, tell me, please, what can I do
To please and gratify my crew.

"By any reasonable plan
I'll make you happy if I can;
My own convenience count as *nil*;
It is my duty, and I will."

Then up and answered William Lee,—
The kindly captain's coxswain he;
A nervous, shy, low-spoken man,—
He cleared his throat and thus began:

"You have a daughter, Captain Reece,
Ten female cousins and a niece,
A ma, if what I'm told is true,
Six sisters, and an aunt or two.

"Now, somehow, sir, it seems to me,
More friendly-like we all should be,
If you united of 'em to
Unmarried members of the crew.

"If you'd ameliorate our life,
Let each select from them a wife;
And as for nervous me, old pal,
Give me your own enchanting gal!"

Good Captain Reece, that worthy man,
Debated on his coxswain's plan:
"I quite agree," he said, "O Bill;
It is my duty, and I will.

"My daughter, that enchanting gurl,
Has just been promised to an earl,
And all my other familiee
To peers of various degree.

"But what are dukes and viscounts to
The happiness of all my crew?
The word I gave you I'll fulfil;
It is my duty, and I will.

"As you desire it shall befall,
I'll settle thousands on you all,
And I shall be, despite my board,
The only bachelor on board."

The boatswain of the *Mantelpiece*,
He blushed and spoke to Captain Reece:
"I beg your honour's leave," he said.
"If you would wish to go and wed,

"I have a widowed mother, who
Would be the very thing for you;
She long has loved you from afar—
She washes for you, Captain R."

The Captain saw the dame that day—
Addressed her in his playful way:
"And did it want a wedding ring?
It was a tempting ickle sing!

"Well, well, the chaplain I will seek,
We'll all be married this day week
At yonder church upon the hill;
It is my duty, and I will!"

The sisters, cousins, aunts, and niece,
And widowed ma of Captain Reece,
Attended there as they were bid;
It was their duty, and they did.



THE YARN OF THE *NANCY BELL*.

"Twas on the shores that round our coast
From Deal to Ramsgate span,
That I found alone on a piece of stone
An elderly naval man.

His hair was weedy, his beard was long,
And weedy and long was he,
And I heard this wight on the shore recite,
In a singular minor key:—

"Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig!"

And he shook his fists and he tore his hair,
Till I really felt afraid,
For I couldn't help thinking the man had
been drinking,
And so I simply said:

"O elderly man, it's little I know
Of the duties of men of the sea,
And I'll eat my hand if I understand
How you can possibly be

"At once a cook, and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig!"

Then he gave a hitch to his trousers, which
Is a trick all seamen larn,
And having got rid of his baccy quid,
He spun this painful yarn:—

"'Twas in the good ship *Nancy Bell*
That we sailed to the Indian Sea,
And there on a reef we come to grief,
Which has often occurred to me.

"And pretty nigh all o' the crew was
drowned
(There was seventy-seven o' soul),
And only ten of the *Nancy's* men
Said 'Here!' to the muster-roll.

"There was me and the cook and the
captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And the bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig.

"For a month we'd neither wittles nor
drink,
Till a-hungry we did feel,
So we drewed a lot, and according shot
The captain for our meal.

"The next lot fell to the *Nancy's* mate,
And a delicate dish he made;
Then our appetite with the midshipmite
We seven survivors stayed.

"And then we murdered the bo'sun tight,
And he much resembled pig;
Then we wittled free, did the cook and me,
On the crew of the captain's gig.

"Then only the cook and me was left,
And the delicate question, 'which
Of us two goes to the butcher?' arose,
And we argued it out as sich.

"For I loved the cook as a brother, I did,
And the cook he worshipped me;
But we'd both be blowed if we'd either
be stowed
In the other chap's hold, you see!

" 'I'll be eat if you dines off me,' says
Tom.

'Yes, that,' says I, 'you'll be.'—
'I'm boiled if I die, my friend,' quoth I.
And 'Exactly so,' quoth he.

"Says he, 'Dear James, to murder me
Were a foolish thing to do,
For don't you see that you can't cook *me*,
While I can—and will—cook *you*!'

"So he boils the water, and takes the salt
And the pepper in portions true

(Which he never forgot) and some chopped
shalot,
And some sage and parsley too.

" 'Come here,' says he, with a proper
pride,
Which his smiling features tell,
'Twill soothing be if I let you see
How extremely nice you'll smell.'

"And he stirred it round and round and
round,
And he sniffed at the foaming froth;
When I ups with his heels, and I smothers
his squeals
In the scum of the boiling broth!

"And I ate that cook in a week, or less,
And as I a-eating be
The last of his chops, why, I almost drops,
For a vessel in sight I see.

* * * * *

"And I never grieve, and I never smile,
And I never laugh nor play
But I sit and croak, and a single joke
I have—which is to say:

"Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."



DRAMATIC POETRY.

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

1557—1634.

OPINION.

THERE is no truth of any good
To be discerned on earth ; and, by conversion,
Nought therefore simply bad ; but as the stuff
Prepared for Arras pictures, is no picture
Till it be formed, and man hath cast the beams
Of his imaginous fancy thorough it,
In forming ancient kings and conquerors
As he conceives they looked and were attired,
Though they were nothing so : so all things here
Have all their price set down from men's conceits,
Which make all terms and actions good or bad,
And are but pliant and well-coloured threads
Put into feigned images of truth.

—O—

THE MASTER SPIRIT.

GIVE me a spirit that on life's rough sea
Loves to have his sails filled with a lusty wind,
Even till his sail-yards tremble, his masts crack,
And his rapt ship run on her side so low
That she drinks water, and her keel ploughs air.
There is no danger to a man that knows
What life and death is : there's not any law
Exceeds his knowledge ; neither is it lawful
That he should stoop to any other law :
He goes before them, and commands them all,
That to himself is a law rational.

INNOCENCE.

INNOCENCE, the sacred amulet
'Gainst all the poisons of infirmity,
Of all misfortune, injury, and death :
That makes a man in tune still in himself :
Free from the hell to be his own accuser :
Ever in quiet, endless joy enjoying,
No strife nor no sedition in his powers ;
No motion in his will against his reason ;
No thought 'gainst thought ; nor (as 'twere
in the confines
Of wishing and repenting) both possess
Only a wayward and tumultuous peace ;
But, all parts in him friendly and secure,
Fruitful of all best things in all worst seasons,
He can with every wish be in their plenty,
When the infectious guilt of one foul crime
Destroys the free content of all our time.

—:O:—

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

1565—1593.

SCENE PRECEDING EDWARD THE SECOND'S MURDER.

*Berkeley Castle. The King is left alone
with Lightborn, a murderer.*

Edward. Who's there? what light is
that? wherefore com'st thou?

Lightborn. To comfort you, and bring
you joyful news.

Edw. Small comfort finds poor Edward
in thy looks.

Villain, I know thou com'st to murder
me.

Light. To murder you, my most gracious
lord!

Far is it from my heart to do you harm.

The queen sent me to see how you were used,

For she relents at this your misery:
And what eyes can refrain from shedding tears,

To see a king in this most piteous state?

Edw. Weep'st thou already? list awhile to me

And then thy heart, were it as Gurneys' is,*
Or as Matrevis',* hewn from the Caucasus,
Yet will it melt ere I have done my tale.
This dungeon where they keep me is a sink
Wherein the filth of all the castle falls.

Light. O villains!

Edw. And there in mire and puddle have I stood

This ten days' space; and lest that I should sleep,

One plays continually upon a drum.

They give me bread and water,—being a king;

So that, for want of sleep and sustenance,
My mind's distempered and my body's numbed,

And whether I have limbs or no, I know not.

Oh, would my blood drop out from every vein,

As doth this water from my tattered robes.
Tell Isabel the queen, I looked not thus
When for her sake I ran at tilt in France,
And there unhorsed the Duke of Clere-mont.

Light. Oh, speak no more, my lord! this breaks my heart.

Lie on this bed, and rest yourself awhile.

Edw. These looks of thine can harbour nought but death:

I see my tragedy written in thy brows.

Yet stay awhile, forbear thy bloody hand,

And let me see the stroke before it comes,

That even then, when I shall lose my life,

My mind may be more steadfast on my God.

Light. What means your highness to mistrust me thus?

Edw. What mean'st thou to dissemble with me thus?

Light. These hands were never stained with innocent blood,

Nor shall they now be tainted with a king's.

Edw. Forgive my thought, for having such a thought.

One jewel have I left,—receive thou this.

Still fear I, and I know not what's the cause,

But every joint shakes as I give it thee.

Oh, if thou harbour'st murder in thy heart,
Let the gift change thy mind, and save thy soul.

Know that I am a king: oh, at that name I feel a hell of grief. Where is my crown?
Gone, gone! and do I still remain alive?

Light. You're overwatched, my lord, lie down and rest.

Edw. But that grief keeps me waking, I should sleep;

For not these ten days have these eyelids closed.

Now as I speak they fall, and yet with fear

Open again. Oh, wherefore sitt'st thou here?

Light. If thou mistrust me, I'll be gone, my lord.

Edw. No, no, for if thou mean'st to murder me

Thou wilt return again; and therefore stay.

Light. He sleeps.

Edw. Oh, let me not die; yet stay, oh, stay awhile.

Light. How now, my lord?

Edw. Something still buzzeth in mine ears,

And tells me if I sleep I never wake;

This fear is that which makes me tremble thus.

And therefore tell me wherefore art thou come?

Light. To rid thee of thy life; Matrevis, come.

Edw. I am too weak and feeble to resist:

Assist me, sweet God, and receive my soul.

—o—

WEEPING BEAUTY.

AH, fair Zenocrate! divine Zenocrate!

Fair is too foul an epithet for thee,

That, in thy passion for thy country's love,

And fear to see thy kingly father's harm,

With hair dishevelled, wip'st thy wat'ry cheek,

And, like to Flora in her morning pride,

Shaking her silver tresses in the air,

Rain'st on the earth resolved pearl in showers,

And sprinklest sapphires on thy shining fall!

* His keepers.

Where Beauty, mother to the Muses, sits
And comments volumes with her iv'ry pen;
Taking instructions from thy flowing eyes;
Eyes
Making the mantle of the brightest light
The moon, the planets, and the meteors
bright.

—:O:—

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

1607—1649.

THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER.

Enter the two young Princes, Edward and Richard, with Gloster, Catesby, Lovell, and Tyrrel.

Prince Edward. UNCLE, what gentleman is that? [the Tower.

Gloster. It is, sweet prince, lieutenant of P. Ed. Sir, we are come to be your guests to-night.

I pray you, tell me, did you ever know Our father Edward lodge within this place?

Brackenbury. Never to lodge, my liege; but oftentimes,

On other occasions, I have seen him here.

Prince Richard. Brother, last night, when you did send for me,

My mother told me, hearing we should lodge

Within the Tower, that it was a prison, And therefore marvelled that my uncle Gloster,

Of all the houses for a king's receipt

Within this city, had appointed none

Where you might keep your court but only here.

Glos. Vile brats! how they do descant on the Tower! (*aside*).

My gentle nephew, they were ill advised To tutor you with such unfitting terms (Who'er they were) against this royal mansion.

What if some part of it hath been reserved To be a prison for nobility?

Follows it, therefore, that it cannot serve To any other use? Cæsar himself,

That built the same, within it kept his court, And many-kings since him: the rooms are large, [side,

The buildings stately, and for strength be- It is the safest and the surest hold you have.

P. Ed. Uncle of Gloster! if you think it so,

'Tis not for me to contradict your will, We must allow it, and are well content.

Glos. On then, a God's name!

P. Ed. Yet before we go,

One question more with you, Master Lieutenant:

We like you well; and, but we do perceive More comfort in your looks than in these walls,

For all our uncle Gloster's friendly speech, Our hearts would be as heavy still as lead.

I pray you tell me, at which door or gate Was it my uncle Clarence did go in,

When he was sent a prisoner to this place?

Bra. At this, my liege. Why sighs your majesty?

P. Ed. He went in here that ne'er came back again!

But as God hath decreed, so let it be!

Come, brother, shall we go?

P. Rd. Yes, brother; anywhere with you.

[*Exeunt the Princes, Gloster and Lovell, Brackenbury and Shore.*

Tyrrel (*pulls Catesby by the sleeve*). Sir,

Were it best I did attend the duke,

Or stay his leisure till his back return?

Catesby. I pray you, Master Tyrrel, stay without:

It is not good you should be seen by day Within the Tower, especially at this time;

I'll tell his honour of your being here,

And you shall know his pleasure presently.

Tyr. Even so, sir. Men would be glad by any means

To raise themselves, that have been overthrown

By fortune's scorn; and I am one of them. Here comes the duke!

Re-enter the Duke of Gloster.

Glos. Catesby, is this the man?

Cat. It is, if 't like your excellency.

Glos. Come near.

Thy name, I hear, is Tyrrel, is it not?

Tyr. James Tyrrel is my name, my gracious lord.

Glos. Welcome! it should appear that thou hast been

In better state than now it seems thou art.

Tyr. I have been, by my fay, my lord! though now depressed

And clouded over with adversity.

Glos. Be ruled by me, and thou shalt rise again,

And prove more happy than thou ever wast.

There is but only two degrees by which

It shall be needful for thee to ascend,
And that is, faith and taciturnity.

Tyr. If ever I prove false unto your grace,
Convert your favour to afflictions.

Glos. But can'st thou too be secret?

Tyr. Try me, my lord.

This tongue was never known to be a blab.

Glos. Thy countenance hath, like a silver
key,

Opened the closet of my heart. Read
there;

If, scholar-like, thou can'st expound those
lines,

Thou art the man ordained to serve my
turn.

Tyr. So far as my capacity will reach,
The sense, my lord, is this. This night,
you say,

The two young princes both must suffer
death.

Glos. Thou hast my meaning. Wilt thou
do it? speak.

Tyr. It shall be done.

Glos. Enough! come, follow me,
For thy direction, and for gold to fee
Such as must aid thee in their tragedy.

[*Exeunt.*]

A Bedroom in the Tower.

*Enter the two young Princes, Edward and
Richard, in their bedgowns and caps.*

Ric. How does your lordship?

Ed. Well, good brother Richard.
How does yourself? You told me your
head ached.

Ric. Indeed, it does, my lord. Feel
with your hands how hot it is.

Ed. Indeed, you have caught cold,
With sitting yesternight to hear me read.
I pray thee go to bed, sweet Dick! poor
little heart.

Ric. You'll give me leave to wait upon
your lordship.

Ed. I had more need, brother, to wait
on you,

For you are sick; and so am not I.

Ric. Oh, lord! methinks this going to
our bed,

How like it is going to our grave.

Ed. I pray thee, do not speak of graves,
sweet heart,

Indeed thou frightest me.

Ric. Why, my lord brother, did not our
tutor teach us,

That when at night we went unto our bed,
We still should think we went unto our
grave?

Ed. Yes, that's true,

If we should do as every Christian ought,
To be prepared to die at every hour.

But I am heavy.

Ric. Indeed, and so am I.

Ed. Then let us say our prayers and go
to bed.

[*They kneel, and solemn music within.*

It ceases, and they rise

Ric. What, bleeds your grace?

Ed. Ay, two drops and no more.

Ric. God bless us both! and I desire no
more.

Ed. Brother, see here what David says,
and so say I:

Lord! in Thee will I trust, although I die.

—:O:—

JOHN FORD.

1586—1639.

PENTHEA RECOMMENDS HER BROTHER AS A DYING BEQUEST TO THE PRINCESS.

Calantha. BEING alone, Penthea, you
have granted

The opportunity you sought, and might
At all times have commanded.

Penthea. 'Tis a benefit

Which I shall owe your goodness even in
death for.

My glass of life, sweet princess, hath few
minutes

Remaining to run down; the sands are
spent:

For by an inward messenger I feel
The summons of departure short and cer-
tain.

Cal. You feed too much your melan-
choly.

Pen. Glories

Of human greatness are but pleasing
dreams,

And shadows soon decaying: on the stage
Of my mortality my youth hath acted

Some scenes of vanity, drawn out at length:
By varied pleasures sweetened in the mix-
ture,

But tragical in issue.

Cal. Contemn not your condition, for
the proof

Of bare opinion only: to what end

Reach all these moral texts?

Pen. To place before ye

A perfect mirror, wherein you may see

How weary I am of a lingering life,
Who count the best a misery.

Cal. Indeed

You have no little cause; yet none so great,
As to distrust a remedy.

Pen. That remedy

Must be a winding-sheet, a fold of lead,
And some untrod-on corner in the earth.
Not to detain your expectation, princess,
I have an humble suit.

Cal. Speak, and enjoy it.

Pen. Vouchsafe then to be my executrix,
And take that trouble on ye, to dispose
Such legacies as I bequeath impartially:
I have not much to give, the pains are
easy;

Heaven will reward your piety and thank it,
When I am dead; for sure I must not live;
I hope I cannot.

Cal. Now beshrew thy sadness!

Thou turn'st me too much woman.

Pen. Her fair eyes

Melt into passion, then I have assurance
Encouraging my boldness. In this paper
My will was characterized; which you, with
pardon,

Shall now know from mine own mouth.

Cal. Talk on, prithee;

It is a pretty earnest.

Pen. I have left me

But three poor jewels to bequeath. The
first is

My youth; for though I am much old in
griefs,

In years I am a child.

Cal. To whom that?

Pen. To virgin wives; such as abuse not
wedlock

By freedom of desires,

* * * * *

And next,

To unmarried maids; such as prefer the
number

Of honourable issue in their virtues,
Before the flattery of delights by marriage;
May those be ever young.

Cal. A second jewel

You mean to part with?

Pen. 'Tis my fame; I trust,

By scandal yet untouched: this I bequeath
To Memory and Time's old daughter,
Truth.

If ever my unhappy name find mention,
When I am fall'n to dust, may it deserve
Beseeching charity without dishonour.

Cal. How handsomely thou play'st with
harmless sport

Of mere imagination! Speak the last:
I strangely like thy will.

Pen. This jewel, madam,
Is dearly precious to me; you must use
The best of your discretion, to employ
This gift as I intend it.

Cal. Do not doubt me.

Pen. 'Tis long ago since first I lost my
heart;

Long I have lived without it: but instead
Of it, to great Calantha, Sparta's heir,
By service bound and by affection vowed,
I do bequeath in holiest rites of love
Mine only brother Ithocles.

Cal. What saidst thou?

Pen. Impute not, heaven-blest lady, to
ambition,

A faith as humbly perfect as the prayers
Of a devoted suppliant can endow it:

Look on him, princess, with an eye of
pity:

How like the ghost of what he late appeared
He moves before you!

Cal. Shall I answer here,
Or lend my ear too grossly?

Pen. First his heart
Shall fall in cinders, scorched by your
disdain,

Ere he will dare, poor man, to ope an
eye

On these divine looks, but with low-bent
thoughts

Accusing such presumption: as for words,
He dares not utter any but of service;

Yet this lost creature loves you. Be a
princess

In sweetness as in blood; give him his
doom,

Or raise him up to comfort.

Cal. What new change
Appears in my behaviour, that thou darest
Tempt my displeasure?

Pen. I must leave the world,
To revel in Elysium; and 'tis just
To wish my brother some advantage here.
Yet by my best hopes, Ithocles is ignorant
Of this pursuit. But if you please to kill
him,

Lend him one angry look, or one harsh
word,

And you shall soon conclude how strong
a power

Your absolute authority holds over
His life and end.

Cal. You have forgot, Penthea,
How still I have a father.

Pen. But remember
I am sister: though to me this brother

Hath been, you know, unkind, oh, most unkind.

Cal. Christalla, Philema, where are ye?

Lady,

Your check lies in my silence.

—:O:—

JOHN WEBSTER.

1654—.....

DEATH OF THE DUCHESS OF MALFY.

Duchess. FAREWELL, Cariola.

I pray thee look thou giv'st my little boy

Some syrup for his cold; and let the girl Say her prayers ere she sleep.—Now what you please;

What death?

Bosola. Strangling. Here are your executioners.

Duch. I forgive them.

The apoplexy, catarrh, or cough o' the lungs,

Would do as much as they do.

Bos. Does not death fright you?

Duch. Who would be afraid on't, Knowing to meet such excellent company

In th' other world.

Bos. Yet methinks

The manner of your death should much afflict you;

This cord should terrify you.

Duch. Not a whit.

What would it pleasure me to have my throat cut

With diamonds? or to be smothered

With cassia? or to be shot to death with pearls?

I know, death hath ten thousand several doors

For men to take their exits; and 'tis found They go on such strange geometrical hinges,

You may open them both ways: any way: (for Heaven sake)

So I were out of your whispering: tell my brothers

That I perceive, death (now I'm well awake)

Best gift is, they can give or I can take.

I would fain put off my last woman's fault;

I'd not be tedious to you.

Pull, and pull strongly, for your able strength

Must pull down heaven upon me.

Yet stay, heaven gates are not so highly arched

As princes' palaces; they that enter there Must go upon their knees. Come, violent death.

Serve for mandragora to make me sleep.

Go, tell my brothers, when I am laid out, They then may feed in quiet.

[*They strangle her, kneeling.*]

—O—

VIRGINIUS AND HIS DAUGHTER.

Virginus. ERRE you speak,

One parting far-well let me borrow of you To take of my Virginia.

Appius. Pray, take your course.

Vir. Farewell, my sweet Virginia: never, never

Shall I taste fruit of the most blessed hope

I had in thee. Let me forget the thought Of thy most pretty infancy: when first,

Returning from the wars, I took delight To rock thee in my target; when my girl

Would kiss her father in his burgonet Of glittering steel hung 'bout his armed neck,

And, viewing the bright metal, smile to see Another fair Virginia smile on thee;

When I first taught thee how to go, to speak;

And (when my wounds have smarted) I have sung,

With an unskilful yet a willing voice,

To bring my girl asleep. O my Virginia!

When we begun to be, begun our woes;

Increasing still, as dying life still grows.

Thus I surrender her into the court

Of all the gods. [*Kills her.*]

—O—

HONOURABLE EMPLOYMENT.

O MY lord, lie not idle:

The chiefest action for a man of great spirit

Is never to be out of action. We should think

The soul was never put into the body,

Which has so many rare and curious pieces

Of mathematical motion, to stand still.
 Virtue is ever sowing of her seeds :
 In the trenches for the soldier : in the
 wakeful study
 For the scholar ; in the furrows of the
 sea
 For men of our profession : of all which
 Arise and spring up honour.

—:O:—

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

1564—1616.

A LOVE SCENE.

Ferdinand. I DO beseech you,—
 Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers,—
 What is your name?

Miranda. Miranda.—O my father !
 I have broke your hest to say so.

Fer. Admired Miranda !
 Indeed, the top of admiration ; worth
 What 's dearest to the world ! Full many
 a lady

I have eyed with best regard ; and many a
 time

The harmony of their tongues hath into
 bondage

Brought my too diligent ear : for several
 virtues

Have I liked several women ; never any
 With so full soul, but some defect in her
 Did quarrel with the noblest grace she
 owed,

And put it to the foil : but you, O you !
 So perfect, and so peerless, are created
 Of every creature's best.

Mira. I do not know
 One of my sex ; no woman's face remember,
 Save, from my glass, my own ; nor have I
 seen

More that I may call men, than you, good
 friend,

And my dear father : how features are
 abroad

I am skill-less of ; but, by my modesty
 (The jewel in my dower), I would not wish
 Any companion in the world but you ;
 Nor can imagination form a shape,
 Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
 Something too wildly, and my father's
 precepts

I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition,
 A prince, Miranda ; I do think, a king

(I would, not so !); and would no more
 endure

This wooden slavery, than to suffer
 The flesh-fly blow my mouth.—Hear my
 soul speak—

The very instant that I saw you, did
 My heart fly to your service ; there resides,
 To make me slave to it ; and for your sake,
 Am I this patient log-man.

Mira. Do you love me ?

Fer. O heaven ! O earth ! bear witness
 to this sound,

And crown what I profess with kind event,
 If I speak true : if hollowly, invert
 What best is boded me to mischief ! I,
 Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,
 Do love, prize, honour you.

Mira. I am a fool

To weep at what I am glad of.

Prospero (aside). Fair encounter
 Of two most rare affections ! Heaven rain
 grace

On that which breeds between them !

Fer. Wherefore weep you ?

Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare
 not offer

What I desire to give ; and much less take
 What I shall die to want. But this is
 trifling ;

And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
 The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful
 cunning !

And prompt me, plain and holy innocence !
 I am your wife, if you will marry me ;

If not, I'll die your maid : to be your fellow
 You may deny me ; but I'll be your servant,
 Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest,
 And I thus humble ever.

Mira. My husband, then ?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
 As bondage e'er of freedom : here's my
 hand.

Mira. And mine, with my heart in't :
 and now farewell,
 Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand thousand !

—O—

INSTABILITY OF LIFE.

Prospero. THESE our actors,
 As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
 Are melted into air, into thin air ;
 And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
 The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous
 palaces,

The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such

stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

—o—

PROSPERO ABJURES HIS ART.

Before the cell of Prospero.

Enter Prospero in his magic robes, and Ariel.

Prospero. Now does my project gather
to a head:

My charms crack not; my spirits obey;
and time

Goes upright with his carriage. How's the
day?

Ariel. On the sixth hour; at which time,
my lord,

You said our work should cease.

Pro. I did say so,

When first I raised the tempest. Say, my
spirit,

How fares the king and 's followers?

Ari. Confined together

In the same fashion as you gave in charge;

Just as you left them: all prisoners, sir,

In the lime-grove which weather-fends
your cell;

They cannot budge till you release. The
king,

His brother, and yours, abide all three dis-
tracted;

And the remainder mourning over them,

Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly

Him, that you termed, sir, "*The good old
lord Gonzalo:*"

His tears run down his beard, like winter's
drops

From eaves of reeds; your charms so strongly
works them,

That if you now beheld them, your affec-
tions

Would become tender.

Pro. Dost thou think so, spirit?

Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.

Pro. And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a
feeling

Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,

One of their kind, that relish all as sharply

Passion as they, be kindlier moved than
thou art?

Though with their high wrongs I am struck
to the quick,

Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my
fury

Do I take part: the rarer action is

In virtue, than in vengeance: they being
penitent,

The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. Go, release them,

Ariel.

My charms I'll break, their senses I'll re-
store,

And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, sir.

Pro. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing
lakes, and groves;

And ye, that on the sands with printless
foot

Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly
him,

When he comes back; you demy-puppets,
that

By moonshine do the green-sour ringlets
make,

Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose
pastime

Is to make midnight mushrooms; that re-
joice

To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid
(Weak masters though ye be) I have be-

dimmed

The noontide sun, called forth the mutinous
winds,

And 'twixt the green sea and the azured
vault

Set roaring war: to the dread rattling
thunder

Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout
oak

With his own bolt: the strong-based pro-
montory

Have I made shake; and by the spurs
plucked up

The pine and cedar: graves, at my com-
mand,

Have waked their sleepers; oped, and let
them forth

By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure; and, when I have required

Some heavenly music (which even now I
do)

To work mine end upon their senses, that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,

Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,

And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,

I'll drown my book.

—o—

JULIET'S SOLILOQUY.

Juliet. FAREWELL!—God knows when we shall meet again.
 I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
 That almost freezes up the heat of life :
 I'll call them back again to comfort me.—
 Nurse!—what should she do here?
 My dismal scene I needs must act alone.—
 Come, phial.—
 What if this mixture do not work at all?
 Shall I be married, then, to-morrow morning?
 No, no;—this shall forbid it;—lie thou there.— [*Laying down a dagger.*]
 What if it be a poison, which the friar
 Subtly hath ministered to have me dead,
 Lest in this marriage he should be dishonoured,
 Because he married me before to Romeo?
 I fear it is; and yet, methinks, it should not,
 For he hath still been tried a holy man :
 I will not entertain so bad a thought.
 How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
 I wake before the time that Romeo
 Come to redeem me? There's a fearful point
 Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
 To whose foul mouth no healthsome air
 breathes in,
 And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
 Or, if I live, is it not very like,
 The horrible conceit of death and night,
 Together with the terror of the place,—
 As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
 Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
 Of all my buried ancestors are packed;
 Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
 Lies festering in his shroud; where as they say,
 At some hours in the night spirits resort,—
 Alack, alack! is it not like, that I,
 So early waking,—what with loathsome smells,
 And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
 That living mortals, hearing them, run mad,—
 Oh, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
 Environed with all these hideous fears?
 And madly play with my forefathers' joints?

And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
 And in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
 As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
 Oh, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost
 Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
 Upon a rapier's point:—stay, Tybalt, stay!—
 Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.
 [*Throws herself on the bed.*]

—o—

UNEQUAL LOVE.

Lafeu. FAREWELL, pretty lady; you must hold the credit of your father.
 [*Exeunt Bertram and Lafeu.*]
Helen. Oh, were that all! I think not on my father;
 And these great tears grace his remembrance more
 Than those I shed for him. What was he like?
 I have forgot him; my imagination
 Carries no favour in't but Bertram's.
 I am undone; there is no living, none,
 If Bertram be away. It were all one
 That I should love a bright particular star,
 And think to wed it, he is so above me.
 In his bright radiance and collateral light
 Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
 Th' ambition in my love thus plagues itself:
 The hind that would be mated with the lion
 Must die for love! 'Twas pretty, though
 a plague,
 To see him every hour, to set and draw
 His arch'd brows, his hawking eye, his curls
 In our heart's table; heart, too capable
 Of every line and trick of his sweet favour!

—o—

HONOUR.

Diana. GIVE me that ring.
Bertram. I'll lend it thee, my dear; but have no power
 To give it from me.
Dia. Will you not, my lord?
Ber. It is an honour 'longing to our house,
 Bequeathed down from many ancestors;

Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose.

Dia. Mine honour's such a ring;
My chastity's the jewel of our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose. Thus your own proper wisdom
Brings in the champion, honour, on my part,
Against your vain assault.

—O—

THE TRIBUNES REPROACH THE FICKLENESS OF THE PEOPLE.

Marcellus. WHEREFORE rejoice? What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
Oh, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climbed up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The livelong day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome;
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made a universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire,
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Begone!
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.
Flavius. Go, go, good countrymen,
and, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears

Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

—O—

THE EVE OF PHILIPPI.

Enter Lucius with the gown.

Brutus. GIVE me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Lucius. Here, in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speakest drowsily?
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watched.

Call Claudius, and some other of my men;
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro and Claudius!

Enter Varro and Claudius.

Varro. Calls my lord?

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep;

It may be I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.

Var. So please you, we will stand, and watch your pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;

It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.
Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;

I put it in the pocket of my gown.

[*Servants lie down.*]

Luc. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

Luc. Ay, my lord, an't please you.

Bru. It does, my boy:
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;

I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It was well done, and thou shalt sleep again;

I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee.

[*Music, and a song.*]

This is a sleepy tune. O murderous slumber,

Layest thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,

That plays thee music? Gentle knave, good night;
 I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee:
 If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument:
 I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.
 Let me see, let me see:—is not the leaf turned down,
 Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

The Ghost of Cæsar enters.

How will this taper burn!—Ha! who comes here?

I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
 That shapes this monstrous apparition.
 It comes upon me. Art thou anything?
 Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil.

That makest my blood cold, and my hair to stare?

Speak to me what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why comest thou?

Ghost. To tell the thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Bru. Well; then I shall see thee again?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then.— [*Ghost vanishes.*]

Now I have taken heart thou vanishest:
 Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.

Boy, Lucius!—Varro! Claudius! sirs, awake!—Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks he is still at his instrument.

Lucius, awake!

Luc. My lord?

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criest out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst: didst thou see anything?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah—Claudius!

Fellow thou, awake!

Var. My lord?

Claudius. My lord?

Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

Var., Clau. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay: saw you anything?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius;

Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
 And we will follow.

Var., Clau. It shall be done, my lord.

—o—

HUBERT AND ARTHUR.

Northampton. A room in the Castle.

Enter Hubert and two Attendants.

Hubert. HEAT me these irons hot; and look thou stand

Within the arras: when I strike my foot
 Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
 And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,

Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence and watch.

1 Attendant. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples! fear not you: look to't.— [*Exeunt Attendants.*]
 Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter Arthur.

Arthur. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince (having so great a title

To be more prince) as may be.—You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me!

Methinks nobody should be sad but I:

Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
 Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,

Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
 So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
 I should be as merry as the day is long;
 And so I would be here, but that I doubt
 My uncle practises more harm to me:
 He is afraid of me, and I of him.

Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son?

No, indeed, is't not; and I would to heaven

I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. (aside). If I talk to him, with his innocent prate

He will awake my mercy, which lies dead;
 Therefore I will be sudden, and dispatch.

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day.

In sooth, I would you were a little sick,
That I might sit all night, and watch with
you:

I warrant, I love you more than you do
me.

Hub. (aside). His words do take pos-
session of my bosom.—
Read here, young Arthur.

[*Showing a paper.*
(*Aside*). How now, foolish rheum!

Turning spiteous torture out of door!
I must be brief, lest resolution drop
Out of mine eyes in tender womanish tears.
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul
effect:

Must you with hot irons burn out both
mine eyes?

Hub. Young boy, I must,

Arth. And will you? —

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart? When
your head did but ache,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me)
And I did never ask it you again;
And with my hand at midnight held your
head;

And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheered up the heavy time,
Saying, "What lack you?" and, "Where
lies your grief?"

Or, "What good love may I perform for
you?"

Many a poor man's son would have lain
still,

And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty
love,

And call it cunning:—do, an if you will:
If Heaven be pleased that you must use
me ill,

Why, then you must. Will you put out
mine eyes?

These eyes that never did, nor never shall
So much as frown on you?

Hub. I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none but in this iron age
would do it!

The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink
my tears,

And quench this fiery indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence;
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.

Are you more stubborn-hard than ham-
mered iron?

An if an angel should have come to me,
And told me Hubert should put out mine
eyes,

I would not have believed him,—no tongue
but Hubert's.

Hub. (stamps). Come forth!

Re-enter Attendants, with cord, irons, &c.

Do as I bid you do.

Arth. Oh! save me, Hubert, save me!
my eyes are out [men.]

Even with the fierce looks of these bloody

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind
him here.

Arth. Alas! what need you be so bois-
terous-rough?

I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For Heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be
bound!

Nay, hear me, Hubert!—drive these men
away,

And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angrily:
Thrust but these men away, and I'll for-
give you,

Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone
with him.

I Attend. I am best pleased to be from
such a deed. [*Exeunt Attendants.*

Arth. Alas! I then have chid away my
friend:

He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:
Let him come back, that his compassion
may

Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O Heaven!—that there were but
a mote in yours,

A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!

Then, feeling what small things are bois-
terous there,

Your vile attempt must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? go to, hold
your tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace
of tongues

Must needs want pleading for a pair of
eyes:

Let me not hold my tongue; let me not,
Hubert!

Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,

So I may keep mine eyes. Oh, spare mine eyes,
Though to no use but still to look on you!

Lo! by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,

Being create for comfort, to be used

In undeserved extremes: see else yourself;

There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of Heaven hath blown his spirit out,

And strewed repentant ashes on his head.
Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it blush,

And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:

Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes,

And, like a dog that is compelled to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.

All things that you should use to do me wrong

Deny their office: only you do lack

That mercy, which fierce fire, and iron, extends,

Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eyes

For all the treasure that thine uncle owes;

Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. Oh, now you look like Hubert! all this while

You were disguised.

Hub. Peace! no more. Adieu.

You uncle must not know but you are dead;

I'll fill these doggèd spies with false reports:

And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure,

That Hubert for the wealth of all the world
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O Heaven! I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence! no more: go closely in with me;

Much danger do I undergo for thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

DEATH OF KING JOHN.

The Orchard of Swinstead Abbey.

Enter Prince Henry, Salisbury, and Bigot.

P. Henry. IT is too late; the life of all his blood

Is touched corruptibly; and his pure brain
(Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house)

Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter Pembroke.

Pembroke. His highness yet doth speak,
and holds belief,

That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

P. Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard here.— [*Exit Bigot.*]

Doth he still rage?

Pem. He is more patient

Than when you left him; even now he sung.

P. Hen. Oh, vanity of sickness! fierce extremes

In their continuance will not feel themselves.
Death, having preyed upon the outward parts,

Leaves them insensible; and his siege is now

Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds

With many legions of strange fantasies,
Which in their throng and press to that last hold

Confound themselves. 'Tis strange that death should sing.

I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,

And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort, prince; for you are born

To set a form upon that indigest,

Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

Re-enter Bigot, and Attendants who bring in King John in a chair.

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;

It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust;
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen

Upon a parchment; and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

P. Hen. How fares your majesty?

K. John. Poisoned,—ill-fare!—dead!
forsook, cast off!

And none of you will bid the winter come,
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their
course

Through my burned bosom; nor entreat
the north

To make his bleak winds kiss my parched
lips,

And comfort me with cold:—I do not ask
you much,

I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

P. Hen. Oh that there were some virtue
in my tears

That might relieve you!

K. John. The salt in them is hot.—
Within me is a hell, and there the poison
Is, as a fiend, confined to tyrannize
On unreprieveable condemn'd blood.

Enter the Bastard.

Bastard. Oh, I am scalded with my violent
motion,
And spleen of speed to see your majesty.

K. John. O cousin, thou art come to set
mine eye:

The tackle of my heart is cracked and
burned,

And all the shrouds, wherewith my life
should sail,

Are turned to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered;
And then all this thou seest is but a clod,
And model of confounded royalty.

Bast. The Dauphin is preparing hither-
ward,

Where, Heaven He knows how we shall
answer him;

For, in a night, the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the washes, all unwarily,
Devoured by the unexpected flood.

[*The King dies.*

Salisbury. You breathe these dead news
in as dead an ear.—

My liege! my lord!—But now a king,—
now thus!

P. Hen. Even so must I run on, and even
so stop.

What surety of the world, what hope, what
stay,

When this was now a king, and now is clay?

Bast. Art thou gone so? I do but stay
behind

To do the office for thee of revenge,
And then my soul shall wait on thee to
heaven,

As it on earth hath been thy servant still.

—o—

THE EVE OF AGINCOURT.

Chorus. Now entertain conjecture of a
time,

When creeping murmur, and the poring
dark,

Fills the wide vessel of the universe.

From camp to camp, through the foul
womb of night,

The hum of either army stilly sounds,

That the fixed sentinels almost receive

The secret whispers of each other's watch:

Fire answers fire; and through their paly
flames

Each battle sees the other's umbered face:
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful
neighs

Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the
tents

The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,

Give dreadful note of preparation.

The country cocks do crow, the clocks do
toll,

And the third hour of drowsy morning
name.

Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty French

Do the low-rated English play at dice;

And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth
limp

So tediously away. The poor condemn'd
English,

Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires

Sit patiently, and inly ruminate

The morning's danger; and their gesture
sad,

Investing lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn
coats,

Presenteth them unto the gazing moon

So many horrid ghosts. Oh, now, who will
behold

The royal captain of this ruined band.

Walking from watch to watch, from tent
to tent,

Let him cry—Praise and glory on his
head!

For forth he goes, and visits all his host

Bids them good-morrow with a modest smile, [trymen.
And calls them brothers, friends, and coun-
Upon his royal face there is no note
How dread an army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watchèd night;
But freshly looks, and overbears attain
With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty,
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks:

A largess universal, like the sun,
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear. Then, mean and gentle all,

Behold, as may unworthiness define,
A little touch of Harry in the night:
And so our scene must to the battle fly;
Where (O for pity!) we shall much dis-
grace—

With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
Right ill disposed, in brawl ridiculous—
The name of Agincourt. Yet, sit and see;
Minding true things by what their mock-
eries be.

—O—

THE FATE OF KINGS.

King Henry. UPON the king!—let us
our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives, our children,
and
Our sins, lay on the king!
We must bear all.
Oh, hard condition! twin-born with great-
ness,
Subject to the breath of every fool, whose
sense
No more can feel but his own wringing!
What infinite heart's ease must kings ne-
glect,
That private men enjoy!
And what have kings that privates have not
too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idle ceremony?
What kind of god art thou, that sufferest
more
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?
What are thy rents? what are thy comings-
in?
O ceremony, show me but thy worth!
What is thy soul of adoration?
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and
form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?

Wherein thou art less happy, being feared,
Than they in fearing.

What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage
sweet,

But poisoned flattery? Oh, be sick, great
greatness,

And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!
Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?

Will it give place to flexure and low bend-
ing?

Canst thou, when thou command'st the
beggar's knee,

Command the health of it? No, thou
proud dream,

That play'st so subtly with a king's repose:
I am a king, that find thee; and I know

'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,

'The inter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farcèd title running 'fore the king,

The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this

world,—
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous cere-
mony,

Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,

Who, with a body filled and vacant mind,
Gets him to rest, crammed with distressful

bread;
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell;
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set,

Sweats in the eye of Phoebus, and all night
Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,

Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his horse;
And follows so the ever-running year

With profitable labour to his grave:
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,

Winding up days with toil and nights with
sleep,

Has the fore-hand and vantage of a king.
The slave, a member of the country's peace,

Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots
What watch the king keeps to maintain the

peace,
Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

Enter Erpingham.

Erpingham. My lord, your nobles, jea-
lous of your absence,

Seek through your camp to find you.
K. Henry. Good old knight,

Collect them all together at my tent:
I'll be before thee.

Erp. I shall do 't, my lord. [*Exit.*
K. Henry. O God of battles! steel my
soldiers' hearts;

Possess them not with fear; take from
 them now [numbers
 The sense of reckoning, if the opposèd
 Pluck their hearts from them!—Not to-
 day, O Lord,
 Oh, not to-day, think not upon the fault
 My father made in compassing the crown!
 I Richard's body have interrèd new,
 And on it have bestowed more contrite
 tears
 Than from it issued forcèd drops of blood;
 Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
 Who twice a day their withered hands hold
 up
 Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I
 have built
 Two chantries, where the sad and solemn
 priests
 Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do;
 Though all that I can do is nothing worth,
 Since that my penitence comes after all,
 Imploring pardon.

—o—

DEATH OF YORK.

Exeter. THE Duke of York commends
 him to your majesty.
King Henry. Lives he, good uncle?
 thrice within this hour
 I saw him down; thrice up again, and
 fighting;
 From helmet to the spur all blood he was.
Exe. In which array, brave soldier, doth
 he lie,
 Larding the plain; and by his bloody side
 (Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds)
 The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies.
 Suffolk first died; and York, all haggled
 over,
 Comes to him, where in gore he lay in-
 steeped, [gashes
 And takes him by the beard; kisses the
 That bloodily did yawn upon his face;
 And cries aloud, "Tarry, dear cousin
 Suffolk!
 My soul shall thine keep company to
 heaven; [breast;
 Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly a-
 As, in this glorious and well-foughten field,
 We kept together in our chivalry!"
 Upon these words I came, and cheered
 him up;
 He smiled me in the face, raught me his
 hand,
 And with a feeble gripe, says, "Dear my
 lord,

Commend my service to my sovereign."
 So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
 He threw his wounded arm, and kissed
 his lips;
 And so espoused to death, with blood he
 sealed
 A testament of noble-ending love.
 The pretty and sweet manner of it forced
 Those waters from me, which I would
 have stopped;
 But I had not so much of man in me,
 And all my mother came into mine eyes,
 And gave me up to tears.

K. Hen. I blame you not;
 For, hearing this, I must perforce com-
 pound
 With mistful eyes, or they will issue too.

—o—

A BATTLE-FIELD.

King Henry. THIS battle fares like to
 the morning's war,
 When dying clouds contend with growing
 light,
 What time the shepherd, blowing of his
 nails,
 Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.
 Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea
 Forced by the tide to combat with the
 wind;
 Now sways it that way, like the selfsame
 sea
 Forced to retire by fury of the wind;
 Sometime the flood prevails, and then the
 wind;
 Now one the better, then another best;
 Both tugging to be victors, breast to
 breast,
 Yet neither conqueror nor conquerèd:
 So is the equal poise of this fell war.
 Here on this molehill will I sit me down.
 To whom God will, there be the victory!
 For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
 Have chid me from the battle; swearing
 both,
 They prosper best of all when I am thence.
 Would I were dead! if God's good will
 were so;
 For what is in this world but grief and woe?

—o—

THE SHEPHERD'S LIFE.

O GOD! methinks it were a happy life,
 To be no better than a homely swain;

To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they
run;—

How many make the hour full complete;
How many hours bring about the day;
How many days will finish up the year;
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the
times,—

So many hours must I tend my flock;
So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate;
So many hours must I sport myself;
So many days my ewes have been with
young;

So many weeks ere the poor fools will
yeau;

So many years ere I shall shear the fleece:
So minutes, hours, days, months, and
years,

Passed over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this!—how sweet! how
lovely!

Gives not the hawthorn-bush a sweeter
shade

To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroidered canopy
To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery?
Oh, yes, it doth; a thousandfold it doth.
And to conclude,—the shepherd's homely
curds,

His cold thin drink out of his leather
bottle,

His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's
shade,

All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couchèd in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on
him.

—O—

CORIOLANUS SEEKING REFUGE WITH HIS FOE.

Enter Aufidius and the second Servant.

Aufidius. WHERE is this fellow?

2 Servant. Here, sir: I'd have beaten
him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords
within.

Auf. Whence com'st thou? what wouldst
thou? Thy name?

Why speak'st not? Speak, man: what's
thy name?

Coriolanus (unmuffling). If, Tullus,
Not yet thou know'st me, and, seeing me,
dost not

Think me for the man I am, necessity
Commands me name myself.

Auf. What is thy name?

[*Servants retire.*]

Cor. A name unmusical to the Volscians'
ears,

And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?

Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's
torn, [name?

Thou show'st a noble vessel: what's thy

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown:—
know'st thou me yet?

Auf. I know thee not:—thy name?

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who
hath done

To thee particularly, and to all the Volscies,
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness
may

My surname, Coriolanus: the painful
service,

The extreme dangers, and the drops of
blood

Shed for my thankless country, are re-
quited

But with that surname: a good memory,
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou shouldst bear me: only that
name remains;

The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devoured the rest,
And suffered me by the voice of slaves to be
Whooped out of Rome. Now, this ex-
tremity

Hath brought me to thy hearth: not out
of hope,

Mistake me not, to save my life; for if
I had feared death, of all the men i' the
world

I would have 'voided thee; but in mere
spite,

To be full quit of those my banishers,
Stand I before thee here. Then, if thou
hast

A heart of wreak in thee, that will revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop
those maims

Of shame seen through thy country, speed
thee straight,

And make my misery serve thy turn: so
use it,

That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thee; for I will fight

Against my cankered country with the spleen

Of all the under fiends. But if so be
Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove
more fortunes

Thou art tired, then, in a word, I also am
Longer to live most weary, and present
My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice;
Which not to cut would show thee but a
fool,

Since I have ever followed thee with hate,
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's
breast,

And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
It be to do thee service.

Auf. O Marcius, Marcius!
Each word thou hast spoken hath weeded
from my heart

A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
Should from yon cloud speak divine things,
And say, "'Tis true," I'd not believe them
more

Than thee, thou noble Marcius.—Let me
twine

Mine arms about that body, where against
My grained ash a hundred times hath broke,
And scared the moon with splinters: here
I clip

The anvil of my sword, and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour. Know thou
first,

I loved the maid I married; never man
Sighed truer breath; but that I see thee
here,

Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars!

I tell thee,
We have a power on foot; and I had
purpose

Once more to hew thy target from thy
brawn,

Or lose mine arm for 't; thou hast beat me
out

Twelve several times, and I have nightly
since

Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me;
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's
throat,

And waked half dead with nothing.

Worthy Marcius,
Had we no quarrel else to Rome, but that
Thou art thence banished, we would muster
all

From twelve to seventy; and, pouring war

Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
Like a bold flood o'erbear. Oh, come, go
in,

And take our friendly senators by the hands;
Who now are here, taking their leaves of
me,

Who am prepared against your territories,
Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. You bless me, gods!

Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou
wilt have

The leading of thine own revenges, take
Th' one half of my commission; and set
down,—

As best thou art experienced, since thou
know'st

Thy country's strength and weakness,—
thine own ways;

Whether to knock against the gates of
Rome,

Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere destroy. But come in:
Let me commend thee first to those that
shall

Say, "Yea" to thy desires. A thousand
welcomes!

And more a friend than e'er an enemy;
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand:
most welcome!

—o—

DEATH OF ANTONY.

*Enter, above, Cleopatra, Charmian, and
Iras.*

Cleopatra. O CHARMIAN, I will never
go from hence.

Charmian. Be comforted, dear madam.

Cleo. No, I will not;

All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise; our size of sor-
row,

Proportioned to our cause, must be as
great

As that which makes it.

Enter, below, Diomedes.

How now! is he dead?

Diomedes. His death's upon him, but
not dead.

Look out o' the other side your monument;
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter, below, Antony borne by the Guard.

Cleo. O sun,

Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in!
darkling stand

The varying shore o' the world ! O Antony,
Antony, Antony ! Help, Charmian, help,
Iras,

Help, friends below ; let's draw him hither.
Antony. Peace !

Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown
Antony,
But Antony's hath triumphed on itself.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but
Antony

Should conquer Antony : but woe 'tis so !

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying, only
I here impòrtune death awhile, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.

Cleo. I dare not, dear,—
Dear my lord, pardon,—I dare not,
Lest I be taken : not the imperious show
Of the full-fortuned Cæsar ever shall
Be brooch'd with me ; if knife, drugs,
serpents, have

Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe :
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes,
And still conclusion, shall acquire no
honour

Demuring upon me. But come, come,
Antony,—

Help me, my women,—we must draw thee
up ;—

Assist, good friends.

Ant. Oh, quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. Here's sport indeed !—How heavy
weighs my lord !

Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the weight : had I great Juno's
power,

The strong-winged Mercury should fetch
thee up, [little,—

And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a
Wishers were ever fools.—O come, come,
come !— [They draw Antony up.

And welcome, welcome ! die where thou
hast lived :

Quicken with kissing : had my lips that
power,

Thus would I wear them out.

All. A heavy sight !

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying :

Give me some wine, and let me speak a
little.

Cleo. No, let me speak ; and let me rail
so high,

That the false housewife Fortune break her
wheel,

Provoked by my offence.

Ant. One word, sweet queen :
Of Cæsar seek your honour, with your
safety.—Oh !

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me :

None about Cæsar trust but Proculeius.

Cleo. My resolution and my hands I'll
trust ;

None about Cæsar.

Ant. The miserable change now at my
end

Lament nor sorrow at ; but please your
thoughts,

In feeding them with those my former for-
tunes

Wherein I lived, the greatest prince o' the
world,

The noblest ; and do now not basely die,
Not cowardly put off my helmet to

My countryman,—a Roman by a Roman
Valiantly vanquished. Now my spirit is
going ;

I can no more. [Antony dies.
Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't die?

Hast thou no care of me ? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is

No better than a sty ?—Oh, see, my women,
The crown o' the earth doth melt :—my

lord !—

Oh, withered is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fallen : young boys

and girls
Are level now with men ; the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable

Beneath the visiting moon. [Faints.
Char. Oh, quietness, lady !

Iras. She is dead too, our sovereign.
Char. Lady !—

Iras. Madam !—
Char. O madam, madam, madam !—

Iras. Royal Egypt !

Empress !

Char. Peace, peace, Iras.

Cleo. No more, but e'en a woman ; and
commanded

By such poor passion as the maid that
milks

And does the meanest chares.—It were for
me

To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods ;
To tell them that this world did equal

theirs

Till they had stolen our jewel. All's but
nought ;

Patience is sottish, and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad : then, is it sin

To rush into the secret house of death
Ere death dare come to us ?—How do you,

women ?
What, what ? good cheer ? Why, how now,
Charmian ?

My noble girls!—Ah, women, women, look,
Our lamp is spent, it's out!—Good sirs,
take heart:— [*To the Guard below.*
We'll bury him; and then, what's brave,
what's noble,
Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us. Come
away:
This case of that huge spirit now is cold:
Ah, women, women! come; we have no
friend
But resolution, and the briefest end.

[*Exeunt, those above bearing off Antony's body.*]

—o—

DEATH OF CLEOPATRA.

Re-enter Iras, with a robe, crown, &c.

Cleopatra. GIVE me my robe, put on my
crown; I have
Immortal longings in me: now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this
lip.

Yare, yare, good Iras, quick! Methinks
I hear

Antony call; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give
men

To excuse their after wrath: husband, I
come— [title!]

Now to that name my courage prove my
I am fire and air; my other elements
I give to baser life. So, have you done?
Come, then, and take the last warmth of
my lips.

Farewell, kind Charmian; Iras, long fare-
well.

[*Kisses them. Iras falls and dies.*
Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desired. Dost thou
lie still?

If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the
world

It is not worth leave-taking.

Charmian. Dissolve, thick cloud, and
rain; that I may say,
The gods themselves do weep.

Cleo. This proves me base:
If she first meet the curled Antony,
He'll make demand of her, and spend that
kiss

Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou
mortal wretch,

[*To the asp, which she applies to her breast.*

With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and dispatch. Oh, couldst thou
speak, [ass
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar
Unpoliced!

Char. O eastern star!

Cleo. Peace, peace!

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char. Oh, break! oh, break!

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air,
as gentle,—

O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too.

[*Applying another asp to her arm.*

Why should I stay— [Dies.

Char. In this wild world?—So, fare
thee well.—

Now boast thee, death, in thy possession
lies

A lass unparalleled. Downy windows,
close;

And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry;
I'll mend it, and then play.

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

1 *Guard.* Where is the queen?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

1 *Guard.* Cæsar hath sent—

Char. Too slow a messenger.

[*Applies an asp.*

Oh, come apace, dispatch! I partly feel
thee.

1 *Guard.* Approach, ho! All's not well:
Cæsar's beguiled.

2 *Guard.* There's Dolabella sent from
Cæsar; call him.

1 *Guard.* What work is here! Char-
mian, is this well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for
a princess

Descended of so many royal kings.

Ah, soldier! [Dies

—o—

LEAR AND CORDELIA.

A Tent in the French Camp.

*Lear on a bed, asleep; Physician, Gentle-
man, and others, attending. Enter Cor-
delia and Kent.*

Cordelia. OTHOU good Kent! how shall
I live and work,

To match thy goodness? My life will be
too short,

And every measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledged, madam, is o'er-paid.

All my reports go with the modest truth ;
Nor more, nor clipped, but so.

Cor. Be better suited :
These weeds are memories of those worser hours :

I pr'ythee, put them off.

Kent. Pardon, dear madam.
Yet to be known shortens my made intent :
My boon I make it, that you know me not
Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be't so, my good lord.—

[*To the Physician.*]

How does the king ?

Physician. Madam, sleeps still.

Cor. O you kind gods,

Sure this great breach in his abused nature !
The untuned and jarring senses, oh, wind
up

Of this child-changed father !

Phy. So please your majesty
That we may wake the king : he hath slept
long.

Cor. Be governed by your knowledge,
and proceed

I the sway of your own will. Is he arrayed ?
Gentleman. Ay, madam ; in the heaviness
of sleep

We put fresh garments on him.

Phy. Be by, good madam, when we do
wake him :

I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. Very well,

Phy. Please you, draw near.—Louder
the music there.

Cor. O my dear father ! Restoration,
hang

Thy medicine on my lips, and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms that my two
sisters

Have in thy reverence made !

Kent. Kind and dear princess !

Cor. Had you not been their father,
these white flakes

Had challenged pity of them. Was this a
face

To be exposed against the warring winds ?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted
thunder ?

In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick cross lightning ? to watch (poor
perdu !)

With this thin helm ? Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood
that night

Against my fire ; and wast thou fain, poor
father,

To hovel thee with swine, and rogues for-
lorn,

In short and musty straw ? Alack, alack !
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all.—He wakes ; speak
to him.

Phy. Madam, do you ; 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does my royal lord ? How
fares your majesty ?

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out
o' the grave.—

Thou art a soul in bliss ; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me ?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know : when
did you die ?

Cor. Still, still, far wide.

Phy. He's scarce awake : let him alone
awhile.

Lear. Where have I been ? Where am
I ?—Fair daylight ?—

I am mightily abused.—I should even die
with pity

To see another thus.—I know not what to
say.—

I will not swear these are my hands :—
let's see ;

I feel this pin prick. Would I were assured
Of my condition !

Cor. Oh, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er
me :—

No, sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me :
I am a very foolish, fond old man,
Fourscore and upward, not an hour more
or less ;

And, to deal plainly,

I fear I am not in my perfect mind.

Methinks I should know you, and know
this man ;

Yet I am doubtful ; for I am mainly ig-
norant

What place this is ; and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments ; nor I
know not

Where I did lodge last night. Do not
laugh at me,

For, as I am a man, I think this lady

To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am, I am !

Lear. Be your tears wet ? Yes, 'faith.

I pray, weep not :

If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know you do not love me ; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong :
You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Phy. Be comforted, good madam: the great rage,

You see, is cured in him; and yet it is danger

To make him even o'er the time he has lost.

Desire him to go in; trouble him no more

Till further settling.

Cor. Will 't please your highness walk?

Lear. You must bear with me:

Pray you now, forget and forgive: I am old and foolish.

—o—

ISABEL PLEADING FOR HER BROTHER'S LIFE.

Isabel. MUST he needs die?

Angelo. Maiden, no remedy.

Isab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,

And neither Heaven nor man grieve at the mercy.

Ang. I will not do't.

Isab. But can you if you would?

Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

Isab. But might you do't, and do the world no wrong,

If so, your heart were touched with that remorse

As mine is to him?

Ang. He's sentenced; 'tis too late.

Lucio (aside to Isab.) You are too cold.

Isab. Too late? why, no; I, that do speak a word,

May call it back again. Well believe this, No ceremony that to great ones 'longs, Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,

The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,

Become them with one half so good a grace As mercy does. If he had been as you, and you as he,

You would have slept like him; but he, like you,

Would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you, begone.

Isab. I would to Heaven I had your potency,

And you were Isabel! should it then be thus?

No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge, And what a prisoner.

Lucio (aside to Isab.) Ay, touch him: there 's the vein.

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law, And you but waste your words.

Isab. Alas, alas!

Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once;

And He that might the vantage best have took, [be,

Found out the remedy. How would you If He, which is the top of judgment, should

But judge you as you are? Oh! think on that;

And mercy then will breathe within your lips

Like man new made.

Ang. Be you content, fair maid: It is the law, not I, condemns your brother:

Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son, It should be thus with him; he must die

to-morrow.

Isab. To-morrow? Oh, that's sudden!

Spare him, spare him!—

He's not prepared for death. Even for our kitchens

We kill the fowl of season: shall we serve Heaven

With less respect than we do minister To our gross selves? Good, good my lord,

bethink you:

Who is it that hath died for this offence? There's many have committed it.

Lucio (aside to Isab.) Ay, well said.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept:

Those many had not dared to do that evil, If the first man that did the edict infringe,

Had answered for his deed: now 'tis awake,

Takes note of what is done, and, like a prophet,

Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils

(Either new, or by remissness new conceived,

And so in progress to be hatched and born),

Are now to have no successive degrees, But, ere they live, to end.

Isab. Yet show some pity.

Ang. I show it most of all when I show justice;

For then I pity those I do not know, Which a dismissed offence would after gall;

And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,

Lives not to act another. Be satisfied :
Your brother dies to-morrow : be content.

Isab. So you must be the first that gives
this sentence,

And he that suffers. Oh ! it is excellent
To have a giant's strength ; but it is tyrannous

To use it like a giant.

Lucio (aside to Isab.) That's well said.

Isab. Could great men thunder

As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be
quiet ;

For every pelting, petty officer,
Would use his heaven for thunder,—
Nothing but thunder ! Merciful Heaven,
Thou rather with Thy sharp and sulphurous
bolt

Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarlèd oak.
Than the soft myrtle : but man, proud man !
Drest in a little brief authority,—

Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high
Heaven,

As make the angels weep ; who, with our
spleens,

Would all themselves laugh mortal.

Lucio (aside to Isab.) Oh, to him, to
him, wench !

He's coming : I perceive't.

Provost (aside). Pray Heaven, she win
him ! he will relent.

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with
ourselves ;

Great men may jest with saints ; 'tis wit in
them,

But, in the less, foul profanation.

Lucio (aside to Isab.) Thou'rt in the
right, girl : more o' that.

Isab. That in the captain's but a choleric
word,

Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

Lucio (aside to Isab.) Art advised o' that ?
more on't.

Ang. Why do you put these sayings
upon me ?

Isab. Because authority, though it err
like others,

Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' the top. Go to your
bosom ;

Knock there, and ask your heart what it
doth know

That's like my brother's fault ; if it
confess

A natural guiltiness such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your
tongue

Against my brother's life.

Ang. She speaks, and 'tis
Such sense that my sense breeds with it.

Fare you well.

Isab. Gentle, my lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me : come again to-
morrow.

Isab. Hark how I'll bribe you : good
my lord, turn back.

Ang. How ! bribe me ?

Isab. Ay, with such gifts that Heaven
shall share with you.

Lucio (aside to Isab.) You had marred
all else.

Isab. Not with fond shekels of the tested
gold,

Or stones, whose rates are either rich or
poor

As fancy values them ; but with true prayers
That shall be up at heaven, and enter
there

Ere sunrise,—prayers from preservèd souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedi-
cate

To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well, come to me to-morrow.

Lucio (aside to Isab.) Go to ; 'tis well ;
away !

Isab. Heaven keep your honour safe !

Ang. (aside). Amen :

For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross.

Isab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship ?

Ang. At any time 'fore noon.

Isab. Save your honour !

[*Exeunt Isabel, Lucio, and Provost.*]

Ang. From thee ! even from thy virtue !

What's this, what's this ? Is this her fault
or mine ?

The tempter or the tempted, who sins
most, ha ?

Not she, nor doth she tempt ; but it is I,
That lying by the violet in the sun,
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be
That modesty may more betray our
sense

Than woman's lightness ?

*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*

Oh, let her brother live !

Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges steal themselves. What ! do

I love her,

That I desire to hear her speak again,

And feast upon her eyes? What is't I dream on?

O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous

Is that temptation that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue.

—O—

CLAUDIO'S FEAR OF DEATH.

Claudio. O ISABEL!

Isabel. What says my brother?

Claud. Death is a fearful thing.

Isab. And shamed life a hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know
not where;

To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round
about

The pendent world; or to be worse than
worst

Of those that lawless and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling!—'tis too horrible!

The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a Paradise
To what we fear of death.

—O—

THE FAIRY WORLD.

A Wood near Athens.

Enter a Fairy on one side and Puck on the other.

Puck. How now, spirit, whither wander
you?

Fairy. Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough briar,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green:
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,—
In those freckles live their savours:

I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

—O—

THE CHARM.

Oberon. My gentle Puck, come hither:
Thou rememberest

Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious
breath,

That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
And certain stars shot madly from their
spheres,

To hear the sea-maid's music.

Puck. I remember.

Obe. That very time I saw (but thou
couldst not), [earth,

Flying between the cold moon and the
Cupid all armed: a certain aim he took

At a fair vestal throned by the west,
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his
bow,

As it should pierce a hundred thousand
hearts;

But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quenched in the chaste beams of the watery
moon,

And the imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.

Yet marked I where the bolt of Cupid fell.
It fell upon a little western flower,—

Before milk-white, now purple with love's
wound,—

And maidens call it love-in-idleness.

Fetch me that flower; the herb I showed
thee once:

The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote

Upon the next live creature that it sees.

Fetch me this herb; and be thou here
again

Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the
earth in forty minutes.

—O—

PORTIA TO HER DESTINED HUSBAND.

Portia. You see me, lord Bassanio,
where I stand,

Such as I am: though for myself alone

I would not be ambitious in my wish,

To wish myself much better; yet, for you

I would be trebled twenty times myself ;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand
times more rich ;

That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account. But the full sum of me
Is sum of nothing ; which, to term in gross,
Is an unlessoned girl, unschooled, un-
practised.

Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn ; happier in this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn ;
Happiest of all, is, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now converted : but now, I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself ; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same
myself,

Are yours, my lord : I give them with this
ring ; [away,
Which when you part from, lose, or give
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bassanio. Madam, you have bereft me
of all words ;

Only my blood speaks to you in my veins :
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a belovèd prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleasèd multitude ;
Where every something, being blent to-
gether,

Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Expressed and not expressed. But when
this ring

Parts from this finger, then parts life from
hence ;

Oh, then be bold to say, Bassanio's dead !

—o—

MERCY.

Por. THE quality of mercy is not
strained,

It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath : it is twice blessed,
It blesseth him that gives, and him that
takes :

'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his
crown ;

His sceptre shows the force of temporal
power,

The attribute to awe and majesty,

Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of
kings ;

But mercy is above this sceptred sway ;

It is enthroned in the hearts of kings ;

It is an attribute to God Himself ;

And earthly power doth then show likest
God's

When mercy seasons justice. Therefore,
Jew,

Though justice be thy plea, consider this :
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation : we do pray for
mercy ;

And that same prayer doth teach us all to
render

The deeds of mercy.

—o—

MOONLIGHT.

Lorenzo. How sweet the moonlight
sleeps upon this bank !

Here will we sit, and let the sounds of
music

Creep in our ears : soft stillness, and the
night,

Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Sit, Jessica : look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold :
There's not the smallest orb which thou
behold'st

But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims :
Such harmony is in immortal souls ;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

—o—

MUSIC.

Enter Musicians.

Lorenzo. COME, ho ! and wake Diana
with a hymn :

With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music.

Jessica. I am never merry when I hear
sweet music.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are at-
tentive ;

For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and
neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood ;

If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
 Or any air of music touch their ears,
 You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
 Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze,
 By the sweet power of music: therefore the poet
 Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones,
 and floods;
 Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
 But music for the time doth change his nature.
 The man that hath no music in himself,
 Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
 Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
 The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
 And his affections dark as Erebus:
 Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the music.

Enter Portia and Nerissa, at a distance.

Portia. That light we see is burning in my hall.
 How far that little candle throws his beams!
 So shines a good deed in a naughty world.
Nerissa. When the moon shone we did not see the candle.
Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less:

A substitute shines brightly as a king,
 Until a king be by; and then his state
 Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
 Into the main of waters.—Music! hark!
Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect:
 Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,

When neither is attended; and I think
 The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
 When every goose is cackling, would be thought

No better a musician than the wren.
 How many things by season seasoned are
 To their right praise and true perfection!—
 Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
 And would not be awaked! [*Music ceases.*]

Lor. That is the voice,
 Or I am much deceived, of Portia.

Por. He knows me as the blind man knows the cuckoo,
 By the bad voice.

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.

Por. We have been praying for our husbands' welfare,

Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.

Are they returned?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
 But there is come a messenger before,
 To signify their coming.

Por. Go in, Nerissa;
 Give order to my servants that they take
 No note at all of our being absent hence;
 Nor you, Lorenzo;—Jessica, nor you.

[*A tucket sounds.*]

Lor. Your husband is at hand; I hear his trumpet:

We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.

Por. This night methinks is but the daylight sick;

It looks a little paler: 'tis a day
 Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

—o—

LOVE AND MUSIC.

An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Duke, Curio, Lords; Musicians attending.

Duke. If music be the food of love, play on;

Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
 The appetite may sicken, and so die.
 That strain again;—it had a dying fall,
 Oh, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,

That breathes upon a bank of violets,
 Stealing and giving odour. Enough; no more:

'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
 O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!

That, notwithstanding thy capacity
 Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
 Of what validity and pitch so'er,
 But falls into abatement and low price,
 Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy,
 That it alone is high-fantastical.

Curio. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke. What, Curio?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have.

Oh, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,

Methought she purged the air of pestilence :

That instant was I turned into a hart ;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.

Enter Valentine.

How now ! what news from her ?

Valentine. So please my lord, I might not be admitted ;

But from her handmaid do return this answer :

The element itself, till seven years' heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view ;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine : all this, to season

A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh

And lasting in her sad remembrance.

Duke. Oh, she that hath a heart of that fine frame,

To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft

Hath killed the flock of all affections else
That live in her ! when liver, brain, and heart,

These sovereign thrones, are all supplied and filled

(Her sweet perfection) with one self-king !
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers :
Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopied with bowers.

—o—

MUSIC.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and others.

Duke. GIVE me some music :—now good morrow, friends.

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song, we heard last night ;

Methought it did relieve my passion much ;
More than light airs, and recollected terms,
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times :
Come, but one verse.

Curio. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it ?

Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord ; a fool, that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in ; he is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out ;—and play the tune the while.

[*Exit Curio. Music.*]

Duke. COME hither, boy : if ever thou shalt love,

In the sweet pangs of it, remember me ;
For such as I am all true lovers are,
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is beloved.—How dost thou like this tune ?

Viola. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where love is throned.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly :
My life upon 't, young though thou art,
thine eye

Hath stayed upon some favour that it loves ;
Hath it not, boy ?

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is 't ?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee, then.

What years, i' faith ?

Vio. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heaven : let still the woman take

An elder than herself ; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,

Than women's are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger
than thyself,

Or thy affection cannot hold the bent ;
For women are as roses, whose fair flower
Being once displayed, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And so they are : alas, that they are so,

To die, even when they to perfection grow !

Re-enter Curio with Clown.

Duke. Oh, fellow, come, the song we had last night.—

Mark it, Cesario ; it is old and plain :
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread
with bones,

Do use to chaunt it : it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready, sir ?

Duke. Ay ; pr'ythee, sing. [*Music.*]

SONG.

Clown. Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid ;
Fly away, fly away, breath ;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.

My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
 Oh, prepare it!
 My part of death no one so true
 Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
 On my black coffin let there be strown;
 Not a friend, not a friend greet
 My poor corse, where my bones shall be
 thrown:
 A thousand thousand sighs to save,
 Lay me, oh, where
 Sad true lover never find my grave,
 To weep there.



TRUE LOVE.

Duke. LET all the rest give place. —

[*Exeunt Curio and Attendants.*

Once more, Cesario,

Get thee to yond' same sovereign cruelty:
 Tell her, my love, more noble than the
 world,

Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
 The parts that fortune hath bestowed upon
 her,

Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;
 But 'tis that miracle and queen of gems,
 That nature pranks her in, attracts my
 soul.

Vio. But, if she cannot love you, sir?

Duke. I cannot be so answered.

Vio. Sooth, but you must.

Say, that some lady, as perhaps there is,
 Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
 As you have for Olivia: you cannot love
 her;

You tell her so: must she not, then, be
 answered?

Duke. There is no woman's sides
 Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
 As love doth give my heart; no woman's
 heart

So big, to hold so much: they lack reten-
 tion.

Alas! their love may be called appetite, —
 No motion of the liver, but the palate, —
 That suffers surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
 But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
 And can digest as much: make no com-
 pare

Between that love a woman can bear me
 And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know, —

Duke. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men
 may owe:

In faith, they are as true of heart as we.

My father had a daughter loved a man,
 As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
 I should your lordship.

Duke. And what's her history?

Vio. A blank, my lord. She never told
 her love,

But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
 Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in
 thought;

And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
 She sat like patience on a monument,
 Smiling at grief. Was not this love in-
 deed?

We men may say more, swear more; but,
 indeed,

Our shows are more than will; for still we
 prove

Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But died thy sister of her love,
 my boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my
 father's house,

And all the brothers too; — and yet I know
 not.

Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme
 To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,
 My love can give no place, bide no deny.

[*Exeunt.*



BEAUTY AND FLOWERS.

Bohemia. A Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter Florizel and Perdita.

Florizel. THESE your unusual weeds to
 each part of you

Do give a life: no shepherdess, but Flora
 Peering in April's front. This your sheep-
 shearing

Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
 And you the queen on't.

Perdita. Sir, my gracious lord,
 To chide at your extremes it not becomes
 me;

Oh, pardon, that I name them: your high
 self,

The gracious mark o' the land, you have
 obscured

With a swain's wearing; and me, poor
 lowly maid,

Most goddess-like pranked up: but that
 our feasts

In every mess have folly, and the feeders
 Digest it with a custom, I should blush
 To see you so attired, — sworn, I think,
 To show myself a glass,

Flo. I bless the time
When my good falcon made her flight
across

Thy father's ground.

Per. Now, Jove afford you cause!
To me the difference forges dread; your
greatness

Hath not been used to fear. Even now I
tremble

To think, your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way, as you did. Oh, the
fates! [noble,

How would he look, to see his work, so
Vilely bound up? What would he say?
Or how

Should I, in these my borrowed flaunts,
behold

The sternness of his presence?

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellowed; the green
Neptune

A ram, and bleated; and the fire-robed god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now: their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
Nor in a way so chaste; since my desires
Run not before mine honour, nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. Oh, but, sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Opposed, as it must be, by the power of
the king;

One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak; that you must
change this purpose,

Or I my life.

Flo. Thou dearest Perdita,
With these forced thoughts, I pr'ythee,
darken not

The mirth o' the feast: or I'll be thine,
my fair,

Or not my father's; for I cannot be
Mine own, nor anything to any, if
I be not thine: to this I am most constant,
Though destiny say no. Be merry, gentle;
Strangle such thoughts as these with any-
thing

That you behold the while. Your guests
are coming;

Lift up your countenance, as it were the
day

Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O lady Fortune,
Stand you auspicious!

Enter Shepherd, with Polixenes and Camillo, disguised; Clown, Mopsa, Dorcas, and other Shepherds and Shepherdesses

Flo. See, your guests approach;
Address yourself to entertain them
sprightly,

And let's be red with mirth.

Shepherd. Fie, daughter! when my old
wife lived, upon

This day she was both pantler, butler,
cook,

Both dame and servant: welcomed all;
served all;

Would sing her song, and dance her turn;
now here,

At upper end o' the table, now i' the mid-
dle;

On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire
With labour, and the thing she took to
quench it,

She would to each one sip. You are re-
tired,

As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting: pray you, bid
These unknown friends to us welcome;
for it is

A way to make us better friends, more
known.

Come, quench your blushes, and present
yourself

That which you are, mistress o' the feast:
come on,

And bid us welcome to your sheep-shear-
As your good flock shall prosper. [ing.

Per. (to Polixenes). Sir, welcome:
It is my father's will I should take on me
The hostess-ship o' the day:—(To Camillo).

You're welcome, sir.

Give me those flowers there, Dorcas:—
reverend sirs, [keep

For you there's rosemary and rue; these
Seeming and savour all the winter long:

Grace and remembrance be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!

Pol. Shepherdess
(A fair one are you), well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter, the fairest flowers o'
the season [flowers,

Are our carnations, and streaked gilly-
Which some call nature's bastards: of that
kind

Our rustic garden's barren; and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it said,
There is an art which, in their piedness,
shares

With great creating nature.

Pol. Say, there be ;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean : so, over that
art

Which you say adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid,
we marry

A gentler scion to the wildest stock,
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race: this is an art [but
Which does mend nature, change it rather ;
The art itself is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in
gillyflowers,
And do not call them bastards.

Per. I'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them ;
No more than, were I painted, I would wish
'This youth should say, 't were well. * *

* * * * * Here's flowers
for you ;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram ;
The marigold, that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises weeping: these are
flowers

Of middle summer, and, I think, they are
given
To men of middle age. You are very
welcome.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of
your flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas !
You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through.—
Now, my fairest friend,
I would I had some flowers o' the spring,
that might

Become your time of day. * * *
* * * * *

* * * * * O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou
let'st fall

From Dis's waggon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and
take

The winds of March with beauty ; violets,
dim,

But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath ; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids ; bold oxlips, and

The crown-imperial ; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one ! Oh, these I
lack,

To make you garlands of ; and my sweet
friend,

To strew him o'er and o'er !

Flo. What, like a corse ?

Per. No ; like a bank for love to lie and
play on ;

Not like a corse ; or if,—not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine arms.—Come, take
your flowers :

Methinks I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun pastorals: sure, this robe of
mine

Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do

Still betters what is done. When you
speak, sweet,

I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too: when you do dance, I
wish you

A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so,
And own no other function: each your
doing,

So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present
deeds,

That all your acts are queens.

Per. O Doricles,

Your praises are too large: but that your
youth,

And the true blood which peeps fairly
through it,

Do plainly give you out an unstained
shepherd,

With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You wooed me the false way.

Flo. I think you have

As little skill to fear, as I have purpose
To put you to 't.—But, come ; our dance,

I pray ;

Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair
That never mean to part.

Per. I'll swear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass
that ever

Ran on the green sward; nothing she does,
or seems,

But smacks of something greater than her-
self,

Too noble for this place.

FIDELITY.

Enter Orlando and Adam, meeting.

Orlando. WHO'S there?

Adam. What, my young master?—O my gentle master!

O my sweet master! O you memory
Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you
here?

Why are you virtuous? Why do people
love you?

And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and
valiant?

Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bony priser of the humorous duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before
you.

Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?

No more do yours: your virtues, gentle
master,

Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.

Oh, what a world is this, when what is
comely

Envenoms him that bears it!

Orl. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth,
Come not within these doors; within this
roof

The enemy of all your graces lives.

Your brother—(no, no brother; yet the
son—

Yet not the son—I will not call him son
Of him I was about to call his father),—
Hath heard your praises; and this night
he means

To burn the lodging where you used to lie,
And you within it: if he fail of that,

He will have other means to cut you off:
I overheard him, and his practices.

This is no place; this house is but a
butchery:

Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou
have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come
not here.

Orl. What! wouldst thou have me go
and beg my food?

Or with a base and boist'rous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road?

This I must do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;

I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood, and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so. I have five hun-
dred crowns,

The thrifty hire I saved under your father,

Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse
When service should in my old limbs lie
lame,

And unregarded age in corners thrown:
Take that; and He that doth the ravens
feed,

Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you. Let me be your servant:
Though I look old, yet I am strong and
lusty;

For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

Orl. O good old man, how well in thee
appears

The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion;
And having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having: it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten
tree,

That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
But come thy ways; we'll go along together;
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on, and I will follow
thee,

To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.—
From seventeen years, till now almost four-
score,

Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;
But at fourscore it is too late a week;
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
Than to die well, and not my master's
debtor.

—O—

GRIEF.

*Re-enter Arviragus, bearing Imogen, as
dead, in his arms.*

Arviragus. THE bird is dead
That we have made so much on. I had
rather

Have skipped from sixteen years of age to
sixty,
To have turned my leaping-time into a
cutch,

Than have seen this.

Guiderius. Oh, sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not the one-half so
well

As when thou grew'st thyself.

Belarius. Oh, melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom?

Find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish
crare

Might earliest harbour in?—Thou blessed
thing!

Jove knows what man thou might'st have
made; but I,

Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melan-
choly!—

How found you him?

Arv. Stark, as you see:
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled
slumber.

Not as death's dart, being laughed at; his
right cheek

Reposing on a cushion.

Gui. Where?

Arv. O' the floor;
His arms thus leagued. I thought he slept;
and put

My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose
rudeness

Answered my steps too loud.

Gui. Why, he but sleeps:
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be
haunted,

And worms will not come to thee.

Arv. With fairest flowers,
While summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave; thou shalt not
lack

The flower that's like thy face, pale prim-
rose; nor

The azured harebell, like thy veins; no,
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweetened not thy breath: the ruddock
would

With charitable bill (O bill, sore shaming
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers
lie

Without a monument!) bring thee all this;
Yea, and furred moss besides, when flowers
are none,

To winter-ground thy corse.

Gui. Prythee, have done,
And do not play in wench-like words with
that

Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt.—To the grave.

Arv. Say, where shall's lay him?

Gui. By good Euriphile, our mother.

Arv. Be't so:
And let us, Polydore, though now our
voices

Have got the mannish crack, sing him to
the ground,

As once our mother: use like note and
words,

Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

Gui. Cadwal,
I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with
thee;

For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.

Arv. We'll speak it, then.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the
less, for Cloten

Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son,
boys:

And, though he came our enemy, re-
member

He was paid for that: though mean and
mighty, rotting

Together have one dust, yet reverence
(That angel of the world) doth make dis-
tinction

Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe
was princely;

And though you took his life, as being our
foe,

Yet bury him as a prince.

Gui. Pray you, fetch him hither.
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.

Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst.—Brother,
begin.

Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head
to the east,

My father hath a reason for't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Gui. Come on, then, and remove him.

Arv. So.—Begin.

SONG.

Gui. Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arv. Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak;
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Gai. Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Arr. Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Gai. Fear not slander, censure rash,
Arr. Thou hast finished joy and moan:
Both. All lovers young, all lovers must
 Consign to thee, and come to dust.

Gai. No exorciser harm thee!
Arr. Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Gai. Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Arr. Nothing ill come near thee!
Both. Quiet consummation have,
 And renownèd be thy grave!

—o—

SAFETY OF ENGLAND.

THIS England never did, nor never shall,
 Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
 But when it first did help to wound itself.
 Now these, her princes, are come home
 again,
 Come the three corners of the world in
 arms,
 And we shall shock them: nought shall
 make us rue,
 If England to itself do rest but true.

—o—

ENGLAND.

THIS royal throne of kings, this sceptred
 isle,
 This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
 This other Eden, semi-Paradise;
 This fortress built by Nature for herself
 Against infection and the hand of war;
 This happy breed of men, this little world;
 This precious stone set in the silver sea,
 Which serves it in the office of a wall,
 Or as a moat defensive of a house,
 Against the enemy of less happier lands:
 This blessed plot, this earth, this realm,
 this England!

—o—

HOTSPUR.

Lady Percy. OH, yet for God's sake, go
 not to the wars!
 The time was, father, that you broke your
 word,
 When you were more endeared to it than
 now;
 When your own Percy, when my heart's-
 dear Harry, [father
 Threw many a northward look, to see his

Bring up his powers; but he did long in
 vain.

Who then persuaded you to stay at home?
 There are two honours lost; yours and
 your son's.

For yours,—may heavenly glory brighten it!
 For his,—it stuck upon him, as the sun
 In the grey vault of heaven; and, by his
 light,

Did all the chivalry of England move
 To do brave acts: he was, indeed, the
 glass

Wherein the noble youth did dress them-
 selves:

He had no legs that practised not his gait;
 And speaking thick, which nature made
 his blemish,

Became the accents of the valiant;
 For those that could speak low and tardily,
 Would turn their own perfection to abuse,
 To seem like him: so that, in speech, in
 gait,

In diet, in affections of delight,
 In military rules, humours of blood,
 He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
 That fashioned others. And him,—O won-
 drous him,

O miracle of men!—him did you leave
 (Second to none, unseconded by you,)
 To look upon the hideous god of war
 In disadvantage; to abide a field
 Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's
 name

Did seem defensible:—so you left him.
 Never, oh, never, do his ghost the wrong,
 To hold your honour more precise and
 nice

With others than with him! let them alone:
 The marshal and the archbishop are
 strong:

Had my sweet Harry had but half their
 numbers,
 To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's
 neck,

Have talked of Monmouth's grave.

—o—

HARRY THE FIFTH.

Chorus. O FOR a muse of fire, that would
 ascend

The brightest heaven of invention!
 A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
 And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
 Then should the warlike Harry, like him-
 self,

Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels,

Leashed in like hounds, should famine,
 sword, and fire, [gentles all,
 Crouch for employment. But pardon,
 The flat unraised spirit that hath dared,
 On this unworthy scaffold, to bring forth
 So great an object : can this cockpit hold
 The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
 Within this wooden O the very casques
 That did affright the air at Agincourt?
 Oh, pardon ! since a crooked figure may
 Attest in little place a million ;
 And let us, ciphers to this great account,
 On your imaginary forces work.
 Suppose, within the girdle of these walls
 Are now confined two mighty monarchies,
 Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
 The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder ;
 Piece out our imperfections with your
 thoughts :
 Into a thousand parts divide one man,
 And make imaginary puissance ;
 Think, when we talk of horses, that you
 see them [earth ;
 Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving
 For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck
 our kings,
 Carry them here and there ; jumping o'er
 times,
 Turning th' accomplishment of many years
 Into an hour-glass : for the which supply,
 Admit me Chorus to this history ;
 Who, prologue-like, your humble patience
 pray
 Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.

—o—

DEATH AND CHARACTER OF WOLSEY.

Kimbolton.

*Enter Katharine, Dowager, sick : led
 between Griffith and Patience.*

Griffith. How does your grace?

Katharine. O Griffith, sick to death ;
 My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the
 earth,
 Willing to leave their burden. Reach a
 chair :—
 So, now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
 Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou
 ledd'st me,
 That the great child of honour, Cardinal
 Wolsey,
 Was dead?

Grif. Yes, madam ; but I think your
 grace,

Out of the pain you suffered, gave no ear
 to't.

Kath. Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me
 how he died :

If well, he stepped before me, happily
 For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam ;
 For after the stout Earl Northumberland
 Arrested him at York, and brought him
 forward

(As a man sorely tainted) to his answer,
 He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,
 He could not sit his mule.

Kath. Alas, poor man !

Grif. At last, with easy roads, he came
 to Leicester ;
 Lodged in the abbey ; where the reverend
 abbot,
 With all his convent, honourably received
 him ;
 To whom he gave these words,—“ *O father
 abbot,*
*An old man, broken with the storms of
 state,*

*Is come to lay his weary bones among ye :
 Give him a little earth for charity !”*

So went to bed ; where eagerly his sick-
 ness [this,
 Pursued him still ; and, three nights after
 About the hour of eight (which he himself
 Foretold should be his last), full of repent-
 ance,
 Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
 He gave his honours to the world again,
 His blessed part to heaven, and slept in
 peace.

Kath. So may he rest ; his faults lie
 gently on him !

Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to
 speak him,

And yet with charity :—He was a man
 Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
 Himself with princes ; one that, by sug-
 gestion,

Tied all the kingdom ; simony was fair play ;
 His own opinion was his law : i' the presence
 He would say untruths ; and be ever
 double,

Both in his words and meaning. He was
 never,

But where he meant to ruin, pitiful ;
 His promises were, as he then was, mighty ;
 But his performance, as he is now, nothing.
 Of his own body he was ill, and gave
 The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble madam,
 Men's evil manners live in brass ; their
 virtues

We write in water. May it please your highness

To hear me speak his good now?

Kath. Yes, good Griffith, I were malicious else.

Grif. This cardinal, Though from a humble stock, undoubtedly Was fashioned to much honour from his cradle.

He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one ; Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading ;

Lofty and sour to them that loved him not ; But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.

And though he were unsatisfied in getting (Which was a sin), yet in bestowing, madam, He was most princely : ever witness for him Those twins of learning, that he raised in you,

Ipswich and Oxford ! one of which fell with him,

Unwilling to outlive the good that did it ; The other, though unfinished, yet so famous,

So excellent in art, and still so rising, That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.

His overthrow heaped happiness upon him, For then, and not till then, he felt himself, And found the blessedness of being little ; And, to add greater honours to his age Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

Kath. After my death I wish no other No other speaker of my living actions, To keep mine honour from corruption, But such an honest chronicler as Griffith. Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,

With thy religious truth and modesty, Now in his ashes honour : peace be with him !

Patience, be near me still ; and set me lower :

[Griffith, I have not long to trouble thee.—Good Cause the musicians play me that sad note I named my knell, whilst I sit meditating On that celestial harmony I go to.

—o—

DEATH OF OPHELIA.

Queen. ONE woe doth tread upon another's heel,

So fast they follow : your sister's drowned, *Laertes,*

Laertes. Drowned ! Oh, where?

Queen. There is a willow grows aslant a brook,

That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream ;

There with fantastic garlands did she come

Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,

* * * * *

—Our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them ;

There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds

Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke ;

When down her weedy trophies, and herself,

Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide,

And, mermaid-like, a while they bore her up :

Which time, she chanted snatches of old tunes ;

As one incapable of her own distress, Or like a creature native and indued Unto that element ; but long it could not be,

Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,

Pulled the poor wretch from her melodious lay

To muddy death.

Laer. Alas ! then she is drowned?

Queen. Drowned, drowned !

—o—

LIFE A SHADOW.

TO-MORROW, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,

Creeps in this petty pace from day to day, To the last syllable of recorded time ;

And all our yesterdays have lighted fools The way to dusky death. Out, out, brief candle !

Life's but a walking shadow ; a poor player,

That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,

And then is heard no more ; it is a tale Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, Signifying nothing.

—o—

TIME.

Ulysses. TIME hath, my lord, a wallet
 at his back,
 Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
 A great-sized monster of ingratitude:
 Those scraps are good deeds past; which
 are devoured
 As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
 As done: perseverance, dear my lord,
 Keeps honour bright; to have done, is to
 hang
 Quite out of fashion, like a rusty nail
 In monumental mockery. Take the in-
 stant way;
 For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
 Where one but goes abreast; keep, then,
 the path;
 For emulation hath a thousand sons,
 That one by one pursue: if you give way,
 Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
 Like to an entered tide, they all rush by
 And leave you hindmost;
 Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
 Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
 O'errun and trampled on: then, what
 they do in present,
 Though less than yours in past, must o'er-
 top yours;
 For time is like a fashionable host,
 That slightly shakes his parting guest by
 the hand, [would fly,
 And with his arm out-stretched, as he
 Grasps-in the corner: welcome ever smiles,
 And farewell goes out sighing. Oh, let
 not virtue seek
 Remuneration for the thing it was;
 For beauty, wit, [vice,
 High birth, vigour of bone, desert in ser-
 Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
 To envious and calumniating time.
 One touch of nature makes the whole
 world kin,
 That all, with one consent, praise new-
 born gauds,
 Though they are made and moulded of
 things past;
 And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
 More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.
 The present eye praises the present object.

—O—

ON SUICIDE.

Cassius. Now, most noble Brutus,
 The gods to-day stand friendly, that we
 may,

Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
 But, since the affairs of men rest still in-
 certain,

Let's reason with the worst that may be-
 fall.

If we do lose this battle, then is this
 The very last time we shall speak together:
 What are you, then, determinèd to do?

Brutus. Even by the rule of that philo-
 sophy

By which I did blame Cato for the death
 Which he did give himself: I know not
 how,

But I do find it cowardly and vile,
 For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
 The time of life: arming myself with pa-
 tience,

To stay the providence of some high
 powers

That govern us below.

—O—

A LOVER.

Romeo. HE jests at scars, that never felt
 a wound.

[*Juliet appears above at a window.*
 But, soft! what light through yonder win-
 dow breaks?

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.
 Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
 Who is already sick and pale with grief,
 That thou, her maid, art far more fair than
 she:

Be not her maid, since she is envious;
 Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
 And none but fools do wear it: cast it off.
 It is my lady; oh, it is my love!
 Oh, that she knew she were!

She speaks, yet she says nothing: what of
 that?

Her eye discourses, I will answer it.—
 I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
 Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
 Having some business, do entreat her eyes
 To twinkle in their spheres till they re-
 turn.

What if her eyes were there, they in her
 head?

The brightness of her cheek would shame
 those stars,

As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in
 heaven

Would through the airy region stream so
 bright,

That birds would sing and think it were
 not night.

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
 Oh, that I were a glove upon that hand,
 That I might touch that cheek!

—o—

HERBS AND PLANTS.

Enter Friar Laurence, with a basket.

Friar Laurence. THE grey-eyed morn
 smiles on the frowning night,
 Checking the eastern clouds with streaks
 of light;
 And fleck'd darkness like a drunkard reels
 From forth day's path and Titan's fiery
 wheels:
 Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,
 The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to
 dry,
 I must up-fill this osier cage of ours
 With baleful weeds, and precious-juic'd
 flowers. [tomb;
 The earth, that's nature's mother, is her
 What is her burying grave, that is her
 womb;
 And from her womb children of divers kind
 We sucking on her natural bosom find;
 Many for many virtues excellent,
 None but for some, and yet all different.
 Oh, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
 In herbs, plants, stones, and their true
 qualities: [live,
 For nought so vile that on the earth doth
 But to the earth some special good doth
 give;
 Nor aught so good, but, strained from that
 fair use, [abuse:
 Revolts from true birth, stumbling on
 Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;
 And vice sometime's by action dignified.
 Within the infant rind of this small flower
 Poison hath residence, and medicine power:
 For this, being smelt, with that part cheers
 each part;
 Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
 Two such oppos'd kings encamp them still
 In man as well as herbs,—grace and rude
 will;
 And where the worser is predominant,
 Full soon the canker death eats up that
 plant.

—o—

PERICLES' QUEEN.

—MY queen's square brows;
 Her stature to an inch; as wand-like,
 straight;

As silver-voiced; her eyes as jewel-like,
 And cased as richly; in face another Juno;
 Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes
 them hungry
 The more she gives them speech.

—o—

AGINCOURT.

Alarums. Enter King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Gloster, and Soldiers with scaling ladders.

King Henry. ONCE more unto the
 breach, dear friends, once more,
 Or close the wall up with our English dead!
 In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man
 As modest stillness and humility:
 But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
 Then imitate the action of the tiger;
 Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
 Disguise fair nature with hard-favoured
 rage:
 Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
 Let it pry through the portage of the head
 Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'er-
 whelm it
 As fearfully as doth a gall'd rock
 O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
 Swil'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
 Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril
 wide,
 Hold hard the breath, and bend up every
 spirit
 To his full height!—on, on, ye noblest
 English,
 Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-
 proof!
 Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
 Have in these parts from morn till even
 fought, [argument.
 And sheathed their swords for lack of
 Dishonour not your mothers; now attest
 That those whom you called fathers did
 beget you!
 Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
 And teach them how to war!—And you,
 good yeomen,
 Whose limbs were made in England, show
 us here
 The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
 That you are worth your breeding; which
 I doubt not;
 For there is none of you so mean and base,
 That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
 I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
 Straining upon the start. The game's
 afoot:

Follow your spirit; and, upon this charge
Cry—Good for Harry! England! and
Saint George!

[*Exeunt. Alarum, and chambers go off.*]

—○—

OMENS.

Rome.—A Street.

Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, Casca, with his sword drawn, and Cicero.

Cicero. Good even, Casca: brought you
Cæsar home?

Why are you breathless? and why stare
you so?

Casca. Are not you moved, when all the
sway of earth

Shakes like a thing infirm? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding
winds

Have rived the knotty oaks; and I have^[seen]
The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and
foam,

To be exalted with the threatening clouds:
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you anything more
wonderful?

Casca. A common slave (you know him
well by sight),

Held up his left hand, which did flame and
burn

Like twenty torches joined; and yet his
hand,

Not sensible of fire, remained unscorched.
Besides (I have not since put up my sword),
Against the Capitol I met a lion,

Who glared upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me; and there were
drawn

Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear; who swore
they saw

Men, all in fire, walk up and down the
streets.

And yesterday the bird of night did sit,
Even at noonday, upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies

Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
“These are their reasons,—they are
natural;”

For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange disposed
time:

But men may construe things after their
fashion,

Clean from the purpose of the things them-
selves.

Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you, he would be there to-
morrow.

Cic. Good night, then, Casca: this dis-
turbed sky

Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero.

—○—

DEATH OF BRUTUS.

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and Volumnius.

Brutus. COME, poor remains of friends,
rest on this rock.

Clitus. Statilius showed the torchlight;
but, my lord,

He came not back: he is or ta'en or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is
the word;

It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.
[*Whispering.*]

Cli. What, I, my lord? No, not for all
the world.

Bru. Peace, then, no words.

Cli. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius.

[*Whispers.*]

Dardanius. Shall I do such a deed?

Cli. O Dardanius!

Dar. O Clitus!

Cli. What ill request did Brutus make
to thee?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he
meditates.

Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of
grief,

That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius; list
a word.

Volumnius. What says my lord?

Bru. Why this, Volumnius:

The ghost of Cæsar hath appeared to me
Two several times by night; at Sardis once,
And this last night here in Philippi fields.
I know my hour is come.

Vol. Not, so, my lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius,

Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes ;

Our enemies have beat us to the pit :
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,

Thou know'st that we two went to school together :

Even for that our love of old, I pr'ythee,
Hold thou my sword-hilt, whilst I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord. [*Alarum still.*]

Cl. Fly, fly, my lord ! there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewell to you ;—and you ;—and you, Volumnius.—

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep ;
Farewell to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen,
My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,
I found no man but he was true to me.

I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.

So, fare you well at once ; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history :

Night hangs upon mine eyes ; my bones
would rest,

That have but laboured to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within, "Fly, fly, fly!"*]

Cl. Fly, my lord, fly !

Bru. Hence ! I will follow.

[*Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius.*]

I pr'ythee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord :
Thou art a fellow of a good respect ;

Thy life hath had some snatch of honour
in it :

Hold, then, my sword, and turn away thy
face,

While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato ?

Strato. Give me your hand first ; fare
you well, my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato.—

[*He runs on his sword.*]

Cæsar, now be still ;

I killed not thee with half so good a will.

[*Dies.*]

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Octavius, Antony, Messala, Lucilius, and army.

Octavius. What man is that ?

Messala. My master's man. Strato,
where is thy master ?

Strato. Free from the bondage you are
in, Messala :

The conquerors can but make a fire of
him ;

For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.

Lucilius. So Brutus should be found. I
thank thee, Brutus,

That thou hast proved Lucilius' saying
true.

Oct. All that served Brutus, I will enter-
tain them.

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me ?

Str. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Oct. Do so, good Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato ?

Str. I held the sword, and he did run
on it.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow
thee,

That did the latest service to my master.

Antony. This was the noblest Roman of
them all.

All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar ;
He only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle ; and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand
up.

And say to all the world, "*This was a
man !*"

Oct. According to his virtue let us use
him,

With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, ordered honourably.—
So, call the field to rest ; and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day.



FOREST LIFE.

The Forest of Arden.

*Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, and other
Lords, in the dress of Foresters.*

Duke Senior. Now, my co-mates and
brothers in exile,

Hath not old custom made this life more
sweet

Than that of painted pomp ? Are not these
woods

More free from peril than the envious
court ?

Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference : as, the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my
body,

Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and
say,

This is no flattery: these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running
brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

Amiens. I would not change it. Happy
is your grace,

That can translate the stubbornness of
fortune

Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us
venison?

And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should in their own confines, with forked
heads

Have their round haunches gored.

1 Lord. Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;

And, in that kind, swears you do more
usurp

Than doth your brother that hath banished
you.

To-day my lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps
out

Upon the brook that brawls along this
wood,

To the which place a poor sequestered
stag, [hurt]

That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a
Did come to languish; and, indeed, my
lord,

The wretched animal heaved forth such
groans,

That their discharge did stretch his lea-
thern coat

Almost to bursting; and the big round
tears

Coursed one another down his innocent
nose

In piteous chase: and thus the hairy fool,
Much markèd of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift
brook,

Augmenting it with tears.

Duke S. But what said Jaques?

Did he not moralize this spectacle?

1 Lord. Oh, yes, into a thousand similes.

First, for his weeping into the heedless
stream:

"Poor dear," quoth he, "thou mak'st a
testament

*As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much;"* then, being
there alone,

Left and abandoned of his velvet friends:
"'Tis right," quoth he; "*thus misery doth*

part [herd,
The flux of company;" anon, a careless

Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him: "*Ay,"*

quoth Jaques,
"*Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;*

*'Tis just the fashion: wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?"*

Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,

Yea, and of this our life; swearing that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's
worse,

To fright the animals, and to kill them up,
In their assigned and native dwelling-place.

Duke S. And did you leave him in this
contemplation?

2 Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and
commenting

Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke S. Show me the place:
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,

For then he's full of matter.

2 Lord. I'll bring you to him straight.

—:O:—

BEN JONSON.

1573—1637.

THE DREAMS OF THE ALCHYMIST.

Mammon. THIS night, I'll change
All that is metal in my house to gold;
And, early in the morning, will I send
To all the plumbers and the pewterers,
And buy their tin and lead up; and to
Lothbury
For all the copper.

Surly. What, and turn that too?

Mam. Yes; and I'll purchase Devon-
shire and Cornwall,

And make them perfect Indies! You ad-
mire now?

Sur. No, faith.

Mam. But when you see th' effects of
the great medicine,

Of which one part projected on a hundred
Of Mercury, or Venus, or the Moon,
Shall turn it to as many of the Sun;

Nay, to a thousand, so *ad infinitum*,
You will believe me.

Sur. Yes, when I see 't, I will.

Mam. Do you think I fable with you?
I assure you,

He that has once the flower of the sun,
The perfect ruby, which we call Elixir,
Not only can do that, but, by its virtue,
Can confer honour, love, respect, long life;
Give safety, valour, yea, and victory,
To whom he will. In eight and twenty
days

I'll make an old man of fourscore a child!

Sur. No doubt; he 's that already.

Enter Face, as a servant.

How now?

Do we succeed? Is our day come? And
holds it?

Face. The evening will set red upon
you, sir!

You have colour for it, crimson; the red
ferment

Has done his office; three hours hence
prepare you

To see projection.

Mam. Pertinax, my Surly,

Again I say to thee aloud, Be rich.

This day thou shalt have ingots; and to-
morrow

Give lords th' affront. Is it, my Zephyrus,
right?

Blushes the bolt's head?

My only care is [on;
Where to get stuff enough now, to project
This town will not half serve me.

Face. No, sir? Buy
The covering off o' churches.

Mam. That 's true.

Face. Yes,

Let them stand bare, as do their auditory;
Or cap them new with shingles.

Mam. No, good thatch:
Thatch will be light upon the rafters,
Lungs.

Lungs, I will manumit thee from the
furnace;

I will restore thee thy complexion, Puff,
Lost in the embers; and repair this brain,
Hurt with the fume of the metals.

Face. I have blown, sir,
Hard for your worship; thrown by many a
coal,

When 'twas not beech; weighed those I
put in just,

To keep your heat still even; these bleared
eyes [sir,

Have waked to read your several colours,

Of the pale citron, the green lion, the crow,
The peacock's tail, the plumed swan.

Mam. And, lastly,
Thou hast described the flower, the sanguis
agni?

Face. Yes, sir.

Mam. We will be brave, Puff, now we
have the med'cine.

My meat shall all come in in Indian shells,
Dishes of agate set in gold, and studded
With emeralds, sapphires, hyacinths, and
rubies.

The tongues of carps, dormice, and camels'
heels

Boiled in the spirit of Sol, and dissolved
pearl,

Apicius' diet 'gainst the epilepsy;
And I will eat these broths with spoons of
amber,

Headed with diamond and carbuncle.

My foot-boy shall eat pheasants. calvered
salmons,

Knots, godwits, lampreys: I myself will
have

The beards of barbels served, instead of
salads;

Oiled mushrooms; * * * * *

For which, I'll say unto my cook, *There's*
gold,

Go forth and be a knight.

Face. Sir, I'll go look

A little how it heightens.

Mam. Do. My shirts

I'll have of taffeta—sarsnet, soft and light
As cobwebs; and for all my other raiment,
It shall be such as might provoke a Persian,
Were he to teach the world riot anew.

My gloves of fishes' and birds' skins, per-
fumed

With gums of Paradise and eastern air.

—o—

LOVEL DEFINES LOVE.

*Lovel, in the presence of the Lady Frances,
the young Lord Beaufort, and other
Guests of the New Inn, defines what
Love is.*

Lovel. WHAT else

Is love, but the most noble, pure affection
Of what is truly beautiful and fair?

Desire of union with the thing beloved?

Beaufort. I have read somewhere, that
man and woman

Were, in the first creation, both one piece,
And, being cleft asunder, ever since
Love was an apple to be rejoined.

Lov. It is a fable of Plato's, in his banquet,
And uttered there by Aristophanes.

Host. 'Twas well remembered here, and to good use.

But on with your description what love is.
Desire of union with the thing beloved.

Lov. I meant a definition. For I make
The efficient cause, what's beautiful and fair;

The formal cause, the appetite of union;
The final cause, the union itself.

But larger, if you'll have it, by description:

It is a flame and ardour of the mind,
Dead in the proper corps, quick in another's:
Transfers the lover into the loved.

That he, or she, that loves, engraves or stamps

The idea of what they love first in themselves;

Or like to glasses, so their minds take in
'The forms of their beloved, and them reflect.

It is the likeness of affections;
Is both the parent and the nurse of love.
Love is a spiritual coupling of two souls,
So much more excellent as it least relates
Unto the body; circular, eternal;
Not feigned, or made, but born: and then,
so precious,

As nought can value it but itself. So free,
As nothing can command it but itself.

And in itself so round and liberal,
As, where it favours, it bestows itself.

But we must take and understand this love

Along still as a name of dignity,
Not pleasure.

True love hath no unworthy thought, no light

Loose unbecoming appetite or strain;
But fixèd, constant, pure, immutable.

—o—

FALSE VALOUR.

A Room in the Inn.

Lovel. GOOD Colonel Glorious, whilst
we treat of valour,
Dismiss yourself.

Lord Latimer. You are not concerned.

Lov. Go drink,
And congregate the hostlers and the tapsters,

The under-officers of your regiment;
Compose with them, and be not angry
valiant. [*Exit Tipto.*]

Lord Beaufort. How does that differ
from true valour?

Lov. Thus.

In the efficient, or that which makes it;
For it proceeds from passion, not from
judgment:

Then brute beasts have it, wicked persons:
there

It differs in the subject; in the form,
'Tis carried rashly and with violence;

Then in the end, where it respects not
truth

Or public honesty, but mere revenge.

Now confident and undertaking valour
Sways from the true, two other ways, as
being

A trust in our own faculties, skill, or
strength,

And not the right or conscience of the
cause

That works it; then in the end, which is
the victory,

And not the honour.

Beau. But the ignorant valour,
That knows not why it undertakes, but
doth it

To escape the infamy merely——

Lov. Is worst of all:
That valour lies in the eyes o' the lookers
on,

And is called valour with a witness.

Beau. Right.

—o—

TRUE VALOUR.

Lovel. THE things true valour's exercised about

Are poverty, restraint, captivity,
Banishment, loss of children, long disease:
The least is death. Here valour is be-
held,

Properly seen; about these it is present:
Not trivial things, which but require our
confidence.

And yet to those we must object our-
selves

Only for honesty; if any other
Respects be mixed, we quite put out her
light.

And as all knowledge, when it is removed,
Or separate from justice, is called craft.
Rather than wisdom; so a mind affecting
Or undertaking dangers, for ambition,

Or any self-pretext not for the public,
Deserves the name of daring, not of valour.
And over-daring is as great a vice
As over-fearing.

Latimer. Yes, and often greater.

Lov. But as it is not the mere punishment,

But cause that makes a martyr, so it is not
Fighting or dying, but the manner of it,
Renders a man himself. A valiant man
Ought not to undergo or tempt a danger,
But worthily, and by selected ways:

He undertakes with reason, not by chance.
His valour is the salt to his other virtues;
They are all unseasoned without it. The
waiting-maids,

Or the concomitants of it, are his patience,
His magnanimity, his confidence,
His constancy, security, and quiet;
He can assure himself against all rumour,
Despairs of nothing, laughs at contumelies,

As knowing himself advanced in a height
Where injury cannot reach him, nor aspersion

Touch him with soil.

Lady Frampol. Most manly uttered
all!

As if Achilles had the chair in valour,
And Hercules were but a lecturer.
Who would not hang upon those lips for
ever,

That strike such music?

—O—

A WOMAN'S FOOTSTEP.

Eglamour. HERE she was wont to go!
and here! and here!

Just where those daisies, pinks, and violets
grow;

The world may find the spring by follow-
ing her,

For other print her airy steps ne'er left.

Her treading would not bend a blade of
grass,

Or shake the downy blow-bell from his
stalk;

But like the soft west wind she shot along,
And where she went the flowers took
thickest root,

As she had sowed them with her odorous
foot.

—:Q:—

PHILIP MASSINGER.

1585—1639.

ABUSE OF WEALTH.

Luke. YOUR father was
An honest country farmer, Goodman
Humble,
By his neighbours ne'er called master.
Did your pride
Descend from him? but let that pass:
your fortune,
Or rather your husband's industry, ad-
vanced you
To the rank of a merchant's wife. He
made a knight,
And your sweet mistress-ship ladified, you
wore

Satin on solemn days, a chain of gold,
A velvet hood, rich borders, and sometimes
A dainty miniver cap, a silver pin,
Headed with a pearl worth threepence:
and thus far

You were privileged, and no man envied it;
It being for the city's honour that
There should be a distinction between
The wife of a patrician and a plebeian.

* * * * *

But when the height
And dignity of London's blessings grew
Contemptible, and the name lady mayoress
Became a byword, and you scorned the
means

By which you were raised, my brother's
fond indulgence

Giving the reins to it; and no object
pleased you

But the glittering pomp and bravery of
the court;

What a strange, nay, monstrous, metamor-
phosis followed!

No English workman then could please
your fancy,

The French and Tuscan dress your whole
discourse.

* * * * *

This usher
Succeeded in the eldest prentice' place,
To walk before you.

* * * * *

Then, as I said,
The reverend hood cast off, your borrowed
hair,
Powdered and curled, was by your dresser's
art
Formed like a coronet, hanged with dia-
monds

And the richest orient pearl; your carcanets
That did adorn your neck, of equal value:
Your Hungerland bands, and Spanish
quellio ruffs;
Great lords and ladies feasted to survey
Embroidered petticoats; and sickness
feigned,
That your night-rails of forty pounds
apiece
Might be seen, with envy, of the visitants;
Rich pantofles in ostentation shown,
And roses worth a family: you were served
in plate, [going
Stirred not a foot without your coach, and
To church, not for devotion, but to show
Your pomp, you were tickled when the
beggars cried,
"Heaven save your honour!"—this idola-
try
Paid to a painted room!

—o—

A TREASURE CHAMBER.

Luke. 'Twas no fantastic object, but a
truth,
Areal truth; no dream: I did not slumber,
And could wake ever with a brooding eye
To gaze upon't! it did endure the touch:
I saw and felt it! Yet what I beheld
And handled oft, did so transcend belief
(My wonder and astonishment passed o'er),
I faintly could give credit to my senses.
Thou dumb musician—(*Taking out a key*)
—that without a charm
Didst make my entrance easy, to possess
What wise men wish and toil for! Hermes'
moly,
Sibylla's golden bough, the great elixir,
Imagined only by the alchymist,
Compared with thee are shadows—thou
the substance,
And guardian of felicity! No marvel
My brother made thy place of rest his
bosom,
Thou being the keeper of his heart, a
mistress
To be hugged ever! In by-corners of
This sacred room, silver in bags; heaped up
Like billets sawed and ready for the fire,
Unworthy to hold fellowship with bright
gold
That flowed about the room, concealed
itself. [dour
There needs no artificial light; the splen-
Makes a perpetual day there, night and
darkness

By that still-burning lamp for ever banished.
But when, guided by that, my eyes had made
Discovery of the caskets, and they opened,
Each sparkling diamond, from itself, shot
forth
A pyramid of flames, and, in the roof,
Fixed it a glorious star, and made the place
Heaven's abstract or epitome!—rubies,
sapphires,
And ropes of orient pearl,—these seen, I
could not
But look on with contempt. And yet I
found,
What weak credulity could have no faith in,
A treasure far exceeding these: here lay
A manor bound fast in a skin of parchment,
The wax continuing hard, the acres melting;
Here a sure deed of gift for a market town,
If not redeemed this day, which is not in
The unthrift's power; there being scarce
one shire
In Wales or England, where my money-
are not
Lent out at usury, the certain hook
To draw in more. I am sublimed! gross
earth
Supports me not; I walk on air!

—o—

ANGELO AND DOROTHEA.

Dorothea. My book and taper.
Angelo. Here, most holy mistress.
Dor. Thy voice sends forth such music,
that I never
Was ravished with a more celestial sound.
Were every servant in the world like thee,
So full of goodness, angels would come
down
To dwell with us: thy name is *Angelo*,
And like that name thou art. Get thee to
rest;
Thy youth with too much watching is
oppress.
Ang. No, my dear lady. I could weary
stars, [eyes,
And force the wakeful moon to lose her
By my late watching, but to wait on you.
When at your prayers you kneel before the
altar,
Methinks I'm singing with some quire in
heaven,
So blest to hold me in your company.
Therefore, my most loved mistress, do not
bid
Your boy, so serviceable, to get hence;
For then you break his heart.

Dor. Be nigh me still, then.
 In golden letters down I'll set that day
 Which gave thee to me. Little did I hope
 To meet such worlds of comfort in thyself,
 This little, pretty body, when I, coming
 Forth of the temple, heard my beggar-boy,
 My sweet-faced, godly beggar-boy, crave
 an alms,
 Which with g'ad hand I gave, with lucky
 hand;
 And when I to't thee home, my most
 chaste bosom
 Methought was filled with no hot wanton
 fire,
 But with a holy flame, mounting since
 higher,
 On wings of cherubims, than it did before.
Ang. Proud am I that my lady's modest
 eye

So likes so poor a servant.

Dor. I have offered
 Handfuls of gold but to behold thy parents.
 I would leave kingdoms, were I queen of
 some,
 To dwell with thy good father; for, the son
 Bewitching me so deeply with his pre-
 sence,
 He that begot him must do't ten times
 more.

I pray thee, my sweet boy, show me thy
 parents;
 Be not ashamed.

Ang. I am not: I did never
 Know who my mother was; but, by yon
 palace,
 Filled with bright heav'nly courtiers, I dare
 assure you, [hand,
 And pawn these eyes upon it, and this
 My father is in heaven; and, pretty mis-
 tress, [sand
 If your illustrious hour-glass spend his
 No worse, than yet it doth, upon my life,
 You and I both shall meet my father there,
 And he shall bid you welcome.

Dor. A blessed day!

—o—

A PEACEFUL MONARCH.

LET other monarchs
 Contend to be made glorious by proud war,
 And with the blood of their poor subjects
 purchase
 Increase of empire, and augment their cares
 In keeping that which was by wrongs ex-
 torted,
 Gilding unjust invasions with the name

Of glorious conquests; we, that would be
 known

The father of our people, in our study
 And vigilance for their safety, must not
 change

Their ploughshares into swords, and force
 them from

The secure shade of their own vines, to be
 Scorched with the flames of war, or, for
 our sport,

Expose their lives to ruin.

Bertram. I must tell you, sir,
 Virtue, if not in action, is a vice;
 And when we move not forward, we go
 backward: [cowards,
 Nor is this peace the nurse of drones and
 Our health, but a disease.

* * * *

If examples

May move you more than arguments, look
 on England,

The Empress of the European Isles,
 And unto whom alone ours yields pre-
 cedence;

When did she flourish so as when she was
 The mistress of the ocean, her navies
 Putting a girdle round about the world?
 When the Iberian quaked, her worthies
 named;

And the fair *flower de luce* grew pale, set by
 The Red Rose and the White.

—o—

SUMMER FRIENDSHIP.

O SUMMER friendship!

Whose flattering leaves, that shadowed us
 in our

Prosperity, with the least gust drop off
 In the autumn of adversity.

—:o:—

BEAUMONT & FLETCHER.

BLIGHTED LOVE.

THUS I wind myself
 Into this willow garland, and am prouder
 That I was once your love (though now
 refused)
 Than to have had another true to me.

—o—

PHILASTER'S STORY.

I HAVE a boy sent by the gods,
 Not yet seen in the court: hunting the
 buck,
 I found him sitting by a fountain-side,
 Of which he borrowed some to quench his
 thirst,
 And paid the nymph again as much in
 tears;
 A garland lay him by, made by himself,
 Of many several flowers, bred in the bay
 Stuck in that mystic order, that the rareness
 Delighted me; but ever when he turned
 His tender eyes upon them, he would weep,
 As if he meant to make them grow again.
 Seeing such pretty helpless innocence
 Dwell in his face, I asked him all his story.
 He told me that his parents gentle died,
 Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,
 Which gave him roots; and of the crystal
 springs,
 Which did not stop their courses; and the
 sun,
 Which still, he thanked him, yielded him
 his light.
 Then took he up his garland, and did show
 What every flower, as country people hold,
 Did signify; and how all ordered thus,
 Expressed his grief; and to my thoughts did
 read
 The prettiest lecture of his country art
 That could be wished; so that, methought,
 I could
 Have studied it. I gladly entertained him,
 Who was as glad to follow; and have got
 The trustiest, loving'st, and the gentlest
 boy
 That ever master kept: him will I send
 To wait on you, and bear our hidden love.

—o—

BELLARIO'S TALE.

My father would oft speak
 Your worth and virtue, and as I did grow
 More and more apprehensive, I did thirst
 To see the man so praised; but yet all this
 Was but a maiden longing, to be lost
 As soon as found; till sitting in my window,
 Printing my thoughts in lawn, I saw a god
 I thought (but it was you) enter our gates;
 My blood flew out, and back again as fast
 As I had puffed it forth, and sucked it in
 Like breath; then was I called away in
 haste
 To entertain you. Never was a man

Heaved from a sheep-cot to a sceptre,
 raised
 So high in thoughts as I; you left a kiss
 Upon these lips then, which I mean to keep
 From you for ever; I did hear you talk
 Far above singing. After you were gone
 I grew acquainted with my heart, and
 searched
 What stirred it so. Alas! I found it love!
 Yet far from lust, for could I have but
 lived
 In presence of you, I had had my end.
 For this I did delude my noble father
 With a feigned pilgrimage, and drest my-
 self
 In habit of a boy, and, for I knew
 My birth no match for you, I was past
 hope
 Of having you. And understanding well
 That when I made discovery of my sex,
 I could not stay with you, I made a vow,
 By all the most religious things a maid
 Could call together, never to be known,
 Whilst there was hope to hide me from
 men's eyes, [ever
 For other than I seemed; that I might
 Abide with you: then sat I by the fount
 Where first you took me up.

—:O:—

JOHN FLETCHER.

1579—1625.

THE RIVER GOD AND AMORET.

*The God of the River rises with Amoret in
 his arms, whom the sullen Shepherd
 has flung wounded into his spring.*

River God. WHAT powerful charms my
 streams do bring
 Back again unto their spring,
 With such force, that I their god,
 Three times striking with my rod,
 Could not keep them in their ranks?
 My fishes shoot into the banks,
 There's not one that stays and feeds,
 All have hid them in the weeds.
 Here's a mortal almost dead
 Fallen into my river head,
 Hallowed so with many a spell,
 That till now none ever fell.
 'Tis a female, young and clear,
 Cast in by some ravisher.
 See upon her breast a wound,
 On which there is no plaister bound.

Yet she's warm, her pulses beat,
 'Tis a sign of life and heat.
 If thou be'st a virgin pure,
 I can give a present cure.
 Take a drop into thy wound
 From my wat'ry locks, more round
 Than orient pearl, and far more pure
 Than unchaste flesh may endure.
 See, she pants, and from her flesh
 The warm blood gusheth out afresh.
 She is an unpolluted maid;
 I must have this bleeding staid.
 From my banks I pluck this flower
 With holy hand, whose virtuous power
 Is at once to heal and draw.
 The blood returns. I never saw
 A fairer mortal. Now doth break
 Her deadly slumber. Virgin, speak.

Amoret. Who hath restored my sense,
 given me new breath,
 And brought me back out of the arms of
 death?

River God. I have healed thy wounds.
Amo. Ah me!

—O—

THE RIVER GOD'S WOOING.

River God. I AM this fountain's god;
 below

My waters to a river grow,
 And 'twixt two banks with osiers set,
 That only prosper in the wet,
 Through the meadows do they glide,
 Wheeling still on every side,
 Sometimes winding round about,
 To find the evenest channel out;
 And if thou wilt go with me,
 Leaving mortal company,
 In the cool streams shalt thou lie,
 Free from harm as well as I.
 I will give thee for thy food
 No fish that useth in the mud,
 But trout and pike that love to swim
 Where the gravel from the brim
 Through the pure streams may be seen.
 Orient pearl fit for a queen
 Will I give thy love to win,
 And a shell to keep them in.
 Not a fish in all my brook
 That shall disobey thy look,
 But when thou wilt, come sliding by,
 And from thy white hand take a fly.
 And to make thee understand
 How I can my waves command,
 They shall bubble whilst I sing
 Sweeter than the silver spring.

[Sings.

Do not fear to put thy feet
 Naked in the rivers sweet:
 Think not leecn, or newt, or toad,
 Will bite thy foot, when thou hast trod;
 Nor let the water rising high,
 As thou wadest in, make thee cry
 And sob, but ever live with me,
 And not a wave shall trouble thee.

Amoret. Immortal power, that rulest this
 holy flood,

I know myself unworthy to be wooed
 By thee, a god; for ere this, but for thee,
 I should have shown my weak mortality.
 Besides, by holy oath betwixt us twain,
 I am betrothed unto a shepherd swain,
 Whose comely face, I know, the gods above
 May make me leave to see, but not to love.

River God. May he prove to thee as
 true.

Fairest virgin, now adieu;
 I must make my waters fly,
 Lest they leave their channels dry,
 And beasts that come unto the spring
 Miss their morning's watering;
 Which I would not, for of late
 All the neighbour people sate
 On my banks, and from the fold
 Two white lambs of three weeks old
 Offered to my deity;
 For which this year they shall be free
 From raging floods, that as they pass
 Leave their gravel in the grass,
 Nor shall their meads be overflown
 When their grass is newly mown.

Amo. For thy kindness to me shown,
 Never from thy banks be blown
 Any tree, with windy force,
 Cross thy streams to stop thy course;
 May no beast that comes to drink,
 With his horns cast down thy brink;
 May none that for thy fish do look,
 Cut thy banks to dam thy brook;
 Barefoot may no neighbour wade
 In thy cool streams, wife nor maid,
 When the spawn on stones do lie,
 To wash their hemp, and spoil the fry.

River God. Thanks, virgin. I must down
 again.

Thy wound will put thee to no pain:
 Wonder not so soon 'tis gone;
 A holy hand was laid upon.

—O—

A SATYR'S FEAST.

[plain
Satyr. THOROUGH yon same bending
 That flings his arms down to the main,

And through these thick woods have I
run,

Whose bottom never kist the sun,
Since the lusty spring began,
All to please my master Pan,
Have I trotted without rest
To get him fruit; for at a feast
He entertains this coming night
His paramour the Syrinx bright:
But behold a fairer sight!
By that heavenly form of thine,
Brightest fair, thou art divine,
Sprung from great immortal race
Of the gods, for in thy face
Shines more awful majesty
Than dull weak mortality
Dare with misty eyes behold,
And live; therefore on this mould
Lowly do I bend my knee
In worship of thy deity.
Deign it, goddess, from my hand
To receive whate'er this land
From her fertile womb doth send
Of her choice fruits; and but lend
Belief to that the Satyr tells,
Fairer by the famous wells
To this present day ne'er grew,
Never better, nor more true.
Here be grapes whose lusty blood
Is the learned poet's good,
Sweeter yet did never crown
The head of Bacchus; nuts more brown
Than the squirrels' teeth that crack them:
Deign, O fairest fair, to take them:
For these, black-eyed Driope
Hath oftentimes commanded me
With my clasped knee to climb:
See how well the lusty time
Hath deckt their rising cheeks in red,
Such as on your lips is spread.
Here be berries for a queen,
Some be red, some be green;
These are of that luscious meat
The great god Pan himself doth eat.
All these, and what the woods can yield,
The hanging mountain, or the field,
I freely offer, and ere long
Will bring you more, more sweet and
strong;
Till when, humbly leave I take,
Lest the great Pan do awake,
That sleeping lies in a deep glade,
Under a broad beech's shade.
I must go, I must run,
Swifter than the fiery sun.

EVENING.

SHEPHERDS all, and maidens fair,
Fold your flocks up, for the air
'Gins to thicken, and the sun
Already his great course hath run.
See the dew-drops, how they kiss
Every little flower that is;
Hanging on their velvet heads,
Like a rope of crystal beads.
See the heavy clouds low falling,
And bright Hesperus up calling
The dead Night from underground,
At whose rising mists unsound,
Damps, and vapours, fly apace,
Hov'ring o'er the wanton face
Of these pastures, where they come,
Striking dead both bud and bloom;
Therefore, from such danger lock
Every one his loved flock;
And let your dogs lie loose without,
Lest the wolf come as a scout
From the mountain, and, ere day,
Bear a lamb or kid away;
Or the crafty, thievish fox
Break upon your simple flocks.
To secure yourselves from these
Be not too secure in ease;
Let one eye his watches keep,
While the other eye doth sleep;
So ye shall good shepherds prove,
And for ever hold the love
Of our great god. Sweetest slumbers,
And soft silence, fall in numbers
On our eyelids! So, farewell!
Thus I end my evening's knell.

—:O:—

FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

1586—1616.

BOOKS.

GIVE me leave
To enjoy myself; that place does contain
My books, the best companions, is to me
A glorious court, where hourly I converse
With the old sages and philosophers,
And sometimes, for variety, I confer
With kings and emperors, and weigh their
counsels;
Calling their victories, if unjustly got,
Unto a strict account, and in my fancy
Deface their ill-placed statues. Can I then
Part with such silent pleasures, to embrace
Uncertain vanities?

—:O:—

—:O:—

JOHN MILTON.

1608—1674.

COMUS.

The Lady enters.

Lady. THIS way the noise was, if mine ear be true,
 My best guide now: methought it was the sound
 Of riot and ill-managed merriment,
 Such as the jocund flute or gamesome pipe
 Stirs up among the loose unlettered hinds,
 When for their teeming flocks, and granges full,
 In wanton dance, they praise the bounteous Pan,
 And thank the Gods amiss. I should be loth
 To meet the rudeness and swilled insolence
 Of such late wassailers; yet oh, where else
 Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
 In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?
 My Brothers, when they saw me wearied out
 With this long way, resolving here to lodge
 Under the spreading favour of these pines,
 Stepped, as they said, to the next thicket side
 To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit
 As the kind hospitable woods provide.
 They left me then, when the grey-hooded Even,
 Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,
 Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain.
 But where they are, and why they came not back,
 Is now the labour of my thoughts; 'tis likeliest
 They had engaged their wandering steps too far;
 And envious darkness, ere they could return,
 Had stole them from me: else, O thievish Night,
 Why shouldst thou, but for some felonious end,
 In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars,
 That nature hung in heaven, and filled their lamps
 With everlasting oil, to give due light
 To the misled and lonely traveller?
 This is the place, as well as I may guess,
 Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth
 Was rife, and perfect in my listening ear.
 Yet nought but single darkness do I find.
 What might this be? A thousand fantasies

Begin to throng into my memory,
 Of calling shapes, and beck'ning shadows dire,
 And airy tongues, that syllable men's names
 On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.
 These thoughts may startle well, but not astound
 The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
 By a strong-siding champion, Conscience.
 O welcome, pure-eyed Faith, white-handed Hope,
 Thou hov'ring angel, girt with golden wings,
 And thou, unblemished form of Chastity!
 I see ye visibly, and now believe
 That He, the Supreme Good, t' whom all things ill
 Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
 Would send a glist'ring guardian, if need were,
 To keep my life and honour unassailed.
 Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
 I did not err,—there does a sable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
 And casts a gleam over this tufted grove.
 I cannot halloo to my Brothers, but
 Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
 I'll venture, for my new enlivened spirits
 Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

SONG.

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
 Within thy airy shell,
 By slow Meander's margent green,
 And in the violet-embroidered vale,
 Where the love-lorn nightingale
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well;
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
 That likest thy Narcissus are?
 Oh, if thou have
 Hid them in some flowery cave,
 Tell me but where,
 Sweet queen of parly, daughter of the sphere!
 So mayst thou be translated to the skies,
 And give resounding grace to all heaven's harmonies.

Enter Comus.

Comus. Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould [ment]
 Breathe such divine enchanting ravish-
 Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
 And with these raptures moves the vocal air
 To testify his hidden residence.
 How sweetly did they float upon the wings
 Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,

At every fall smoothing the raven down
Of darkness till it smiled! I have oft heard
My mother Circe with the Sirens three,
Amidst the flowery-kirtled Naiades,
Culling their potent herbs and baleful
drugs,

Who, as they sung, would take the prisoned soul,

And lap it in Elysium; Scylla wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell Charybdis murmured soft applause:

Yet they in pleasing slumber lulled the sense,

And in sweet madness robbed it of itself;
But such a sacred and home-felt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
I never heard till now. I'll speak to her,
And she shall be my queen. Hail! foreign wonder!

Whom certain these rough shades did never breed,

Unless the goddess that in rural shrine
Dwell'st here with Pan, or Sylvan, by blest song

Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog
To touch the prosperous growth of this tall wood.

Lady. Nay, gentle shepherd, ill is lost that praise

That is addressed to unattending ears.
Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
How to regain my severed company,
Compelled me to awake the courteous Echo

To give me answer from her mossy couch.

Com. What chance, good Lady, hath bereft you thus?

Lady. Dim darkness, and this leafy labyrinth.

Com. Could that divide you from near-ushering guides?

Lady. They left me weary on a grassy turf.

Com. By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why?

Lady. To seek i' th' valley some cool friendly spring.

Com. And left your fair side all unguarded, Lady?

Lady. They were but twain, and purposed quick return.

Com. Perhaps forestalling night prevented them.

Lady. How easy my misfortune is to hit!

Com. Imports their loss, beside the present need?

Lady. No less than if I should my Brothers lose.

Com. Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?

Lady. As smooth as Hebe's their unrazored lips.

Com. Two such I saw, what time the laboured ox

In his loose traces from the furrow came,
And the swinked* hedger at his supper sat;

I saw them under a green mantling vine
That crawls along the side of yon small hill,

Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots; [stood:

Their port was more than human, as they I took it for a fairy vision

Of some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live,

And play i' th' plighted clouds. I was awe-struck,

And as I passed, I worshipped: if those you seek,

It were a journey like the path to heaven
To help you find them.

Lady. Gentle villager,

What readiest way would bring me to that place?

Com. Due west it rises from this shrubby point.

Lady. To find that out, good shepherd, I suppose,

In such a scant allowance of starlight,
Would overtask the best land-pilot's art,
Without the sure guess of well-practised feet.

Com. I know each lane, and every alley green,

Dingle or bushy dell of this wild wood,
And every bosky bourn from side to side,
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood;

And if your stray attendants be yet lodged
Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
Ere morrow wake, or the low-roosted lark
From her thatched pallet rouse; if otherwise,

I can conduct you, Lady, to a low
But loyal cottage, where you may be safe
Till further quest.

Lady. Shepherd, I take thy word,
And trust thy honest offered courtesy,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
With smoky rafters, than in tap'stry halls
And courts of princes, where it first was
named,

* Wearied with toil.

And yet is most pretended : in a place
 Less warranted than this, or less secure,
 I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.
 Eye me, blest Providence, and square my
 trial
 To my proportioned strength. Shepherd,
 lead on.

—o—

THE BROTHERS.

1 *Br.* UNMUFFLE, ye faint stars, and
 thou, fair moon,
 That won't st to love the traveller's benizon,
 Stoop thy pale visage through an amber
 cloud,
 And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here
 In double night of darkness and of shades ;
 Or if your influence be quite dammed up
 With black usurping mists, some gentle
 taper,
 Though a rush candle, from the wicker-
 hole
 Of some clay habitation, visit us
 With thy long-levelled rule of streaming
 light ;
 And thou shalt be our star of Arcady,
 Or Tyrian Cynosure.

2 *Br.* Or if our eyes
 Be barred that happiness, might we but
 hear
 The folded flocks penned in their wattled
 cotes,
 Or sound of past'ral reed with oaten stops,
 Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock
 Count the night watches to his feathery
 dames,
 'Twould be some solace yet, some little
 cheering
 In this close dungeon of innumerable
 boughs.
 But oh, that hapless virgin, our lost Sister !
 Where may she wander now, whither be-
 take her
 From the chill dew among rude burs and
 thistles ?
 Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,
 Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad
 elm [sad fears.
 Leans her unpillowed head, fraught with
 What, if in wild amazement and affright,
 Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp
 Of savage hunger, or of savage heat ?

1 *Br.* Peace, Brother, be not over-ex-
 quisite
 To cast the fashion of uncertain evils ;
 For grant they be so, while they rest un-
 known,

What need a man forestall his date of
 grief,

And run to meet what he would most avoid ?
 Or if they be but false alarms of fear,
 How bitter is such self-delusion !

I do not think my Sister so to seek,
 Or so unprincipled in virtue's book,
 And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms
 ever,

As that the single want of light and noise
 (Not being in danger, as I trust she is not)
 Could stir the constant mood of her calm
 thoughts,

And put them into misbecoming plight.
 Virtue could see to do what virtue would
 By her own radiant light, though sun and
 moon

Were in the flat sea sunk. And Wisdom's
 self

Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,
 Where with her best nurse Contemplation
 She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her
 wings,

That in the various bustle of resort
 Were all-to ruffled, and sometimes im-
 paired.

He that has light within his own clear
 breast

May sit i' th' centre, and enjoy bright
 day ;

But he that hides a dark soul and foul
 thoughts,

Benighted walks under the midday sun :
 Himself is his own dungeon.

2 *Br.* 'Tis most true
 That musing meditation most affects
 The pensive secrecy of desert cell,
 Far from the cheerful haunt of men and
 herds,

And sits as safe as in a senate house ;
 For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,
 His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,
 Or do his grey hairs any violence ?

But beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree
 Laden with blooming gold, had need the
 guard

Of dragon watch with unenchanted eye,
 To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit
 From the rash hand of bold incontinence.
 You may as well spread out the unsunned
 heaps

Of miser's treasure by an outlaw's den,
 And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope
 Danger will wink on opportunity,
 And let a single helpless maiden pass
 Uninjured in this wild surrounding waste.
 Of night, or loneliness, it recks me not ;
 I fear the dread events that dog them both.

1 *Br.* I do not, Brother,
 Infer, as if I thought my Sister's state
 Secure without all doubt or controversy;
 Yet where an equal poise of hope and fear
 Does arbitrate th' event, my nature is
 That I incline to hope, rather than fear,
 And gladly banish squint suspicion.
 My Sister is not so defenceless left
 As you imagine; she has a hidden strength
 Which you remember not.

2 *Br.* What hidden strength,
 Unless the strength of Heaven, if you
 mean that?

1 *Br.* I mean that too, but yet a hidden
 strength,
 Which, if Heaven gave it, may be termed
 her own;

'Tis chastity, my Brother, chastity:
 She that has that, is clad in complete steel,
 And like a quivered Nymph with arrows
 keen [heaths,

May trace huge forests, and unharboured
 Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds,
 Where through the sacred rays of chastity
 No savage fierce, bandit, or mountaineer
 Will dare to soil her virgin purity:

Yea, there where very desolation dwells,
 By grotts, and caverns shagged with horrid
 shades,

She may pass on with unblenched majesty,
 Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.
 Some say no evil thing that walks by night,
 In fog or fire, by lake or moorish fen,
 Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,
 That breaks his magic chains at curfew-
 time;

No goblin, or swart faëry of the mine,
 Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.
 Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
 Antiquity from the old schools of Greece
 To testify the arms of chastity?

Hence had the huntress Dian her dread
 bow,

Fair silver-shafted queen, for ever chaste,
 Wherewith she tamed the brindled lioness
 And spotted mountain pard, but set at
 nought

The frivolous bolt of Cupid; Gods and
 men

Feared her stern frown, and she was queen
 o' th' woods.

What was that snaky-headed Gorgon
 shield,

That wise Minerva wore, unconquered
 virgin,

Wherewith she freezed her foes to con-
 gealed stone,

But rigid looks of chaste austerity,

And noble grace that dashed brute violence
 With sudden adoration and blank awe?
 So dear to Heav'n is saintly chastity,
 That when a soul is found sincerely so,
 A thousand liveried angels lacky her,
 Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
 And in clear dream, and solemn vision,
 Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
 Till oft converse with heav'nly habitants
 Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape,
 The unpolluted temple of the mind,
 And turn it by degrees to the soul's essence,
 Till all be made immortal.

* * * * *
 2 *Br.* How charming is divine philoso-
 phy! [suppose,
 Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools
 But musical as is Apollo's lute,
 And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,
 Where no crude surfeit reigns.

—o—
 MUSIC.

At last a soft and solemn-breathing sound
 Rose like a stream of rich distilled perfumes,
 And stole upon the air, that even Silence
 Was took ere she was 'ware, and wished
 she might
 Deny her nature, and be never more
 Still to be so displaced. I was all ear,
 And took in strains that might create a soul
 Under the ribs of Death.

—o—
 SABRINA.

THERE is a gentle nymph not far from
 hence, [Severn stream,
 That with moist curb sways the smooth
 Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure;
 Whilome she was the daughter of Locrine,
 That had the sceptre from his father Brute.
 She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit
 Of her enraged stepdame Guendolen,
 Commended her fair innocence to the flood,
 That stayed her flight with his cross-flow-
 ing course.
 The water nymphs that in the bottom
 played [in,
 Held up their pearlèd wrists, and took her
 Bearing her straight to aged Nereus' hall,
 Who, piteous of her woes, reared her lank
 head,
 And gave her to his daughters to imbath
 In nectared lav'ns strowed with asphodel,

And through the porch and inlet of each
sense

Dropped in ambrosial oils, till she revived,
And underwent a quick immortal change,
Made goddess of the river : still she retains
Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve
Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,
Helping all urchin blasts, and ill-luck signs
That the shrewd meddling elf delights to
make,

Which she with precious vial'd liquors
For which the shepherds at their festivals
Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays,
And throw sweet garland wreaths into her
stream

Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils.
And, as the old swain said, she can unlock
The clasping charm, and thaw the numbing
spell.

If she be right invoked in warbling song,
For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift
To aid a virgin, such as was herself,
In hard-besetting need ; this will I try,
And add the power of some adjuring verse.

SONG.

Sabrina fair,

Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair,
Listen for dear honour's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake,

Goddess of the silver lake,
Listen and save.

Listen and appear to us

In name of great Oceanus,
By th' earth-shaking Neptune's mace,
And Tethys' grave majestic pace,
By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,
And the Carpathian wizard's hook,
By scaly Triton's winding shell,
And old soothsaying Glaucus' spell,
By Leucothea's lovely hands,
And her son that rules the strands,
By Thetis' tinsel-slippered feet,
And the songs of Sirens sweet,
By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
And fair Ligea's golden comb,
Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks,
Sleeking her soft alluring locks,
By all the nymphs that nightly dance
Upon thy streams with wily glance,
Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head
From thy coral-paven bed,
And bridle in thy headlong wave,
Till thou our summons answered have.

Listen and save.

*Sabrina rises, attended by Water-
Nymphs, and sings.*

By the rushy-fringed bank, [dank,
Where grows the willow and the osier

My sliding chariot stays,
Thick set with agate, and the azure sheen
Of turkis blue, and emerald green,

That in the channel strays ;
Whilst from off the waters fleet
Thus I set my printless feet
O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
That bends not as I tread ;
Gentle Swain, at thy request

I am here.

Sp. Goddess dear,
We implore thy pow'rful hand
To undo the charmed band
Of true virgin here distrest,
Through the force and through the wile
Of unblest enchanter vile.

Sabr. Shepherd, 'tis my office best
To help insar'd chastity.
Brightest Lady, look on me ;
Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
Drops that from my fountain pure
I have kept of precious cure,
Thrice upon thy finger's tip,
Thrice upon thy rubied lip ;
Next this marble venom'd seat,
Smeared with gums of glutinous heat.
I touch with chaste palms moist and cold ;
Now the spell hath lost his hold ;
And I must haste ere morning hour
To wait in Amphitrite's bower.

*Sabrina descends, and the Lady rises
out of her seat.*

Spirit. Virgin, daughter of Locrine
Sprung of old Anchises' line,*
May thy brimm'd waves for this
Their full tribute never miss
From a thousand petty rills
That tumble down the snowy hills ;
Summer drouth, or sing'd air
Never scorch thy tresses fair,
Nor wet October's torrent flood
Thy molten crystal fill with mud ;
May thy billows roll ashore
The beryl and the golden ore ;
May thy lofty head be crown'd
With many a tower and terrace round,
And here and there thy banks upon
With groves of myrrh and cinnamon.
Come, Lady, while Heav'n lends us grace,
Let us fly this curs'd place,
Lest the sorcerer us entice
With some other new device.
Not a waste or needless sound,
Till we come to holier ground ;

* Locrine was the son of Brutus, the great-grandson of Æneas.

I shall be your faithful guide
Through this gloomy covert wide,
And not many furlongs thence
Is your Father's residence,
Where this night are met in state
Many a friend to gratulate
His wish'd presence; and beside
All the swains that there abide,
With jigs and rural dance resort;
We shall catch them at their sport,
And our sudden coming there
Will double all their mirth and cheer!
Come, let us haste, the stars grow high,
But night sits monarch yet in the mid sky.

— O —

THE RETURN.

The Scene changes, presenting Ludlow town and the President's castle; then come the country dancers, after them the attendant Spirit, with the two Brothers and the Lady.

SONG.

Sp. Back, shepherds, back, enough your play,
Till next sunshine holiday.
Here be without duck or nod
Other trippings to be trod
Of lighter toes, and such court guise
As Mercury did first devise,
With the mincing Dryades,
On the lawns and on the leas.

This second Song presents them to their Father and Mother.

Noble Lord, and Lady bright,
I have brought ye new delight.
Here behold so goodly grown
Three fair branches of your own;
Heav'n hath timely tried their youth,
Their faith, their patience, and their truth,
And sent them here through hard assays
With a crown of deathless praise,
To triumph in victorious dance
O'er sensual folly and intemperance.

The dances ended, the Spirit epiloguizes.

Sp. To the ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that lie
Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky:
There I suck the liquid air
All amidst the gardens fair
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree:
Along the crisp'd shades and bowers
Revels the spruce and jocund Spring,

The Graces, and the rosy-bosomed Hours
Thither all their bounties bring;
There eternal Summer dwells,
And west-winds, with musky wing,
About the cedarn alleys fling
Nard and cassia's balmy smells.
Iris there with humid bow
Waters the odorous banks, that blow
Flowers of more mingled hue
Than her purpled scarf can show,
And drenches with Elysian dew
(List, mortals, if your ears be true)
Beds of hyacinth and roses,
Where young Adonis oft reposes,
Waxing well of his deep wound
In slumber soft, and on the ground
Sadly sits th' Assyrian queen;
But far above in spangled sheen
Celestial Cupid her famed son advanced,
Holds his dear Psyche sweet intranced,
After her wand'ring labours long,
Till free consent the gods among
Make her his eternal bride,
And from her fair unspotted side
Two blissful twins are to be born,
Youth and Joy; so Jove hath sworn.
But now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly or I can run
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bowed welkin slow doth bend
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the moon.
Mortals, that would follow me,
Love Virtue, she alone is free,
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime;
Or, if Virtue feeble were,
Heav'n itself would stoop to her.

—:O:—

JOSEPH ADDISON.

1672—1719.

CATO MEETING THE DEAD
BODY OF HIS SON.

Portius. MISFORTUNE on misfortune!
grief on grief!
My brother Marcus!
Cato. Hah! what has he done?
Has he forsook his post? has he given way?
Did he look tamely on and let them pass?
Portius. Scarce had I left my father but
I met him, [soldiers,
Borne on the shields of his surviving

Breathless and pale, and covered o'er with wounds.

Long at the head of his few faithful friends,
He stood the shock of a whole host of foes;
Till, obstinately brave, and bent on death,
Opprest with multitudes, he greatly fell.

Cato. I'm satisfied.

Portius. Nor did he fall before
His sword had pierced through the false
heart of Syphax.

Yonder he lies. I saw the hoary traitor
Grin in the pangs of death, and bite the
ground.

Cato. Thanks to the gods! my boy has
done his duty.

Portius, when I am dead, be sure thou
place

His urn near mine.

Portius. Long may they keep asunder!

Lucius. O Cato! arm thy soul with pa-
tience.

See where the corse of thy dead son ap-
proaches.

[*The Citizens and Senators, alarmed,
have gathered round it, and attend
it weeping.*]

Cato (meeting the corse). Welcome, my
son! Here lay him down, my friends,
Full in my sight, that I may view at leisure
The bloody corse, and count those glorious
wounds.

How beautiful is death when earned by
virtue!

Why sits this sadness on your brows, my
friends?

I should have blushed if Cato's house had
stood

Secure, and flourished in a civil war.

Portius, behold thy brother, and remember,
Thy life is not thine own when Rome de-
mands it.

Juba. Was ever man like this? [*Aside.*

Cato. Alas, my friends!

Why mourn you thus? Let not a private
loss

Afflict your hearts; 'tis Rome demands
our tears,

The mistress of the world! the seat of
empire,

The nurse of heroes, the delight of gods!
That humbled the proud tyrants of the
earth,

And set the nations free. Rome is no
more!

O liberty! O virtue! O my country!

—:O:—

THOMAS OTWAY.

1651—1685.

PRIULI AND JAFFIER.

Priuli. No more! I'll hear no more!
begone, and leave me.

Jaffier. Not hear me! By my suffer-
ings, but you shall:

My lord, my lord! I'm not that abject
wretch

You think me. Patience! where's the
distance throws

Me back so far, but I may boldly speak
In right, tho' proud oppression will not
hear me?

Pri. Have you not wronged me?

Jaff. Could my nature e'er
Have brooked injustice, or the doing
wrong,

I need not now thus low have bent myself
To gain a hearing from a cruel father.—
Wronged you?

Pri. Yes, wronged me. In the nicest
point,
The honour of my house, you've done me
wrong.

When you first came home from travel,
With such hopes as made you looked on
By all men's eyes, a youth of expectation,
Pleased with your seeming virtue, I re-
ceived you;

Courted and sought to raise you to your
merits:

My house, my table, nay, my fortune too,
My very self was yours: you might have
used me

To your best service. Like an open friend
I treated, trusted you, and thought you
mine;

When, in requital of my best endeavours,
You treacherously practised to undo me:
Seduced the weakness of my age's darling,
My only child, and stole her from my
bosom.

Jaff. 'Tis to me you owe her:
Childless you had been else, and in the
grave,

Your name extinct; no more Priuli heard
of.

You may remember, scarce five years are
past

Since in your brigantine you sailed to see
The Adriatic wedded by our duke;
And I was with you. Your unskilful pilot
Dashed us upon a rock; when to our boat
You made for safety; entered first yourself;
The affrighted Belvidera, following next,

As she stood trembling on the vessel's side,
Was by a wave washed off into the deep;
When instantly I plunged into the sea,
And, buffeting the billows to her rescue,
Redeemed her life with half the loss of mine.

Like a rich conquest in one hand I bore her,

And with the other dashed the saucy waves,
That thronged and pressed to rob me of my prize.

I brought her; gave her to your despairing arms:

Indeed, you thanked me! but a nobler gratitude

Rose in her soul; for from that hour she loved me,

Till for her life she paid me with herself.

Pri. You stole her from me—like a thief you stole her

At dead of night! that cursèd hour you chose

To rifle me of all my heart held dear.

May all your joys in her prove false like mine!

A sterile fortune, and a barren bed,
Attend you both; continual discord make
Your days and nights bitter and grievous still;

May the hard hand of a vexatious need
Oppress and grind you, till at last you find
The curse of disobedience all your portion!

Jaff. Half of your curse you have bestowed in vain;

Heaven hath already crowned our faithful loves [beauty:

With a young boy sweet as his mother's
May he live to prove more gentle than his grandsire,

And happier than his father!

Pri. No more!

Jaff. Yes, all; and then—adieu for ever!
There's not a wretch that lives on common charity

But's happier than I; for I have known
The luscious sweets of plenty; every night
Haveslept with soft content about my head,
And never waked but to a joyful morning:
Yet now must fall, like a full ear of corn,
Whose blossom 'scaped, yet withered in the ripening.

Pri. Home, and be humble! study to retrench;

Discharge the lazy vermin of thy hall,
Those pageants of thy folly;
Reduce the glittering trappings of thy wife
To humble weeds, fit for thy little state;
Then to some suburb cottage both retire;

Drudge to feed loathsome life; get brats, and starve;—

Home, home, I say! [Exit.

Jaff. Yes, if my heart would let me—
This proud, this swelling heart; home I would go,

But that my doors are hateful to my eyes,
Filled and dammed up with gaping creditors.

I've not now fifty ducats in the world;
Yet still I am in love, and pleased with ruin.

O Belvidera!—Oh! she is my wife;
And we will 'bear our wayward fate together,

But ne'er know comfort more.

—o—

SPEECH.

SPEECH is morning to the mind;
It spreads the beauteous images abroad,
Which else lie faded, clouded in the soul.

—:o:—

JAMES HOME.

1724—1803.

MIDNIGHT.

How sweet and solemn is the midnight scene!

The silver moon unclouded holds her way
Through skies where I could count each little star; [leaves;

The fanning west wind scarcely stirs the
The river, rushing o'er its pebbled bed,

Imposes silence with a stilly sound.

In such a place as this, at such an hour,

If ancestry in aught can be believed,

Descending spirits have conversed with man,

And told the secrets of the world unknown.

—o—

SOLDIERS ON THE MARCH.

THE setting sun
With yellow radiance lightened all the vale; [helm,

And, as the warriors moved, each polished
Corslet, or spear, glanced back his gilded beams.

The hill they climbed; and halting at its
top.
Of more than mortal size, towering, they
seemed
An host angelic clad in burning arms.

—:O:—

CHARLES LAMB.

1775—1834.

A FORESTER'S DAY.

WHAT sports do you see in the forest?

Sim. Not many; some few, as thus:—
To see the sun to bed, and to arise,
Like some hot amouirist with glowing eyes,
Bursting the lazy bands of sleep that bound
him,

With all his fires and travelling glories
round him: [to rest,

Sometimes the moon on soft night clouds
Like beauty nestling in a young man's
breast, [keep

And all the winking stars, her handmaids,
Admiring silence, while those lovers sleep:
Sometimes outstretched, in very idleness,
Nought doing, saying little, thinking less,
To view the leaves, thin dancers upon air,
Go eddying round; and small birds, how
they fare, [with corn,

When mother Autumn fills their beaks
Filched from the careless Amalthea's horn;
And how the woods berries and worms
provide [beside

Without their pains, when earth has nought
To answer their small wants:

To view the graceful deer come tripping,
Then stop, and gaze, then turn, they know
not why,

Like bashful youngers in society:
To mark the structure of a plant or tree;
And all fair things of earth, how fair they be.

—:O:—

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

1792—1822.

SONGS OF THE SPIRITS TO PROMETHEUS.

FIRST SPIRIT.

ON a battle-trumpet's blast
I fled hither, fast, fast, fast,

'Mid the darkness upward cast.

* * * * *

Gathering round me, onward borne,
There was mingled many a cry—
Freedom! Hope! Death! Victory!
Till they faded through the sky;
And one sound, above, around,
One sound beneath, around, above,
Was moving: 'twas the soul of love;
'Twas the hope, the prophecy,
Which begins and ends in thee!

SECOND SPIRIT.

A rainbow's arch stood on the sea,
Which rocked beneath, immovably;
And the triumphant storm did flee,
Like a conqueror, swift and proud,
Between with many a captive cloud
A shapeless, dark and rapid crowd,
Each by lightning riven in half:
I heard the thunder hoarsely laugh:
Mighty fleets were strewn like chaff,
And spread beneath a hell of death
O'er the white waters. I alit
On a great ship lightning-split,
And speeded hither on the sigh
Of one who gave an enemy
His plank, then plunging aside to die.

THIRD SPIRIT.

I sate beside a sage's bed,
And the lamp was burning red
Near the book where he had fed,
When a Dream with plumes of flame
To his pillow hovering came,
And I knew it was the same
Which had kindled long ago
Pity, eloquence, and woe;
And the world awhile below
Wore the shade its lustre made.
It has borne me here as fleet
As Desire's lightning feet:
I must ride it back ere morrow,
Or the sage will wake in sorrow.

FOURTH SPIRIT.

On a poet's lips I slept,
Dreaming like a love-adept
In the sound his breathing kept;
Nor seeks nor finds he mortal blisses,
But feeds on the aerial kisses
Of shapes that haunt thought's wilder
nesses.
He will watch from dawn to gloom
The lake-reflected sun illumine
The yellow bees in the ivy-bloom,

Nor heed nor see what things they be ;
But from these create he can
Forms more real than living man,
Nurslings of immortality !
One of these awakened me,
And I sped to succour thee.

IONE.

Behold'st thou not two shapes from the
east and west

Come, as two doves to one belovèd nest,
Twin nurslings of the all-sustaining air,
On swift still wings glide down the atmo-
sphere ?

And, hark ! their sweet, sad voices ! 'tis
despair

Mingled with love, and then dissolved in
sound.

PANTHEA.

Canst thou speak, sister ? all my words
are drowned.

Ione. Their beauty gives me voice. See
how they float

On their sustaining wings of skiey grain,
Orange and azure deepening into gold :
Their soft smiles light the air like a star's
fire.

CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

Hast thou beheld the form of Love ?

FIFTH SPIRIT.

As over wide dominions
I sped, like some swift cloud that wings
the wide air's wildernesses,
That planet-crested shape swept by on
lightning-braided pinions,
Scattered the liquid joy of life from his
ambrosial tresses :

His footsteps paved the world with light ;
but as I past 'twas fading,

And hollow Ruin yawned behind : great
sages bound in madness,

And headless patriots, and pale youths
who perished, unupbraiding,

Gleamed in the night. I wandered o'er,
till thou, O King of sadness,

Turned by thy smile the worst I saw to
recollected gladness.

SIXTH SPIRIT.

Ah, sister ! Desolation is a delicate thing :
It walks not on the earth, it floats not on
the air,

But treads with silent footstep, and fans
with silent wing

The tender hopes which in their hearts the
best and gentlest bear ;

Who, soothed to false repose by the fan-
ning plumes above

And the music-stirring motion of its soft
and busy feet,

Dream visions of aerial joy, and call the
monster, Love,

And wake, and find the shadow Pain, as
he whom now we greet.

CHORUS.

Though Ruin now Love's shadow be,
Following him, destroyingly,

On Death's white and wingèd steed,
Which the fleetest cannot flee,

Trampling down both flower and weed,
Man and beast, and foul and fair,

Like a tempest through the air ;

Thou shalt quell this horseman grim,

Woundless though in heart and limb.

Prometheus. Spirits, how know ye this
shall be ?

CHORUS.

In the atmosphere we breathe,

As buds grow red when the snowstorms
flee,

From spring gathering up beneath,
Whose mild winds shake the elder brake,

And the wandering herdsmen know
That the white-thorn soon will blow :

Wisdom, Justice, Love, and Peace,

When they struggle to increase,

Are to us as soft winds be

To shepherd boys, the prophecy

Which begins and ends in thee.

Ione. Where are the Spirits fled ?

PANTHEA.

Only a sense
Remains of them, like the omnipotence
Of music, when the inspired voice and
lute

Languish, ere yet the responses are mute,
Which through the deep and labyrinthine
soul,

Like echoes through long caverns, wind
and roll.

Pro. How fair these air-born shapes !
and yet I feel

Most vain all hope but love ; and thou art
far,

Asia ! who, when my being overflowed.

Wert like a golden chalice to bright wine,
Which else had sunk into the thirsty dust.

All things are still: alas! how heavily
This quiet morning weighs upon my heart!
Though I should dream I could even sleep
with grief

If slumber were denied not. I would fain
Be what it is my destiny to be, [man,
The saviour and the strength of suffering
Or sink into the original gulf of things.
There is no agony, and no solace left,
Earth can console, Heaven can torment no
more.

Panthea. Hast thou forgotten one who
watches thee

The cold dark night, and never sleeps but
when

The shadow of thy spirit falls on her?

Pro. I said all hope was vain but love:
thou lovest.

Pan. Deeply, in truth; but the eastern
star looks white,

And Asia waits in that fair Indian vale
The scene of her sad exile; rugged once
And desolate and frozen, like this ravine;
But now invested with fair flowers and
herbs,

And haunted by sweet airs and sounds,
which flow. [ether

Among the woods and waters, from the
Of her transforming presence, which would
fade

If it were mingled not with thine. Fare-
well!

—o—

Morning. A lovely Vale in the Indian
Caucasus.

Asia alone.

Asia. From all the blasts of heaven
thou hast descended:

Yes, like a spirit, like a thought, which
makes

Unwonted tears throng to the horny eyes,
And beatings haunt the desolated heart,
Which should have learnt repose: thou
hast descended [Spring!

Cradled in tempests; thou dost wake, O
A child of many winds! As suddenly
Thou comest as the memory of a dream,
Which now is sad because it hath been
sweet;

Like genius, or like joy which riseth up
As from the earth, clothing with golden
clouds

The desert of our life.

This is the season, this the day, the hour;
At sunrise thou shouldst come, sweet sister
mine,

Too long desired, too long delaying, come!
How like death-worms the wingless mo-
ments crawl!

The point of one white star is quivering
still

Deep in the orange light of widening morn
Beyond the purple mountains: through a
chasm

Of wind-divided mist the darker lake
Reflects it: now it wanes: it gleams again
As the waves fade, and as the burning
threads

Of woven cloud unravel in the pale air:
'Tis lost! and through yon peaks of cloud-
like snow

The roseate sunlight quivers: hear I not
The Æolian music of her sea-green plumes
Winnowing the crimson dawn?

Panthea enters.

I feel, I see

Those eyes which burn through smiles that
fade in tears, [dew,

Like stars half quenched in mists of silver
Beloved and most beautiful, who wearest

The shadow of that soul by which I live,
How late thou art! the spherèd sun had
climbed [before

The sea; my heart was sick with hope,
The printless air felt thy belated plumes.

Pan. Pardon, great sister! but my wings
were faint

With the delight of a remembered dream,
As are the noontide plumes of summer
winds [sleep

Satiate with sweet flowers. I was wont to
Peacefully, and awake refreshed and calm,
Before the sacred Titan's fall, and thy
Unhappy love, had made, through use and
pity,

Both love and woe familiar to my heart
As they had grown to thine: erewhile I
slept

Under the glaucous caverns of old Ocean
Within dim bowers of green and purple
moss,

Our young Ione's soft and milky arms
Locked then, as now, behind my dark
moist hair,

While my shut eyes and cheek were pressed
within

The folded depth of her life-breathing
bosom:

But not as now, since I am made the wind
Which fails beneath the music that I bear
Of thy most wordless converse; since dis-
solved [rest

Into the sense with which love talks, my

Was troubled and yet sweet; my waking
hours
Too full of care and pain.

Asia. Lift up thine eyes,
And let me read thy dream.

Pan. As I have said,
With our sea-sister at his feet I slept.
The mountain mists, condensing at our
voice

Under the moon, had spread their snowy
flakes,
From the keen ice shielding our linkèd
sleep.

Then two dreams came. One I remember
not.

But in the other his palewound-worn limbs
Fell from Prometheus, and the azure night
Grew radiant with the glory of that form
Which lives unchanged within, and his
voice fell

Like music which makes giddy the dim
brain,

Faint with intoxication of keen joy:

"Sister of her whose footsteps pave the
world

With loveliness—more fair than aught but
her

Whose shadow thou art—lift thine eyes on
me."

I lifted them: the overpowering light
Of that immortal shape was shadowed o'er
By love; which, from his soft and flowing
limbs,

And passion-parted lips, and keen, faint
eyes,

Steamed forth like vaporous fire; an at-
mosphere

Which wrapt me in its all-dissolving power,
As the warm ether of the morning sun

Wraps ere it drinks some cloud of wander-
ing dew.

* * * * *
Asia. Thou speakest, but thy words
Are as the air: I feel them not: oh, lift
Thine eyes, that I may read his written
soul!

Pan. I lift them, though they droop be-
neath the load

Of that they would express: what canst
thou see

But thine own fairest shadow imaged there?

Asia. Thine eyes are like the deep, blue,
boundless heaven

Contracted to two circles underneath
Their long, fine lashes; dark, far, measure-
less,

Orb within orb, and line through line in-
woven.

Pan. Why lookest thou as if a spirit past?

Asia. There is a change; beyond their
inmost depth

I see a shade, a shape: 'tis he, arrayed
In the soft light of his own smiles, which
spread

Like radiance from the cloud-surrounded
morn.

Prometheus, it is thine! depart not yet!
Say not those smiles that we shall meet
again

Within that bright pavilion which their
beams

Shall build on the waste world? The
dream is told.

What shape is that between us? Its rude
hair

Roughens the wind that lifts it; its regard
Is wild and quick, yet 'tis a thing of air,
For through its grey robe gleams the
golden dew

Whose stars the noon has quenched not.

DREAM.

Follow! Follow!

Pan. It is mine other dream.

Asia. It disappears.

Pan. It passes now into my mind. Me-
thought

As we sate here, the flower-enfolding buds
Burst on yon lightning-blasted almond-
tree,

When swift from the white Scythian wilder-
ness

A wind swept forth wrinkling the earth with
frost:

I looked, and all the blossoms were blown
down;

But on each leaf was stamped, as the blue-
bells

Of Hyacinth tell Apollo's written grief,
Oh, FOLLOW, FOLLOW!

Asia. As you speak, your words
Fill, pause by pause, my own forgotten
sleep

With shapes. Methought among the lawns
together

We wandered, underneath the young grey
dawn,

And multitudes of dense white fleecy clouds
Were wandering in thick flocks along the
mountains

Shepherded by the slow, unwilling wind;
And the white dew on the new-bladed grass,
Just piercing the dark earth, hung silently;
And there was more which I remember not;
But on the shadows of the morning clouds,

Athwart the purple mountain slope, was
 written [by,
 FOLLOW, oh, FOLLOW! As they vanished
 And on each herb, from which heaven's
 dew had fallen, [fire,
 The like was stamped, as with a withering
 A wind arose among the pines; it shook
 The clinging music from their boughs, and
 then [of ghosts,
 Low, sweet, faint sounds, like the farewell
 Were heard: OH, FOLLOW, FOLLOW,
 FOLLOW ME!
 And then I said, "Panthea, look on me."
 But in the depth of those beloved eyes
 Still I saw, FOLLOW, FOLLOW!

ECHO.

Follow! Follow!

Pan. The crags, this clear spring morn-
 ing, mock our voices
 As they were spirit-tongued.
Asia. It is some being
 Around the crags. What fine clear sounds!
 Oh, list!

ECHOES (*unseen*).

Echoes we: listen!

We cannot stay:

As dew-stars glisten

Then fade away—

Child of Ocean!

Asia. Hark! Spirits speak. The liquid
 responses
 Of their aerial tongues yet sound.

Pan. I hear.

ECHOES.

Oh, follow, follow,

As our voice recedeth

Through the caverns hollow,

Where the forest spreadeth;

(*More distant.*)

Oh, follow, follow!

Through the caverns hollow,

As the song floats thou pursue,

Where the wild bee never flew,

Through the noontide darkness deep,

By the odour-breathing sleep

Of faint night flowers, and the waves

At the fountain-lighted caves.

While our music, wild and sweet,

Mocks thy gently-falling feet,

Child of Ocean!

Asia. Shall we pursue the sound? It
 grows more faint
 And distant.

Pan. List! the strain floats nearer now.

ECHOES.

In the world unknown

Sleeps a voice unspoken;

By thy step alone

Can its rest be broken,

Child of Ocean!

Asia. How the notes sink upon the eb-
 bing wind!

ECHOES.

Oh, follow, follow!

Through the caverns hollow,

As the song floats thou pursue,

By the woodland noontide dew;

By the forests, lakes, and fountains,

Through the many-folded mountains;

To the rents, and gulfs, and chasms,

Where the earth reposed from spasms,

On the day when he and thou

Parted, to commingle now,

Child of Ocean!

Asia. Come, sweet Panthea, link thy
 hand in mine,
 And follow, ere the voices fade away.

—o—

A Forest, intermingled with Rocks and
 Caverns.

*Asia and Panthea pass into it. Two young
 Fauns are sitting on a rock, listening.*

SEMICHORUS I. OF SPIRITS.

The path through which that lovely twain

Have past, by cedar, pine, and yew,

And each dark tree that ever grew,

Is curtained out from heaven's wide blue;

Nor sun, nor moon, nor wind, nor rain,

Can pierce its interwoven bowers,

Nor aught, save where some cloud of dew,

Drifted along the earth-creeping breeze,

Between the trunks of the hoar trees,

Hangs each a pearl in the pale flowers

Of the green laurel, blown anew;

And bends, and then fades silently,

One frail and fair anemone:

Or when some star of many a one [night,

That climbs and wanders through steep

Has found the cleft through which alone

Beams fall from high those depths upon,

Ere it is borne away, away,

By the swift heavens that cannot stay,

It scatters drops of golden light,

Like lines of rain that ne'er unite:

And the gloom divine is all around;

And underneath is the mossy ground.

SEMICHORUS II.

There the voluptuous nightingales
 Are awake through all the broad noon-
 day,
 When one with bliss or sadness fails,
 And through the windless ivy-boughs,
 Sick with sweet love, droops dying away
 On its mate's music-panting bosom;
 Another from the swinging blossom,
 Watching to catch the languid close
 Of the last strain, then lifts on high
 The wings of the weak melody,
 'Till some new strain of feeling bear
 The song, and all the woods are mute;
 When there is heard through the dim air
 The rush of wings, and rising there
 Like many a lake-surrounding flute,
 Sounds overflow the listener's brain
 So sweet, that joy is almost pain.

SEMICHORUS I.

There those enchanted eddies play
 Of echoes, music-tongued, which draw,
 By Demogorgon's mighty law,
 With melting rapture, or sweet awe,
 All spirits on that secret way;
 As inland boats are driven to Ocean
 Down streams made strong with mountain-
 thaw;
 And first there comes a gentle sound
 To those in talk or slumber bound,
 And wakes the destined soft emotion,
 Attracts, impels them: those who saw
 Say from the breathing earth behind
 There steams a plume-uplifting wind
 Which drives them on their path, while they
 Believe their own swift wings and feet
 The sweet desires within obey:
 And so they float upon their way,
 Until, still sweet, but loud and strong,
 The storm of sound is driven along,
 Sucked up and hurrying as they fleet
 Behind, its gathering billows meet
 And to the fatal mountain bear
 Like clouds amid the yielding air.

First Faun. Canst thou imagine where
 those spirits live
 Which make such delicate music in the
 woods?
 We haunt within the least frequented caves
 And closest coverts, and we know these
 wilds, [oft:
 Yet never met them, though we hear them
 Where may they hide themselves?
Second Faun. 'Tis hard to tell:
 I have heard those more skilled in spirits
 say,

The bubbles, which the enchantment of the
 sun
 Sucks from the pale faint water-flowers that
 pave
 The oozy bottom of clear lakes and pools,
 Are the pavilions where such dwell and float
 Under the green and golden atmosphere
 Which noontide kindles through the waver-
 leaves;
 And when these burst, and the thin fiery
 air,
 The which they breathed within those
 lucent domes,
 Ascends to flow like meteors through the
 night,
 They ride on them, and rein their headlong
 speed,
 And bow their burning crests, and glide in
 fire
 Under the waters of the earth again.

First Faun. If such live thus, have others
 other lives,
 Under pink blossoms or within the bells
 Of meadow flowers, or folded violets deep,
 Or on their dying odours, when they die,
 Or on the sunlight of the spherèd dew?
Second Faun. Ay, many more which we
 may well divine.
 But should we stay to speak, noontide would
 come,
 And thwart Silenus find his goats undrawn,
 And grudge to sing those wise and lovely
 songs
 Of Fate, and Chance, and God, and Chaos
 old, [doom,
 And love, and the chained Titan's woeful
 And how he shall be loosed, and make the
 earth [cheer
 One brotherhood; delightful strains which
 Our solitary twilights, and which charm
 To silence the unenvying nightingales.

—o—

SONG OF THE SPIRIT OF THE
HOUR.

My coursers are fed with the lightning,
 They drink of the whirlwind's stream,
 And when the red morning is bright'ning
 They bathe in the fresh sunbeam;
 They have strength for their swiftness I
 deem.
 Then ascend with me, daughter of Ocean.
 I desire: and their speed makes nigh
 kindle;
 I fear: they outstrip the Typhoon;

Ere the cloud piled on Atlas can dwindle
 We encircle the earth and the moon :
 We shall rest from long labours at
 noon :
 Then ascend with me, daughter of Ocean.

—o—

THE JOY OF THE RESCUED WORLD.

Scene, a Part of the Forest near the Cave
 of Prometheus.

*Panthea and Ione are sleeping: they awaken
 gradually during the first song.*

VOICE (*of unseen Spirits*).
 THE pale stars are gone !
 For the sun, their swift shepherd,
 To the folds them compelling,
 In the depths of the dawn,
 Hastes, in meteor-eclipsing array, and they
 flee
 Beyond his blue dwelling,
 As fawns flee the leopard.
 But where are ye?

*A train of dark Forms and Shadows passes
 by confusedly, singing.*

Here, oh, here !
 We bear the bier
 Of the Father of many a cancelled year !
 Spectres we
 Of the dead Hours be,
 We bear Time to his tomb in eternity.

Strew, oh, strew
 Hair, not yew !
 Wet the dusty pall with tears, not dew !
 Be the faded flowers
 Of Death's bare bowers
 Spread on the corpse of the King of Hours !

Haste, oh, haste !
 As shades are chased,
 Trembling, by day, from heaven's blue
 waste,
 We melt away,
 Like dissolving spray,
 From the children of a diviner day,
 With the lullaby
 Of winds that die
 On the bosom of their own harmony !

IONE.
 What dark forms were they?

PANTHEA.
 The past Hours weak and grey,
 With the spoil which their toil
 Raked together
 From the conquest but one could foil.

IONE.
 Have they past?

PANTHEA.
 They have past ;
 They outspeeded the blast.
 While 'tis said, they are fled :

IONE.
 Whither, oh, whither?

PANTHEA.
 To the dark, to the past, to the dead.

VOICE (*of unseen Spirits*).
 Bright clouds float in heaven,
 Dew-stars gleam on earth,
 Waves assemble on ocean,
 They are gathered and driven
 By the storm of delight, by the panic of
 glee !
 They shake with emotion,
 They dance in their mirth.
 But where are ye?

The pine-boughs are singing
 Old songs with new gladness,
 The billows and fountains
 Fresh music are flinging,
 Like the notes of a spirit from land and
 from sea ;
 The storms mock the mountains
 With the thunder of gladness.
 But where are ye?

Ione. What charioteers are these?
 Pan. Where are their chariots?

SEMICHORUS OF HOURS.
 The voice of the Spirits of Air and of
 Earth
 Have drawn back the figured curtain of
 sleep
 Which covered our being and darkened
 our birth
 In the deep.

A VOICE.
 In the deep?

SEMICHORUS II.
 Oh, below the deep.

SEMICHORUS I.

An hundred ages we had been kept
Cradled in visions of hate and care,
And each one who waked as his brother
Found the truth— [slept,

SEMICHORUS II.

Worse than his visions were!

SEMICHORUS I.

We have heard the lute of Hope in sleep;
We have known the voice of Love in
dreams;
We have felt the wand of Power, and
leap—

SEMICHORUS.

As the billows leap in the morning beams!

CHORUS.

Weave the dance on the floor of the breeze,
Pierce with song heaven's silent light,
Enchant the day that too swiftly flees,
To check its flight ere the cave o' night.

Once the hungry Hours were hounds
Which chased the day like a bleeding
deer, [wounds
And it limped and stumbled with many
Through the nightly dells of the desert
year.

But now, oh, weave the mystic measure
Of music, and dance, and shapes of light,
Let the Hours, and the spirits of might
and pleasure,
Like the clouds and sunbeams, unite.

A VOICE.

Unite!

Pan. See, where the spirits of the human
mind [approach.
Wrapt in sweet sounds, as in bright veils,

CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

We join the throng
Of the dance and the song,
By the whirlwind of gladness borne along;
As the flying-fish leap
From the Indian deep,
And mix with the sea-birds, half asleep.

CHORUS OF HOURS.

Whence come ye, so wild and so fleet,
For sandals of lightning are on your feet,
And your wings are soft and swift as
thought, [not?
And your eyes are as love which is veiled

CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

We come from the mind
Of human kind,
Which was late so dusk, and obscene, and
blind;
Now 'tis an ocean
Of clear emotion,
A heaven of serene and mighty motion.

From that deep abyss
Of wonder and bliss,
Whose caverns are crystal palaces;
From those skiey towers
Where Thought's crowned powers
Sit watching your dance, ye happy Hours!

From the dim recesses
Of woven caresses,
Where lovers catch ye by your loose tresses,
From the azure isles,
Where sweet Wisdom smiles,
Delaying your ships with her siren wiles;

From the temples high
Of man's ear and eye,
Roofed over Sculpture and Poesy;
From the murmurings
Of the unsealed springs
Where Science bedews his Dædal wings.

Years after years,
Through blood, and tears,
And a thick hell of hatreds, and hopes,
and fears,
We waded and flew,
And the islets were few
Where the bud-blighted flowers of happi-
ness grew.

Our feet now, every palm,
Are sandalled with calm,
And the dew of our wings is a rain of
balm;
And, beyond our eyes,
The human love lies
Which makes all it gazes on Paradise.

CHORUS OF SPIRITS AND HOURS.

Then weave the web of the mystic
measure;
From the depths of the sky and the ends
of the earth,
Come, swift spirits of might and of
pleasure,
Fill the dance and the music of mirth,
As the waves of a thousand streams rush
by
To an ocean of splendour and harmony!

CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

Our spoil is won,
Our task is done,
We are free to dive, or soar, or run;
Beyond and around,
Or within the bound
Which clips the world with darkness round.

We'll pass the eyes
Of the starry skies
Into the hoar deep to colonize:
Death, Chaos, and Night,
From the sound of our flight,
Shall flee, like mist from a tempest's might.

And Earth, Air, and Light,
And the Spirit of Might,
Which drives round the stars in their fiery
flight;
And Love, Thought, and Breath,
The powers that quell death,
Wherever we soar shall assemble beneath.

And our singing shall build
In the void's loose field
A world for the Spirit of Wisdom to wield:
We will take our plan
From the new world of man,
And our work shall be called the Promethean.

—:O:—

LORD BYRON.

1788—1824.

MANFRED.

Scene, a Gothic Gallery.—Time, Midnight.

Manfred alone.

Manfred. THE lamp must be replenished, but even then
It will not burn so long as I must watch:
My slumbers—if I slumber—are not sleep,
But a continuance of enduring thought,
Which then I can resist not: in my heart
There is a vigil, and these eyes but close
To look within, and yet I live, and bear
The aspect and the form of breathing
men.
But grief should be the instructor of the
wise;
Sorrow is knowledge: they who know the
most
Must mourn the deepest o'er the fatal truth,
The Tree of Knowledge is not that of Life,

Philosophy and science, and the springs
Of wonder, and the wisdom of the world,
I have essayed, and in my mind there is
A power to make these subject to itself—
But they avail not: I have done men good,
And I have met with good even among
men—

But this availed not: I have had my foes,
And none have baffled, many fallen before
me—

But this availed not:—Good, or evil, life,
Powers, passions, all I see in other beings,
Have been to me as rain unto the sands,
Since that all-nameless hour. I have no
dread,
And feel the curse to have no natural fear,
Nor fluttering throb, that beats with hopes
or wishes,
Or lurking love of something on the earth.
Now to my task.

—O—

INVOCATION TO THE SPIRITS.

Manfred. MYSTERIOUS Agency!
Ye spirits of the unbounded Universe!
Whom I have sought in darkness and in
light—

Ye, who do compass earth about, and dwell
In subtler essence—ye, to whom the tops
Of mountains inaccessible are haunts,
And earth's and ocean's caves familiar
things—

I call upon ye by the written charm
Which gives me power upon you—Rise!
appear! [*A pause.*]
They come not yet.—Now by the voice of
him

Who is the first among you—by this sign,
Which makes you tremble—by the claims
of him

Who is undying,—Rise! appear!—Ap-
pear! [*A pause.*]

If it be so—Spirits of earth and air,
Ye shall not thus elude me: by a power
Deeper than all yet urged, a tyrant-spell,
Which had its birth-place in a star con-
demned,

The burning wreck of a demolished world,
A wandering hell in the eternal space;
By the strong curse which is upon my soul,
The thought which is within me and around
me,

I do compel ye to my will.—Appear!
[*A star is seen at the darker end of the
gallery: it is stationary: and a
voice is heard singing.*]

FIRST SPIRIT.

Mortal! to thy bidding bowed,
 From my mansion in the cloud,
 Which the breath of twilight builds,
 And the summer's sunset gilds
 With the azure and vermilion,
 Which is mixed for my pavilion;
 Though thy quest may be forbidden,
 On a star-beam I have ridden,
 To thine adjunction bowed:
 Mortal, be thy wish avowed.

Voice of the SECOND SPIRIT.

Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains:

They crowned him long ago,
 On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
 With a diadem of snow.

Around his waist are forests braced,
 The avalanche in his hand;

But ere it fall, that thundering ball
 Must pause for my command.

The glacier's cold and restless mass
 Moves onward day by day;

But I am he who bids it pass,
 Or with its ice delay.

I am the spirit of the place,
 Could make the mountain bow
 And quiver to his caverned base—
 And what with me wouldst thou?

Voice of the THIRD SPIRIT.

In the blue depth of the waters,
 Where the wave hath no strife,

Where the wind is a stranger,
 And the sea-snake hath life;

Where the Mermaid is decking
 Her green hair with shells,

Like the storm on the surface
 Came the sound of thy spells;

O'er my calm Hall of Coral
 The deep echo rolled—

To the Spirit of Ocean
 Thy wishes unfold!

FOURTH SPIRIT.

Where the slumbering earthquake
 Lies pillowed on fire,

And the lakes of bitumen
 Rise boilingly higher;

Where the roots of the Andes
 Strike deep in the earth,

As their summits to heaven
 Shoot soaringly forth;

I have quitted my birthplace,
 Thy bidding to bide—

Thy spell hath subdued me,
 Thy will be my guide!

FIFTH SPIRIT.

I am the Rider of the wind,
 The Stirrer of the storm;
 The hurricane I left behind
 Is yet with lightning warm;
 To speed to thee o'er shore and sea
 I swopt upon the blast:
 The fleet I met sailed well, and yet
 'Twill sink ere night be past.

SIXTH SPIRIT.

My dwelling is the shadow of the night,
 Why doth thy magic torture me with light?

SEVENTH SPIRIT.

The star which rules thy destiny
 Was ruled, ere earth began, by me:
 It was a world as fresh and fair
 As e'er revolved round sun in air;
 Its course was free and regular,
 Space bosomed not a lovelier star.
 The hour arrived—and it became
 A wandering mass of shapeless flame,
 A pathless comet, and a curse,
 The menace of the universe;
 Still rolling on with innate force,
 Without a sphere, without a course,
 A bright deformity on high,
 The monster of the upper sky!
 And thou! beneath its influence born—
 Thou worm! whom I obey and scorn—
 Forced by a power (which is not mine,
 And lent thee but to make thee mine)
 For this brief moment to descend,
 Where these weak spirits round thee bend
 And parley with a thing like thee—
 What wouldst thou, Child of Clay! with
 me?

The SEVEN SPIRITS.

Earth, ocean, air, night, mountains, winds,
 thy star,
 Are at thy beck and bidding, Child of
 Clay!

Before thee, at thy quest, their Spirits are—
 What wouldst thou with us, son of
 mortals—say?

Man. Forgetfulness—

First Spirit. Of what—of whom—and
 why?

Man. Of that which is within me: read
 it there;

Ye know it, and I cannot utter it.

Spirit. We can but give thee that which
 we possess:

Ask of us subjects, sovereignty, the power
 O'er earth—the whole, or portion—or a
 sign

Which shall control the elements, whereof

We are the dominators: each and all
These shall be thine.

Man. Oblivion, self-oblivion!
Can ye not wring from out the hidden
realms

Ye offer so profusely, what I ask?

Spirit. It is not in our essence, in our
skill;

But—thou may'st die.

Man. Will death bestow it on me?

Spirit. We are immortal, and do not
forget;

We are eternal, and to us the past

Is, as the future, present. Art thou
answered?

Man. Ye mock me—but the power
which brought ye here

Hath made you mine. Slaves, scoff not
at my will!

The mind, the spirit, the Promethean
spark,

The lightning of my being, is as bright,
Pervading, and far-darting as your own,
And shall not yield to yours, though
cooped in clay!

Answer, or I will teach ye what I am.

Spirit. We answer as we're answered;
our reply

Is even in thine own words.

Man. Why say ye so?

Spirit. If, as thou say'st, thine essence
be as ours,

We have replied in telling thee, the thing
Mortals call death hath nought to do with
us.

Man. I then have called you from your
realms in vain;

Ye cannot, or ye will not, aid me.

Spirit. Say;

What we possess we offer; it is thine:

Bethink ere thou dismiss us, ask again—

Kingdom, and sway, and strength, and
length of days—

Man. Accurséd! what have I to do with
days!

They are too long already. Hence—
begone!

Spirit. Yet pause: being here, our will
would do thee service;

Bethink thee, is there then no other gift

Which we can make not worthless in thine
eyes?

Man. No, none: yet stay—one moment,
ere we part—

I would behold ye face to face. I hear
Your voices, sweet and melancholy sounds,

As music on the waters; and I see

The steady aspect of a clear large star,

But nothing more. Approach me as ye are.
Or one or all, in your accustomed forms.

Spirit. We have no forms beyond the
elements

Of which we are the mind and principle:
But choose a form—in that we will appear.

Man. I have no choice; there is no
form on earth

Hideous or beautiful to me. Let him.

Who is most powerful of ye, take such
aspect

As unto him may seem most fitting—Come!

Seventh Spirit (*appearing in the shape
of a beautiful female figure*). Behold!

Man. O God! if it be thus, and *Thou*
Art not a madness and a mockery,

I yet might be most happy. I will clasp
thee,

And we again will be—

My heart is crushed! *[The figure vanishes.
Falls senseless.]*

—O—

The Mountain of the Jungfrau.
Time, Morning.

Manfred alone upon the Cliffs.

Man. The Spirits I have raised abandon
me—

The spells which I have studied baffle me—
The remedy I recked of tortured me:

I lean no more on superhuman aid,
It hath no power upon the past; and for

The future, till the past be gulfed in dark-
ness,

It is not of my search.—My mother Earth,
And thou fresh breaking day, and you, ye

mountains,

Why are ye beautiful? I cannot love ye.

And thou, the bright eye of the universe,

That openest over all, and unto all

Art a delight, thou shin'st not on my heart.

And you, ye crags, upon whose extreme edge

I stand, and on the torrent's brink beneath

Behold the tall pines dwindled as to shrubs

In dizziness of distance; when a leap,

A stir, a motion, even a breath, would bring

My breast upon its rocky bosom's bed

To rest for ever—wherefore do I pause?

I feel the impulse—yet I do not plunge;

I see the peril—yet do not recede;

And my brain reels—and yet my foot is firm.

There is a power upon me which withholds,

And makes it my fatality to live;

If it be life to wear within myself

This barrenness of spirit and to be

My own soul's sepulchre, for I have ceased

To justify my deeds unto myself—
The last infirmity of evil. Ay,
Thou winged and cloud-cleaving minister,

[*An Eagle passes.*]

Whose happy flight is highest into heaven,
Well may'st thou swoop so near me—I
should be

Thy prey, and gorge thine eaglets: thou
art gone [thine

Where the eye cannot follow thee; but
Yet pierceth downward, onward, or above,
With a pervading vision.—Beautiful!

How beautiful is all this visible world!

How glorious in its action and itself!

But we, who name ourselves its sovereigns,
we,

Half dust, half deity, alike unfit
To sink or soar, with our mixed essence
make

A conflict of its elements, and breathe
The breath of degradation and of pride,
Contending with low wants and lofty will,
Till our mortality predominates,
And men are—what they name not to
themselves,

And trust not to each other. Hark! the
note,

[*Shepherd's pipe in the distance is heard.*]

The natural music of the mountain reed;
For here the patriarchal days are not
A pastoral fable—pipes in the liberal air,
Mixed with the sweet bells of the saunter-
ing herd;

My soul would drink those echoes.—Oh
that I were

The viewless spirit of a lovely sound,
A living voice, a breathing harmony,
A bodiless enjoyment—born and dying
With the blest tone which made me!

Enter from below a Chamois Hunter.

Chamois Hunter. Even so.

This way the chamois leapt: her nimble
feet

Have baffled me; my gains to-day will
scarce

Repay my break-neck travail.—What is
here?

Who seems not of my trade, and yet hath
reached

A height which none even of our moun-
taineers,

Save our best hunters, may attain: his
garb

Is goodly, his mien manly, and his air
Proud as a free-born peasant's, at this
distance.—

I will approach him nearer.

Man. (not perceiving the other). To be
thus—

Grey-haired with anguish, like these blasted
pines,

Wrecks of a single winter, barkless, branch-
less,

A blighted trunk upon a cursèd root,

Which but supplies a feeling to decay;

And to be thus, eternally but thus,

Having been otherwise! Now furrowed
o'er

With wrinkles ploughed by moments, not
by years—

And hours, all tortured into ages—hours

Which I outlive!—Ye toppling crags of ice!

Ye avalanches, whom a breath draws down

In mountainous o'erwhelming, come and
crush me!

I hear ye momentarily above, beneath,

Crash with a frequent conflict; but ye pass,
And only fall on things which still would
live;

On the young flourishing forest, or the hut
And hamlet of the harmless villager.

C. Hun. The mists begin to rise up from
the valley;

I'll warn him to descend, or he may chance
To lose at once his way and life together.

Man. The mists boil up around the
glaciers; clouds

Rise curling fast beneath me, white and
sulphury,

Like foam from the roused ocean of deep
Hell,

Whose every wave breaks on a living shore,
Heaped with the damned like pebbles.—

I am giddy.

C. Hun. I must approach him cautiously;
if near,

A sudden step would startle him, and he
Seems tottering already.

Man. Mountains have fallen,
Leaving a gap in the clouds, and with the
shock

Rocking their Alpine brethren; filling up
The ripe green valleys with destruction's
splinters;

Damming the rivers with a sudden dash,
Which crushed the waters into mist, and
made

Their fountains find another channel.—
Thus,

Thus, in its old age, did Mount Rosenberg.

Why stood I not beneath it?

C. Hun. Friend! have a care,
Your next step may be fatal: for the love

Of Him who made you, stand not on that
brink!

Man. (*not hearing him*). Such would have been for me a fitting tomb ;
My bones had then been quiet in their depth :
They had not then been strewn upon the rocks
For the wind's pastime—as thus—thus they shall be—
In this one plunge.—Farewell, ye opening heavens !
Look not upon me thus reproachfully—
You were not meant for me—Earth ! take these atoms !

[*As Manfred is in act to spring from the Cliff, the Chamois Hunter seizes and retains him with a sudden grasp.*

C. Hun. Hold, madman !—though away of thy life,
Stain not our pure vales with thy guilty blood.

Away with me—I will not quit my hold.

Man. I am most sick at heart—nay, grasp me not—
I am all feebleness—the mountains whirl,
Spinning around me—I grow blind. What art thou ?

C. Hun. I'll answer that anon. Away with me.

The clouds grow thicker—there—now lean on me— [and cling

Place your foot here—here, take this staff,
A moment to that shrub—now give me your hand,

And hold fast by my girdle—softly—well—
The Chalet will be gained within an hour:
Come on, we'll quickly find a surer footing,
And something like a pathway, which the torrent

Hath washed since winter. Come, 'tis bravely done—

You should have been a hunter.—Follow me.

[*As they descend the rocks with difficulty, the scene closes.*

—o—

MANFRED TO THE SUN.

Manfred advances to the window of the Hall.

Manfred. GLORIOUS Orb ! the idol
Of early nature, and the vigorous race
Of undiseased mankind, the giant sons
Of the embrace of angels, with a sex
More beautiful than they, which did draw
down

The erring spirits, who can ne'er return.
Most glorious orb ! that wert a worship,
ere

The mystery of thy making was revealed !
Thou earliest minister of the Almighty,
Which gladdened, on their mountain-tops,
the hearts

Of the Chaldean shepherds, till they poured
Themselves in orisons ! Thou material
God !

And representative of the Unknown,
Who chose thee for His shadow ! Thou
chief star !

Centre of many stars ! which mak'st our
earth

Endurable, and temperest the hues
And hearts of all who walk within thy rays !
Sire of the seasons ! Monarch of the
climes,

And those who dwell in them ! for near or
far,

Our inborn spirits have a tint of thee,
Even as our outward aspects ; thou dost
rise,

And shine, and set in glory. Fare thee
well !

I ne'er shall see thee more. As my first
glance [take

Of love and wonder was for thee, then
My latest look : thou wilt not beam on one
To whom the gifts of life and warmth have
been

Of a more fatal nature. He is gone :
I follow. [*Exit Manfred.*

—o—

DEATH OF MANFRED.

Enter the Abbot.

Abbot. WHERE is your master ?

Herman. Yonder, in the tower.

Abbot. I must speak with him.

Manuel. 'Tis impossible ;
He is most private, and must not be thus
Intruded on.

Abbot. Upon myself I take
The forfeit of my fault, if fault there be—
But I must see him.

Her. Thou hast seen him once
This eve already.

Abbot. Herman ! I command thee.
Knock, and apprise the Count of my ap-
proach.

Her. We dare not.

Abbot. Then it seems I must be herald
Of my own purpose.

Manuel. Reverend father, stop—
I pray you pause.

Abbot. Why so?
Manuel. But step this way,
And I will tell you further. [*Exeunt.*]

—o—

Interior of the Tower.

Manfred. The stars are forth, the moon
above the tops [*fitful!*]
Of the snow-shining mountains.—Beau-
I linger yet with Nature, for the night
Hath been to me a more familiar face
Than that of man; and in her starry shade
Of dim and solitary loveliness,
I learned the language of another world.
I do remember me, that in my youth,
When I was wandering—upon such a night
I stood within the Coliseum's wall,
'Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome;
The trees which grew along the broken
arches [*stars*]
Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the
Shone through the rents of ruin; from afar
The watch-dog bayed beyond the Tiber;
and
More near from out the Cæsars' palace
came
The owl's long cry, and, interruptedly,
Of distant sentinels the fitful song
Began and died upon the gentle wind.
Some cypresses beyond the time-worn
breach
Appeared to skirt the horizon, yet they
stood
Within a bowshot. Where the Cæsars
dwelt,
And dwell the tuneless birds of night,
amidst
A grove which springs through levelled
battlements,
And twines its roots with the imperial
hearths,
Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth;
But the gladiators' bloody Circus stands,
A noble wreck in ruinous perfection!
While Cæsar's chambers, and the Augustan
halls,
Grovel on earth in indistinct decay.
And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon,
upon
All this, and cast a wide and tender light,
Which softened down the hoar austerity
Of rugged desolation, and filled up,
As 'twere anew, the gaps of centuries;
Leaving that beautiful which still was so,

And making that which was not, till the
place

Became religion, and the heart ran o'er
With silent worship of the great of old!—
The dead but sceptred sovereigns, who
still rule

Our spirits from their urns.

'Twas such a night!
'Tis strange that I recall it at this time;
But I have found our thoughts take wildest
flight

Even at the moment when they should
array

Themselves in pensive order.

Enter the Abbot.

Abbot. My good lord,
I crave a second grace for this approach;
But yet let not my humble zeal offend
By its abruptness—all it hath of ill
Recoils on me! its good in the effect
May light upon your head—could I say
heart—

Could I touch *that* with words or prayers,
I should

Recall a noble spirit which hath wandered,
But is not yet all lost.

Man. Thou know'st me not!
My days are numbered, and my deeds re-
corded;

Retire, or 'twill be dangerous.—Away!

Abbot. Thou dost not mean to menace
me?

Man. Not I;
I simply tell thee peril is at hand,
And would preserve thee.

Abbot. What dost mean?
Man. Look there!

What dost thou see?

Abbot. Nothing.

Man. Look there, I say,
And steadfastly;—now tell me what thou
seest.

Abbot. That which should shake me;
but I fear it not.

I see a dusk and awful figure rise,
Like an infernal god from out the earth;
His face wrapt in a mantle, and his form
Robed as with angry clouds; he stands
between

Thyself and me—but I do fear him not.

Man. Thou hast no cause—he shall
not harm thee—but [*palsy.*]
His sight may shock thine old limbs into
I say to thee—Retire!

Abbot. And I reply,
Never—till I have battled with this fiend,
What doth he here?

Man. Why—ay—what doth he here?
I did not send for him—he is unbidden.

Abbot. Alas, lost mortal! what with
guests like these

Hast thou to do? I tremble for thy sake:
Why doth he gaze on thee, and thou on
him?

Ah! he unveils his aspect; on his brow
The thunder-scars are graven; from his
eye

Glares forth the immortality of hell.

Avaunt!—

Man. Pronounce—what is thy mission?

Spirit. Come!

Abbot. What art thou, unknown being?
answer!—speak!

Spirit. The genius of this mortal.
Come! 'tis time.

Man. I am prepared for all things, but
deny
The power which summons me. Who sent
thee here?

Spirit. Thou 'lt know anon. Come!
come!

Man. I have commanded
Things of an essence greater far than thine,
And striven with thy masters. Get thee
hence!

Spirit. Mortal! thine hour is come—
Away! I say.

Man. I knew, and know my hour is
come, but not
To render up my soul to such as thee.
Away! I'll die as I have lived—alone.

Spirit. Then I must summon up my
brethren.—Rise!

[*Other Spirits rise up.*]

Abbot. Avaunt, ye evil ones! Avaunt!
I say;

Ye have no power where piety hath power,
And I do charge ye in the name—

Spirit. Old man!
We know ourselves, our mission, and thine
order:

Waste not thy holy words on idle uses;
It were in vain: this man is forfeited.
Once more I summon him—Away! away!

Man. I do defy ye; though I feel my
soul

Is ebbing from me, yet I do defy ye.
Nor will I hence, while I have earthly
breath

To breathe my scorn upon ye—earthly
strength [take

To wrestle though with spirits; what ye
Shall be ta'en limb by limb.

Spirit. Reluctant mortal!
Is this the Magian who would so pervade

The world invisible, and make himself
Almost our equal?—Can it be that thou
Art thus in love with life?—the very life
Which made thee wretched?

Man. Thou false fiend, thou liest!
My life is in its last hour; *that* I know,
Nor would redeem a moment of that hour.
I do not combat against death, but thee
And thy surrounding angels: my past
power

Was purchased by no compact with thy
crew,

But by superior science — penance —
daring—

And length of watching—strength of mind
—and skill

In knowledge of our fathers—when the
earth

Saw men and spirits walking side by side,
And gave ye no supremacy; I stand
Upon my strength—I do defy—deny—
Spurn back—and scorn ye!

Spirit. But thy many crimes
Have made thee—

Man. What are they to such as thee?
Must crimes be punished but by other
crimes,

And greater criminals?—Back to thy hell!
Thou hast no power upon me, *that* I feel;
Thou never shalt possess me, *that* I know.
What I have done is done; I bear within
A torture which could nothing gain from
thine;

The mind which is immortal makes itself
Requital for its good or evil thoughts—
Is its own origin of ill and end,
And its own place and time: its innate
sense,

When stripped of this mortality, derives
No colour from the fleeting things without;
But is absorbed in sufferance or in joy,
Born from the knowledge of its own desert
Thou didst not tempt me, and thou couldst
not tempt me;

I have not been thy dupe, nor am thy
prey—

But was my own destroyer, and will be
My own hereafter.—Back, ye baffled fiends!
The hand of death is on me—but not
yours! [*The Demons disappear.*]

Abbot. Alas! how pale thou art—thy
lips are white,

And thy breast heaves, and in thy gasping
throat

The accents rattle. Give thy prayers to
Heaven;

Pray—albeit but in thought—but die not
thus.

Man. 'Tis over—my dull eyes can fix thee not;
But all things swim around me, and the earth

Heaves as it were beneath me. Fare thee well—

Give me thy hand.

Abbot. Cold—cold—even to the heart!
But yet one prayer. Alas! how fares it with thee?

Man. Old man! 'tis not so difficult to die.

[*Manfred expires.*]

Abbot. He's gone—his soul hath ta'en its earthly flight—

Whither? I dread to think—but he is gone.

—o—

SLEEPING INFANCY.

The Earth near Eden.

Enter Cain and Adah.

Adah. HUSH! tread softly, Cain.

Cain. I will; but wherefore?

Adah. Our little Enoch sleeps upon yon bed

Df leaves, beneath the cypress.

Cain. Cypress! 'tis a gloomy tree, which looks as if it mourned
O'er what it shadows; wherefore didst thou choose it

For our child's canopy?

Adah. Because its branches
Shut out the sun like night, and therefore seemed

Fitting to shadow slumber.

Cain. Ay, the last—
And longest; but no matter—lead me to him.

[*They go up to the child.*]

How lovely he appears! his little cheeks
In their pure incarnation, vieing with
The rose-leaves strewn beneath them.

Adah. And his lips, too,
How beautifully parted! No; you shall not

Kiss him, at least not now; he will awake soon—

His hour of midday rest is nearly over;
But it were pity to disturb him till
'Tis closed.

Cain. You have said well; I will contain
My heart till then. He smiles, and sleeps!—

Sleep on

And smile, thou little, young inheritor
Of a world scarce less young; sleep on,
and smile!

Thine are the hours and days when both
are cheering

And innocent! *thou* hast not plucked the fruit—

[*the time*]

Thou know'st not thou are naked! Must
Come thou shalt be amerced for sins un-

known,

Which were not mine nor thine? But now
sleep on!

His cheeks are reddening into deeper
smiles,

And shining lids are trembling o'er his long
Lashes, dark as the cypress which waves
o'er them;

Half open, from beneath them the clear
blue

Laughs out, although in slumber. He
must dream—

Of what? Of Paradise?—Ay! dream of it,
My disinherited boy! 'Tis but a dream;
For never more thyself, thy sons, nor
fathers,

Shall walk in that forbidden place of joy!

Adah. Dear Cain! Nay, do not whisper
o'er our son

Such melancholy yearnings o'er the past:
Why wilt thou always mourn for Paradise?
Can we not make another?

Cain.

Where?

Adah. Here, or
Where'er thou wilt: where'er thou art I feel
not

The want of this so much regretted Eden.
Have I not thee, our boy, our sire, and
brother,

And Zillah—our sweet sister, and our Eve,
To whom we owe so much besides our
birth?

Cain. Yes—death, too, is amongst the
debts we owe her.

Adah. Cain! that proud spirit, who
withdrew thee hence,

Hath saddened thine still deeper. I had
hoped

[*beheld,*]

The promised wonders which thou hast
Visions, thou say'st, of past and present
worlds,

Would have composed thy mind into the
calm

Of a contented knowledge; but I see
Thy guide hath done thee evil: still I thank
him,

And can forgive him all, that he so soon
Hath given thee back to us.

Cain.

So soon?

Adah. 'Tis scarcely
Two hours since ye departed: two *long*
hours

To me, but only *hours* upon the sun.

Cain. And yet I have approached that sun, and seen

Worlds which he once shone on, and never more

Shall light, and worlds he never lit; methought

Years had rolled o'er my absence.

Adah. Hardly hours.

Cain. The mind, then, hath capacity of time,

And measures it by that which it beholds, Pleasing or painful; little or almighty.

I had beheld the immemorial works Of endless beings; skirted extinguished worlds;

And, gazing on eternity, methought I had borrowed more by a few drops of ages

From its immensity; but now I feel My littleness again. Well said the spirit That I was nothing!

Adah. Wherefore said he so? Jehovah said not that.

Cain. No; *He* contents Him With making us the *nothing* which we are; And after flattering dust with glimpses of Eden and Immortality, resolves It back to dust again—for what?

Adah. Thou know'st— Even for our parents' error.

Cain. What is that To us? they sinned, then *let them* die.

Adah. Thou hast not spoken well, nor is that thought

Thy own, but of the spirit who was with thee.

Would *I* could die for them, so *they* might live!

Cain. Why, so say I—provided that one victim

Might satiate the insatiable of life, And that our little rosy sleeper there Might never taste of death nor human sorrow,

Nor hand it down to those who spring from him.

Adah. How know we that some such atonement one day

May not redeem our race?

—o—

LIONI AND BERTRAM.

Lioni. How sweet and soothing is this hour of calm!

[away] I thank thee, Night, for thou hast chased

Those horrid bodements which, amidst the throng,

I could not dissipate; and with the blessing Of thy benign and quiet influence, Now will I to my couch, although to rest Is almost wringing such a night as this.

[*A knocking is heard from without.*]
Hark! what is that? or who, at such a moment?

Enter Antonio.

Antonio. My lord, a man without, on urgent business Implores to be admitted.

Lioni. Is he a stranger?

Ant. His face is muffled in his cloak, but both

His voice and gestures seem familiar to me: I craved his name, but this he seemed reluctant

To trust, save to yourself; most earnestly He sues to be permitted to approach you.

Lioni. 'Tis a strange hour, and a suspicious bearing!

And yet there is slight peril: 'tis not in Their houses noble men are struck at; still, Although I know not that I have a foe In Venice, 'twill be wise to use some caution. Admit him and retire; but call up quickly Some of thy fellows, who may wait without. Who can this man be?

Exit Antonio, and returns with Bertram muffled.

Bertram. My good Lord Lioni, I have no time to lose, nor thou,—dismiss This menial hence; I would be private with you.

Lioni. It seems the voice of Bertram.— Go, Antonio. [*Exit Antonio.*]

Now, stranger, what would you at such an hour?

Ber. (*discovering himself*). A boon, my noble patron; you have granted Many to your poor client Bertram; add This one, and make him happy.

Lioni. Thou hast known me From boyhood, ever ready to assist thee In all fair objects of advancement, which Beseem one of thy station; I would promise

Ere thy request was heard, but that the hour,

[mode] Thy bearing, and this strange and hurried Of suing, gives me to suspect this visit

Hath some mysterious import; but say on. What has occurred, some rash and sudden broil?—

A cup too much, a scuffle, and a stab?—
Mere things of every day. So that thou
hast not

Spilt noble blood, I guarantee thy safety;
But then thou must withdraw, for angry
friends

And relatives, in the first burst of ven-
geance,

Are things in Venice deadlier than the laws.

Ber. My lord, I thank you, but—

Lioni. But what? You have not
Raised a rash hand against one of our
order?

If so, withdraw and fly, and own it not,
I would not slay, but then I must not save
thee!

He who has shed patrician blood—

Ber. I come
To save patrician blood, and not to shed it.
And thereunto I must be speedy, for
Each minute lost may lose a life; since
Time

Has changed his slow scythe for the two-
edged sword,

And is about to take instead of sand
The dust from sepulchres to fill his hour-
glass!—

Go not *thou* forth to-morrow!

Lioni. Wherefore not?
What means this menace?

Ber. Do not seek its meaning,
But do as I implore thee;—stir not forth,
Whate'er be stirring; though the roar of
crowds,

The cry of women, and the shrieks of babes,
The groans of men, the clash of arms, the
sound

Of rolling drum, shrill trump, and hollow
bell,

Peal in one wide alarum! Go not forth,
Until the tocsin's silent, nor even then
Till I return!

Lioni. Again, what does this mean?

Ber. Again I tell thee, ask not; but by
all

Thou holdest dear on earth or heaven—
by all

The souls of thy great fathers, and thy
hope

To emulate them, and to leave behind
Descendants worthy both of them and thee,
By all thou hast of blessed, in hope or
memory,

By all thou hast to fear here or hereafter,
By all the good deeds thou hast done to
me,

Good I would now repay with greater good,
Remain within, trust to thy household gods,

And to my word for safety, if thou dost
As I now counsel, but if not, thou art lost!

Lioni. I am, indeed, already lost in
wonder.

Surely thou ravest! what have *I* to dread?
Who are my foes? or if there be such, *why*
Art thou leagued with them? *thou!* or, if
so leagued,

Why comest thou to tell me at this hour,
And not before?

Ber. I cannot answer this.
Wilt thou go forth despite of this true
warning?

Lioni. I was not born to shrink from
idle threats,

The cause of which I know not; at the
hour

Of council, be it soon or late, I shall not
Be found among the absent.

Ber. Say not so!
Once more, art thou determined to go
forth?

Lioni. I am. Nor is there aught which
shall impede me!

Ber. Then, Heaven have mercy on thy
soul! Farewell! [*Going.*]

Lioni. Stay—there is more in this than
my own safety

Which makes me call thee back; we must
not part thus:

Bertram, I have known thee long.

Ber. From childhood, signor,
You have been my protector; in the days
Of reckless infancy, when rank forgets,
Or, rather, is not yet taught to remember
Its cold prerogative, we played together;
Our sports, our smiles, our tears, were
mingled oft;

My father was your father's client, I
His son's scarce less than foster-brother;
years

Saw us together, happy, heart-full hours!
O God! the difference 'twixt those hours
and this!

Lioni. Bertram, 'tis thou who hast for-
gotten them.

Ber. Nor now, nor ever; whatsoever
betide,

I would have saved you. When to man-
hood's growth

We sprung, and you, devoted to the state,
As suits your station, the more humble
Bertram

Was left unto the labours of the humble,
Still you forsook me not; and if my fortunes
Have not been towering, 'twas no fault of
him

Who oft-times rescued and supported me,

When struggling with the tides of circumstance,

Which bear away the weaker: noble blood
Ne'er mantled in a nobler heart than thine
Has proved to me, the poor plebeian
Bertram.

Would that thy fellow-senators were like thee!

Lioni. Why, what hast thou to say against the senate?

Ber. Nothing.

Lioni. I know that there are angry spirits

And turbulent mutterers of stifled treason,
Who lurk in narrow places, and walk out
Muffled to whisper curses to the night;
Disbanded soldiers, discontented ruffians,
And desperate libertines who brawl in
taverns;

Thou herdest not with such: 'tis true, of late

I have lost sight of thee, but thou wert wont

To lead a temperate life, and break thy bread

With honest mates, and bear a cheerful aspect.

What hath come to thee? in thy hollow eye

And hueless cheek, and thine unquiet motions,

Sorrow, and shame, and conscience seem at war

To waste thee.

Ber. Rather shame and sorrow light
On the accursèd tyranny which rides
The very air in Venice, and makes men
Madden as in the last hours of the plague
Which sweeps the soul deliriously from life!

Lioni. Some villains have been tampering with thee, Bertram;

This is not thy old language, nor own thoughts;

Some wretch has made thee drunk with disaffection.

But thou must not be lost so; thou wert good

And kind, and art not fit for such base acts
As vice and villany would put thee to;

Confess—confide in me—thou know'st my nature.

What is it thou and thine are bound to do,
Which should prevent thy friend, the only son

Of him who was a friend unto thy father,
So that our good-will is a heritage

We should bequeath to our posterity
Such as ourselves received it, or augmented;

I say, what is it thou must do, that I
Should deem thee dangerous, and keep
the house

Like a sick girl?

Ber. Nay, question me no further:
I must be gone.—

Lioni. And I be murdered! Say,
Was it not thus thou saidst, my gentle
Bertram?

Ber. Who talks of murder? what said I
of murder?

'Tis false! I did not utter such a word.

Lioni. Thou didst not; but from out
thy wolfish eye,

So changed from what I knew it, there
glares forth

The gladiator. If *my* life's thine object,
Take it—I am unarmed—and then away!
I would not hold my breath on such a
tenure

As the capricious mercy of such things
As thou and those who have set thee to
thy taskwork.

Ber. Sooner than spill thy blood, I peril
mine;

Sooner than harm a hair of thine, I place
In jeopardy a thousand heads, and some
As noble, nay, even nobler, than thine own.

Lioni. Ay, is it even so? Excuse me,
Bertram,

I am not worthy to be singled out
From such exalted hecatombs; who are
they

That are in danger, and that *make* the
danger?

Ber. Venice, and all that she inherits, are
Divided like a house against itself,
And so will perish ere to-morrow's twilight!

Lioni. More mysteries, and awful ones!
But now,

Or thou, or I, or both, it may be, are
Upon the verge of ruin; speak once out,
And thou art safe and glorious; for 'tis
more

Glorious to save than slay, and slay i' the
dark, too.

Fie, Bertram! that was not a craft for thee!
How would it look to see upon a spear

The head of him whose heart was open to
thee,

Borne by thy hand before the shuddering
people?

And such may be thy doom; for here I
swear,

Whate'er the peril or the penalty
Of thy denunciation, I go forth,
Unless thou dost detail the cause, and show
The consequence of all which led thee here.

Ber. Is there no way to save thee?
minutes fly,
And thou art lost!—*thou!* my sole benefactor,

The only being who was constant to me
Through every change. Yet, make me
not a traitor!

Let me save thee, but spare my honour!

Lioni. Where
Can lie the honour in a league of murder?
And who are traitors save unto the state?

Ber. A league is still a compact, and
more binding

In honest hearts when words must stand
for law;

And in my mind, there is no traitor like
He whose domestic treason plants the
poniard

Within the breast which trusted to his truth.
Lioni. And who will strike the steel to
mine?

Ber. Not I!
I could have wound my soul up to all things
Save this. *Thou* must not die! and think
how dear

Thy life is, when I risk so many lives,
Nay, more, the life of lives, the liberty
Of future generations, *not* to be
The assassin thou miscall'st me:—once,
once more

I do adjure thee, pass not o'er thy threshold!
Lioni. It is in vain—this moment I go
forth.

Ber. Then perish Venice rather than my
friend! [stroy—

I will disclose—ensnare—betray—de-
Oh, what a villain I become for thee!

Lioni. Say, rather, thy friend's saviour
and the state's!

Speak—pause not—all rewards, all pledges
for

Thy safety and thy welfare; wealth such as
The state accords her worthiest servants;
nay,

Nobility itself I guarantee thee,
So that thou art sincere and penitent.

Ber. I have thought again: it must not
be—I love thee—

Thou know'st it—that I stand here is the
proof,

Not least, though last; but having done
my duty

By thee, I now must do it by my country.
Farewell!—we meet no more in life!—fare-
well!

Lioni. What, ho!—Antonio—Pedro—
to the door!

See that none pass—arrest this man!—

*Enter Antonio and other Domestics,
who seize Bertram.*

Leoni (*continues*). Take care
He hath no harm; bring me my sword and
cloak, [quick!

And man the gondola with four oars—
[*Exit Antonio.*

We will unto Giovanni Gradenigo's,
And send for Marc Cornaro:—fear not,
Bertram;

This needful violence is for thy safety,
No less than for the general weal.

Ber. Where wouldst thou
Bear me a prisoner?

Leoni. Firstly to the Ten;
Next to the Doge.

Ber. To the Doge?

Leoni. Assuredly:
Is he not chief of the state?

Ber. Perhaps at sunrise—
Leoni. What mean you?—but we'll
know anon.

Ber. Art sure?

Leoni. Sure as all gentle means can
make; and if

They fail, you know “the Ten” and their
tribunal, [dungeons

And that St. Mark's has dungeons, and the
A rack.

Ber. Apply it then before the dawn
Now hastening into heaven.—One more
such word [death
And you shall perish piecemeal, by the
You think to doom me to.

Re-enter Antonio.

Ant. The bark is ready,
My lord, and all prepared.

Lioni. Look to the prisoner.
Bertram, I'll reason with thee as we go
To the Magnifico's, sage Gradenigo.

[*Exeunt.*

—:O:—

HENRY HART MILMAN.

1791—1868.

MARGARITA.

*Margarita's revelation to her Father
(Callias, Priest of Apollo) of her
conversion to Christianity.*

Callias. How? What? Mine ears
Ring with a wild confusion of strange
sounds

That have no meaning. Thou'rt not wont
to mock

Thine aged father, but I think that now
Thou dost, my child.

Margarita. By Jesus Christ—by Him
In whom my soul hath hope of immortality,
Father! I mock not.

Call. Lightnings blast—not thee,
But those that, by their subtle incanta-
tions,

Have wrought upon thy innocent soul!
Look there!

Marg. Father, I'll follow thee where'er
thou wilt:

Thou dost not mean this cruel violence
With which thou dragg'st me on.

Call. Dost not behold him,
Thy God! thy father's God! the God of
Antioch?

And feel'st thou not the cold and silent
awe

That emanates from his immortal presence
O'er all the breathless temple? Dar'st
thou see

The terrible brightness of the wrath that
burns

On his arched brow? Lo, how the in-
dignation

Swells in each strong dilated limb! his
stature

Grows loftier; and the roof, the quaking
pavement,

The shadowy pillars, all the temple feels
The offended God! I dare not look again—
Darest thou?

Marg. I see a silent shape of stone,
In which the majesty of human passion
Is to the life expressed. A noble image,
But wrought by mortal hands, upon a
model

As mortal as themselves.

Call. Ha! look again, then,
There in the east. Mark how the purple
clouds

Throng to pavilion him; the officious
winds

Pant forth to purify his azure path
From night's dun vapours and fast-scatter-
ing mists.

The glad earth wakes in adoration; all
The voices of all animate things lift up
Tumultuous orisons; the spacious world
Lives but in him, that is its life. But he,
Disdainful of the universal homage,
Holds his calm way, and vindicates for
his own

Th' illimitable heavens, in solitude
Of peerless glory unapproachable.

What means thy proud undazzled look, to
adore

Or mock, ungracious?

Marg. On yon burning orb
I gaze, and say,—Thou mightiest work of
Him

That launched thee forth, a golden-crownèd
bridegroom,

To hang thy everlasting nuptial lamp
In the exulting heavens. In thee the light,
Creation's eldest-born, was tabernacled.
To thee was given to quicken slumbering
nature,

And lead the seasons' slow vicissitude
Over the fertile breast of mother Earth;
Till men began to stoop their grov'ling
prayers,

From the Almighty Sire of all, to thee.
And I will add,—Thou universal emblem,
Hung in the forehead of the all-seen hea-
vens,

Of Him, that, with the light of righteous-
ness,

Dawned on our latter days; the visitant
day-spring

Of the benighted world. Enduring splen-
dour!

Giant refreshed! that ever more renew'st
Thy flaming strength; nor ever shalt thou
cease

With time coeval, even till Time itself
Hath perished in eternity. Then thou
Shalt own, from thy apparent deity
Debased, thy mortal nature, from the sky
Withering before the all-enlightening
Lamb,

Whose radiant throne shall quench all
other fires.

Call. And yet she stands unblasted! In
thy mercy

Thou dost remember all my faithful vows,
Hyperion! and suspend'st the fiery shaft
That quivers on thy string. Ah, not on
her,

This innocent, wreak thy fury! I will
search,

And thou wilt lend me light, although they
shroud

In deepest Orcus. I will pluck them forth,
And set them up a mark for all thy wrath,
Those that beguiled to this unholy madness
My pure and blameless child. Shine forth,
shine forth,

Apollo, and we'll have our full revenge!

[Exit.

Marg. 'Tis over now—and oh! I bless
thee, Lord,

For making me thus desolate below;

For severing one by one the ties that bind
me
To this cold world—for whither can earth's
outcasts
Fly but to heaven?

Yet is no way but this,
None but to steep my father's lingering
days [Lord
In bitterness? Thou knowest, gracious
Of mercy, how he loves me, how he loved
me
From the first moment that my eyes were
opened
Upon the light of day and him. At least,
If Thou must smite him, smite him in Thy
mercy.
He loves me as the life-blood of his heart;
His love surpasses every love but Thine.

—:O:—

JOANNA BAILLIE.

1762—1851.

THE LOST FOUND.

Terentia. HERE you will find a more
refreshing air;

The western sun beats fiercely.

Aurora. Western sun!
Is time so far advanced? I left my couch
Scarcely an hour ago.

Ter. You are deceived.
Three hours have passed, but passed by
you unheeded,

Who have the while in silent stillness sat,
Like one forlorn, that has no need of
time.

Aur. In truth I now but little have to do
With time or anything besides. It passes;
Hour follows hour; day follows day; and
year,

If I so long shall last, will follow year:
Like drops that through the caverned her-
mit's roof

Some cold spring filters; glancing on his
eye

At measured intervals, but moving not
His fixed unvaried notice.

Edda. Nay, dearest lady, be not so de-
pressed.

You have not asked me for my song to-
day—

The song you praised so much. Shall I
not sing it?

I do but wait your bidding.

Aur. I thank thy kindness; sing it if
thou wilt.

SONG.

Where distant billows meet the sky,
A pale dull light the seamen spy,
As spent they stand and tempest-tost,
Their vessel struck, their rudder lost;
While distant homes where kinsmen weep,
And graves full many a fathom deep,
By turns their fitful, gloomy thoughts portray:
" 'Tis some delusion of the sight,
Some northern streamer's paly light."
"Fools!" saith roused Hope, with generous
scorn,
"It is the blessed peep of morn,
And aid and safety come when comes the day."
And so it is; the gradual shine
Speads o'er heaven's verge its lengthened line.
Cloud after cloud begins to glow,
And tint the changeful deep below;
Now sombre red, now amber bright,
Till upward breaks the blazing light:
Like floating fire the gleamy billows burn:
Far distant on the ruddy tide
A blackening sail is seen to glide;
Loud bursts their eager joyful cry,
Their hoisted signal waves on high,
And life and strength and happy thoughts
return.

Ter. Is not her voice improved in power
and sweetness?

Ed. It is a cheering song.

Aur. It cheers those who are cheered.
[After a pause.

Twelve years are past;
Their daughters matrons grown, their in-
fants youths,
And they themselves with aged furrows
marked;

But none of all their kin are yet returned,
No, nor shall ever.

Ter. Still run thy thoughts upon those
hapless women
Of that small hamlet, whose adventurous
peasants

To Palestine with noble Baldwin went,
And ne'er were heard of more?

Aur. They perished there; and of their
dismal fate [turned.

No trace remained—none of them all re-
Didst thou not say so?—Husbands, lovers,
friends,—

Not one returned again.

Ter. So I believe.—

Aur. Thou but believest, then?

Ter. As I was told.—

Ed. Thou hast the story wrong.
Four years gone by, one did return again;
But marred and maimed and changed,—
a woeful man,

Aur. And what though every limb were
hacked and maimed,
And roughened o'er with scars?—He did
return.

[*Rising lightly from her seat.*

I would a pilgrimage to Iceland go,
To the Antipodes, or burning zone,
To see that man, who did return again,
And her, who did receive him.—Did re-
ceive him!

Oh, what a moving thought lurks here!—
How was 't?

Tell it me all; and oh, another time
Give me your tale ungarbled.

Enter Viola.

Ha! Viola! 'tis my first sight of thee
Since our long vigil. Thou hast had, I
hope,

A sound and kindly sleep.

Viola. Kindly enough, but somewhat
crossed with dreams.

Aur. How crossed? What was thy
dream? Oh, tell it me!

I have an ear that craves for everything
That hath the smallest sign or omen in it.
It was not sad?

Vio. Nay, rather strange. Methought
A christening feast within your bower was
held;

But when the infant to the font was
brought,

It proved a full-grown man, in armour clad.

Aur. A full-grown man!

Oh, blessing on thy dream;
From death to life restored is joyful birth.
It is, it is! Come to my heart, sweet maid!

[*Embracing Viola.*

A blessing on thyself and on thy sleep!

I feel a kindling life within me stir,
That doth assure me it has shadowed forth
A joy that soon shall be.

Ter.

So may it prove!

But trust not such vain fancies, nor appear
Too much elated; for unhappy Ulrick
Swears that your Beacon, after this night's
watch,
Shall burn no more.

Aur. He does! Then we will have
A noble fire. This night our lofty blaze
Shall through the darkness shoot full many
a league

Its streamy rays, like to a bearded star
Preceding changeful—ay, and better times.
It may in very truth.—Oh, if his bark
(For many a bark within its widened reach
The dark seas traverse) should its light
desery!

Should this be so—it may; perhaps it will.
Oh that it might!—We'll have a rousing
blaze!

Give me your hands.

[*Taking Viola and Terentia gaily by
the hands.*

So lightly bounds my heart,
I could like midnight goblins round the
flame

Unruly orgies hold.—Ha! think ye not,
When to the font our mail-clad infant
comes,

Ulrick will a right gracious gossip prove?
Nay, nay, Terentia, look not so demure,
I needs must laugh.

Ter. Indeed, you let your fancy wildly
run;

And disappointment will the sharper be.

Aur. Talk not of disappointment: be
assured

Some late intelligence doth Ulrick prompt
To these stern orders. On our sea there
sails,

Or soon will sail, some vessel which right
gladly

He would permit to founder on the coast,
Or miss its course. But no; it will not be:
In spite of all his hatred, to the shore,
Through seas as dark as subterraneous
night,

It will arrive in safety.

Ter. Nay, sweet Aurora, feed not thus
thy wishes

With wild unlikely thoughts; for Ulrick
surely

No such intelligence hath had, and thou
But makest thy after-sorrow more acute
When these vain fancies fail.

Aur. And let them fail! Though duller
thoughts succeed,

The bliss e'en of a moment still is bliss.

Viola. (to *Ter.*) Thou wouldst not of
her dew-drops spoil the thorn

Because her glory will not last till noon;
Nor still the lightsome gambols of the colt,
Whose neck to-morrow's yoke will gall.

Fie on 't!

If this be wise, 'tis cruel.

Aur. Thanks, gentle Viola! Thou art
ever kind. [store,

We'll think to-morrow still hath good in
And make of this a blessing for to-day,
Though good Terentia there may chide us
for it.

Ter. And thus a profitable life you'll
lead,

Which hath no present time, but is made up
Entirely of to-morrows.

Aur. Well, taunt me as thou wilt, I'll worship still
 The blessed morrow, storehouse of all good
 For wretched folks. They who lament to-day,
 May then rejoice. They who in misery bend
 E'en to the earth, be then in honour robed.
 Oh! who shall reckon what its brightened hours
 May of returning joy contain? To-morrow!
 The blessed to-morrow! Cheering, kind to-morrow,
 I were a heathen not to worship thee.
(To Ter.) Frown not again; we must not wrangle now.
Ter. Thou dost such vain and foolish fancies cherish,
 Thou forcest me to seem unkind and stern.
Aur. Ah! be not stern. Edda will sing the song
 That makes feet beat and heads nod to its tune;
 And even grave Terentia will be moved
 To think of pleasant things.

SONG.

Wished-for gales the light vane veering,
 Better dreams the dull night cheering,
 Lighter heart the morning greeting,
 'Things of better omen meeting,
 Eyes each passing stranger watching,
 Ears each feeble rumour catching,
 Say he existeth still on earthly ground,
 The absent will return, the long, long lost, be found.

In the tower the ward-bell ringing,
 In the court the carols singing,
 Busy hands the gay board dressing,
 Eager steps the threshold pressing,
 Opened arms in haste advancing,
 Joyful looks through bright tears glancing,
 The glad some bounding of his aged ground,
 Say he in truth is here, our long, long lost, is found.

Hymned thanks and beedsmen praying,
 With sheathed sword the urchin playing;
 Blazoned hall with torches burning,
 Cheerful morn in peace returning;
 Converse sweet that strangely borrows
 Present bliss from former sorrows;
 Oh, who can tell each blessed sight and sound
 That says he with us bides, our long, long lost is found.

Aur. I thank thee; this shall be our daily song. [tears]
 It cheers my heart, although these foolish
 Seem to disgrace its sweetness.

Enter Page.

Viola (to Aur.) Here comes your Page,
 with light and bounding steps,
 As if he brought good tidings.

Ed. Grant he may!

Aur. (eagerly). What brings thee hither, boy?

Page. (to Aur.) A noble stranger of the Legate's train,
 Come from the Holy Land, doth wait without,

Near to the garden gate, where I have left him.

He begs to be admitted to your presence,
 Pleading for such indulgence as the friend
 Of Ermingard, for so he bade me say.

Aur. The friend of Ermingard! The Holy Land!

[*Pausing for a moment, and then tossing up her arms in ecstasy.*]

O God! it is himself!

[*Catching hold of Terentia.*]

My head is dizzy grown; I cannot go.

Haste, lead him hither, boy.

Fly! hear'st thou not? [*Exit Page.*]

Ter. Be not so greatly moved. It is not likely

This should be Ermingard. The boy has seen him,

And would have known him. 'Tis belike some friend.

Aur. No; every thrilling fibre of my frame

Cries out "It is himself." [*Looking out.*]
 He comes not yet; how strange! how dull!
 how tardy!

Ter. Your Page hath scarce had time to reach the gate,

Though he hath run right quickly.

Aur. (Pausing and looking out). He comes not yet. Ah! if it be not he,

My sinking heart misgives me.
 Oh, now he comes! the size and air are his.

Ter. Not to my fancy: there is no resemblance.

Aur. Nay, but there is. And see, he wears his cloak

As he was wont to do; and o'er his cap
 The shading plume so hangs.—It is! it is!

Enter Garcio, and she, breaking from Terentia, runs towards him.

My lost, my found, my blessed! conceal thee not.

[*Going to catch him in her arms, when Garcio takes off his plumed cap and bows profoundly: she utters a faint cry and shrinks back.*]

Garcio. Lady, I see this doffed cap
hath discovered
A face less welcome than the one you looked
for.

Pardon a stranger's presence; I've presumed

Thus to intrude, as friend of Ermingard,
Who bade me—

Aur. Bade thee! is he then at hand?

Gar. Ah, would he were!

As we have learned, the Knights of blessed
St. John

Did from the field of dying and of wounded
Many convey, who in their house of charity
All care and solace had; but with the
names,

Recorded as within their walls received,
His is not found; therefore we must account him

With those who, shrouded in an unknown
fate,

Are as the dead lamented, as the dead,
For ever from our worldly care dismissed.

Aur. Lamented he shall be; but from
my care

Dismissed as are the dead—that is impos-
sible!

Ter. Nay, listen to advice so wise and
needful;

It is the friend of Ermingard who says,
Let him within thy mind be as the dead.

Aur. My within repels the thought: it
cannot be.

No; till his corse bereft of life is found,
Till this is sworn, and proved, and wit-
nessed to me,

Within my breast he shall be living still.

Ter. Wilt thou yet vainly watch night
after night,

To guide his bark who never will return?

Aur. Who never will return! And
thinkest thou

To bear me down with such presumptuous
words?

Heaven makes me strong against thee.

There is a Power above that calms the
storm;

Restrains the mighty; gives the dead to
life:—

I will in humble faith my watch still keep;
Force only shall restrain me.

Gar. Force never shall, thou noble,
ardent spirit;

Thy generous confidence would almost
tempt me

To think it will be justified.

Aur. Ha! sayest thou so? A blessing
rest upon thee

For these most cheering words! Some
guardian power
Whispers within thee.—No; we'll not de-
spair.

* * * * *

Viola. A rousing light! Good Stephen
hath full well

Obedyed your earnest bidding.—Fays and
witches

Might round its blaze their midnight re-
velry

Right fitly keep.

Ter. Ay; thou lovest wilds and
darkness,

And fire and storms, and things unsooth
and strange:

This suits thee well. Methinks, in gazing
on it,

Thy face a witch-like eagerness assumes.

Viola. I'll be a goblin, then, and round
it dance.

Did not Aurora say we thus should hold
This nightly vigil? Yea, such were her
words.

Aur. They were light bubbles of some
mantling thought,

That now is flat and spiritless; and yet,
If thou art so inclined, ask not my leave,
Dance if thou wilt.

Viola. Nay, not alone, sweet sooth!
Witches themselves some fiend-like part-
ners find.

Ter. And so mayest thou. Look yon-
der; near the flame

A crested figure stands. That is not
Stephen.

Aur. (*eagerly*). A crested figure! Where?
Oh, call to it.

Bastiani comes forward.

Ter. 'Tis Bastiani.

Aur. Ay, 'tis Bastiani:

'Tis he, or any one, 'tis ever thus:

So is my fancy mocked.

Bastiani. If I offend you, madam, 'tis
unwillingly.

Stephen has for a while gone to the beach
To help some fishermen, who, as I guess,
Against the tide would force their boat to
land.

He'll soon return; meantime, I did entreat
him

To let me watch his Beacon. Pardon me;
I had not else intruded; though full oft

I've clambered o'er these cliffs, even at
this hour,

To see the ocean from its sabled breast

The flickering gleam of these bright flames
return.

Aur. Make no excuse, I pray thee. I
am told

By good Terentia, thou dost wish me well,
Though Ulrick long has been thy friend.
I know

A wanderer on the seas in early youth
Thou wast, and still canst feel for all storm-
tossed

On that rude element.

Bast. 'Tis true, fair lady: I have been,
ere now,

Where such a warning light, sent from the
shore,

Had saved some precious lives; which
makes the task

I now fulfil more grateful.

Aur. How many leagues from shore
may such a light

By the benighted mariner be seen?

Bast. Some six or so, he will descry it
faintly,

Like a small star, or hermit's taper, peering
From some caved rock that brows the
dreary waste;

Or like the lamp of some lone lazaret-house
Which through the silent night the travel-
ler spies

Upon his doubtful way.

Viola. Fie on such images!

Thou shouldst have likened it to things
more seemly.

Thou mightst have said the peasant's even-
ing fire

That from his upland cot, through winter's
gloom,

What time his wife their evening meal pre-
pares,

Blinks on the traveller's eye, and cheers his
heart;

Or signal-torch, that from my lady's bower
Tells wandering knights the revels are
begun;

Or blazing brand, that from the vintage-
house

O' long October nights, through the still air
Looks rousingly.—To have our gallant

Beacon

Ta'en for a lazaret-house!

Bast. Well, maiden, as thou wilt; thy
gentle mistress

Of all these things may choose what likes
her best,

To paint more clearly how her noble fire
The distant seamen cheers, who bless the

while

The hand that kindled it.

Aur.

Shall I be blessed
By wandering men returning to their
homes?

By those from shipwreck saved, again to
cheer

Their wives, their friends, their kindred?
Blessed by those!

And shall it not a blessing call from heaven?
It will; my heart leaps at the very thought;

The seaman's blessing rests upon my
head

To charm my wanderer home.

—:O:—

LEIGH HUNT.

1784—1859.

AN UNHAPPY WIFE.

Ginevra (cheerfully). THE world seems
glad after its hearty drink

Of rain. I feared, when you came back
this morning,

The shower had stopped you, or that you
were ill.

Ago. You feared!—you hoped. What
fear you that I fear,

Or hope for that I hope for? A truce,
madam,

To these exordiums and pretended in-
terests,

Whose only shallow intent is to delay,
Or to divert, the sole dire subject,—me.

Soh! you would see the spectacle! you,
who start

At openings of doors and falls of pins.
Trumpets and drums quiet a lady's nerves,

And a good hacking blow at a tournament
Equals burnt feathers or hartshorn for a

stimulus

To pretty household tremblers.

Gin. I expressed
No wish to see the tournament, nor in-
deed

Anything, of my own accord, or contrary
To your good judgment.

Ago. Oh, of course not. Wishes
Are never expressed for, or by, contraries;

Nor the good judgment of an anxious
husband

Held forth as a pleasant thing to differ
with.

Gin. It is as easy as sitting in my chair
To say I will not go; and I will not.

Be pleased to think that settled.

Ago. The more easily
As 'tis expected I *should* go, is it not?
And then you will sit happy at receipt
Of letters from Antonio Rondinelli.

Gin. Returned unopened, sir.

Ago. How many?

Gin. Three.

Ago. You are correct as to those three.

How many

Opened?—Your look, madam, is wondrous
logical;

Conclusive of mere pathos of astonishment;
And crammed with scorn, from pure un-
scornfulness.

I have, 'tis true, strong doubts of your re-
gard

For him or any one;—of your love of
power

None,—as you know I have reason;—
though you take

Ways of refined provokingness to wreak it.
Antonio knows these fools you saw but

now,

And fools have foolish friendships, and bad
leagues

For getting a little power, not natural to
them,

Out of their laughed-at betters. Be it as
it may,

All this, I will not have these prying idlers
Put my domestic troubles to the blush.

Now you sit thus, in ostentatious meek-
ness,

Playing the victim with a pretty breath,
And smiles that say "God help me."—

Well, madam,

What do you say?

Gin. I say I will do whatever
You think best and desire.

Ago. And make the worst of it
By whatsoever may mislead and vex?

There—now you make a pretty sign, as
though

Your silence were compelled.

Gin. What can I say,
Or what, alas! not say, and not be chided?

You should not use me thus. I have not
strength for it

So great as you may think. My late sharp
illness

Has left me weak.

Ago. I've known you weaker, madam,
But never feeble enough to want the

strength

Of contest and perverseness. Oh, men too,
Men may be weak, even from the magna-

nimity

Of strength itself; and women can take

Advantages, that were in me! but coward-
ice.

Gin. (*aside*). Dear Heaven! what hum-
blest doubts of our self-knowledge

Should we not feel, when tyranny can talk
thus!

Ago. Can you pretend, madam, with
your surpassing

Candour and heavenly kindness, that you
never

Uttered one gentle-sounding word, not
meant

To give the hearer pain? me pain? your
husband?

Whom in all evil thoughts you so pretend
To be unlike?

Gin. I cannot dare pretend it.
I am a woman, not an angel.

Ago. Ay,
See there—you have! you own it! how

pretend, then,
To make such griefs of every petty syllable

Wrung from myself by everlasting scorn?

Gin. One pain is not a thousand; nor
one wrong,

Acknowledged and repented of, the habit
Of unprovoked and unrepented years.

Ago. Of unprovoked! Oh, let all pro-
vocation

Take every brutish shape it can devise
To try endurance with; taunt it in failure,

Grind it in want, stoop it with family
shames,

Make gross the name of mother, call it
fool,

Pandar, slave, coward, or whatsoever op-
probrium

Makes the soul swoon within its rage, for
want

Of some great answer, terrible as its wrong,
And it shall be as nothing to this miserable,

Mean, meek-voiced, most malignant lie of
lies;

This angel-mimicking non-provocation
From one too cold to enrage, too weak to

tread on!

You never loved me once—you loved me
not—

Never did—no, not when before the altar,
With a mean coldness, a worldly-minded

coldness,
And lie on your lips, you took me for your

husband,
Thinking to have a house, a purse, a liberty,

By, but not for, the man you scorned to
love!

Gin. I scorned you not—and knew not
what scorn was—

Being scarcely past a child, and knowing
nothing
But trusting thoughts and innocent daily
habits.

Oh, could you trust yourself!—But why
repeat

What still is thus repeated day by day,
Still ending with the question, "Why re-
peat?" [*Rising and moving about.*]

You make the blood at last mount to my
brain,

And tax me past endurance. What have
I done,

Good God! what have I done, that I am
thus

At the mercy of a mystery of tyranny,
Which from its victim demand every virtue,
And brings it none?

Ago. I thank you, madam, humbly.
That was sincere, at least.

Gin. I beg your pardon.
Anger is ever excessive, and speaks wrong.

Ago. This is the gentle, patient, unpro-
voked

And unprovoking, never-answering she!

Gin. Nay, nay, say on;—I do deserve
it,—I,

Who speak such evil of anger, and then
am angry.

Yet you might pity me too, being like your-
self,

In fellowship there at least.

Ago. A taunt in friendliness!
Meekness's happiest condescension!

Gin. No,
So help me Heaven!—I but spoke in con-
sciousness

Of what was weak on both sides. There's
a love

In that, would you but know it and en-
courage it.

The consciousness of wrong, in wills not
evil,

Brings charity. Be you but charitable,
And I am grateful, and we both shall learn.

Ago. I am conscious of no wrong in this
dispute,

Nor when we dispute ever,—except the
wrong

Done to myself by a will still more wilful,
Because less moved and less ingenuous.

Let them get charity that show it.

Gin. (*who has reseated herself*). I pray
you,

Let Fiodilisa come to me. My lips
Will show you that I faint.

HENRY TAYLOR.

A PERFECT WOMAN.

Artevelde. SHE was a creature framed
by love divine

For mortal love to muse a life away
In pondering her perfections; so un-
moved

Amidst the world's contentions, if they
touched

No vital chord nor troubled what she
loved,

Philosophy might look her in the face,
And like a hermit stooping to the well
That yields him sweet refreshment, might
therein

See but his own serenity reflected
With a more heavenly tenderness of hue!

Yet whilst the world's ambitious empty
cares,

Its small disquietudes and insect stings
Disturbed her never, she was one made
up

Of feminine affections, and her life
Was one full stream of love from fount to
sea.

Such was her inward being, which to fit
With answerable grace of outward favour,
Nature bestowed corporeal beauty bright,
Framed in such mood of passionate con-
ception

As when the Godhead, from a dream of
love

Awaking, with poetic rapture seized,
Substantiates the vision, and the form
His dreaming fancy feigned, creates alive.
—These are but words.

—O—

ARTEVELDE'S VISION.

Elena. LOVE is eternal.
Whatever dies, that lives, I feel and know.
It is too great a thing to die.

Artevelde. So be it!
Elena. But, Artevelde, you shall not
lead me off

Through by-ways from my quest. Touch-
ing this sight

Which you have seen?

Arte. Touching this eye-creation;
What is it to surprise us? Here we are
Engendered out of nothing cognizable.

If this be not a wonder, nothing is;
If this be wonderful, then all is so.

* * * * *

What should forbid his fancy to restore
A being passed away? The wonder lies
In the mind merely of the wondering man.
Treading the steps of common life with
eyes

Of curious inquisition, some will stare
At each discovery of nature's ways,
As it were new to find that God contrives.
The contrary were marvellous to me,
And till I find it I shall marvel not.
Or all is wonderful, or nothing is.
As for this creature of my eyes—

Elena. What was it?

The semblance of a human creature?

Arte. Yes.

Elena. Like any you had known in life?

Arte. Most like;

Or more than like, it was the very same.
It was the image of my wife.

Elena. Of her

The Lady Adriana?

Arte. My dead wife.

Elena. O God! how strange!

Arte. And wherefore? — wherefore
strange?

Why should not fancy summon to its
presence

This shape as soon as any?

Elena. Gracious Heaven!

And were you not afraid?

Arte. I felt no fear.

Dejected I had been before: that sight
Inspired a deeper sadness, but no fear.
Nor had it struck that sadness to my soul
But for the dismal cheer the thing put on,
And the unsightly points of circumstance
That sullied its appearance and departure.

Elena. For how long saw you it?

Arte. I cannot tell.

I did not mark.

Elena. And what was that appearance
You say was so unsightly?

Arte. She appeared
In white, as when I saw her last, laid out
After her death; suspended in the air
She seemed, and o'er her breast her arms
were crossed;

Her feet were drawn together pointing
downwards,

And rigid was her form and motionless.
From near her heart, as if the source were
there,

A stain of blood went wavering to her
feet.

So she remained inflexible as stone,
And I as fixedly regarding her.

Then suddenly, and in a line oblique,
Thy figure darted past her, whereupon,
Though rigid still and straight, she down-
ward moved,

And as she pierced the river with her feet
Descending steadily, the streak of blood
Peeled off upon the water, which, as she
vanished,

Appeared all blood, and swelled and
weltered sore.

And midmost in the eddy and the whirl
My own face saw I, which was pale and
calm

As death could make it:—then the vision
passed,

And I perceived the river and the bridge,
The mottled sky and horizontal moon,
The distant camp, and all things as they
were.

Elena. If you are not afraid to see such
things,

I am to hear them.

—o—

THE PLATFORM AT THE TOP OF THE STEEPLE OF ST. NICHOLAS'S CHURCH, GHENT.

Time—Daybreak.

Artevelde (alone). THERE lies a sleeping
city. God of dreams,

What an unreal and fantastic world
Is going on below!

Within the sweep of yon encircling wall,
How many a large creation of the night,
Wide wilderness and mountain, rock and
sea,

Peopled with busy transitory groups,
Finds room to rise, and never feels the
crowd!

—If when the shows had left the dreamers'
eyes

They should float upward visibly to mine,
How thick with apparitions were that void!
But now the blank and blind profundity
Turns my brain giddy with a sick aversion.

—I have not slept. I am to blame for that.
Long vigils, joined with scant and meagre
food,

Must needs impair that promptitude of
mind

And cheerfulness of spirit, which in him
Who leads a multitude, is past all price.
I think I could redeem an hour's repose
Out of the night that I have squandered,
yet

The breezes, launched upon their early voyage,

Play with a pleasing freshness on my face.
I will enfold my cloak about my limbs
And lie where I shall front them;—here,
I think. [*He lies down.*]

If this were over—blessèd be the calm
That comes to me at last! A friend in need
Is nature to us, that, when all is spent,
Brings slumber—bountifully—whereupon
We give her sleepy welcome—if all this
Were honourably over—Adriana—

[*Falls asleep, but starts up almost instantly.*
I heard a hoof, a horse's hoof, I'll swear,
Upon the road from Bruges.—or did I
dream?

No! 'tis the gallop of a horse at speed.

Van den Bosch (without). What ho! Van
Artevelde!

Arte. Who calls?

Van (entering). 'Tis I.

Thou art an early riser, like myself;

Or is it that thou hast not been to bed?

Arte. What are thy tidings?

Van. Nay, what can they be?

A page from pestilence and famine's day-
book;

So many to the pest-house carried in,

So many to the dead-house carried out.

The same dull, dismal, damnable old story.

Arte. Be quiet: listen to the westerly
wind,

And tell me if it bring thee nothing new.

Van. Nought to my ear, save howl of
hungry dog,

That hears the house is stirring—nothing
else.

Arte. No,—now I hear it not myself—
no—nothing.

The city's hum is up—but ere you came
'T was audible enough.

Van. In God's name, what?

Arte. A horseman's tramp upon the
road from Bruges.

Van. Why, then, be certain, 'tis a flag
of truce!

If once he reach the city, we are lost,

Nay, if he be but seen, our danger's great.

What terms so bad they would not swallow
now?

Let's send some trusty varlets forth at once
To cross his way.

Arte. And send him back to Bruges?

Van. Send him to hell—and that's a
better place.

Arte. Nay, softly, Van den Bosch; let
war be war,

But let us keep its ordinances.

Van.

Tush!

I say, but let them see him from afar,
And in an hour shall we, bound hand and
foot,

Be on our way to Bruges.

Arte.

Not so, not so.

My rule of governance has not been such
As e'er to issue in so foul a close.

Van. What matter by what rule thou

may'st have governed?

Think'st thou a hundred thousand citizens
Shall stay the fury of their empty maws

Because thou 'st ruled them justly?

Arte.

It may be

That such a hope is mine.

Van.

Then thou art mad,

And I must take this matter on myself.

[*Is going.*]

Arte. Hold, Van den Bosch! I say this
shall not be.

I must be madder than I think I am

Ere I shall yield up my authority,

Which I abuse not, to be used by thee.

Van. This comes of lifting dreamers
into power.

I tell thee, in this strait and stress of famine,
The people, but to pave the way for peace,

Would instantly dispatch our heads to
Bruges.

Once and again I warn thee that thy life
Hangs by a thread.

Arte.

Why, know I not it does?

What hath it hung by else since Titas' eve?

Did I not by mine own advised choice

Place it in jeopardy for certain ends?

And what were these? To prop thy tot-
tering state?

To float thee o'er a leaf, and, that per-
formed,

To cater for our joint security?

No, verily; not such my high ambition.

I bent my thoughts on yonder city's weal;

I looked to give it victory and freedom;

And working to that end, by consequence

From one great peril did deliver thee—

Not for the love of thee or of thy life,

Which I regard not, but the city's service;

And, if for that same service it seem good,

I will expose thy life to equal hazard.

Van.

Thou wilt?

Arte. I will.

Van.

O Lord! to hear him speak!

What a most mighty emperor of puppets

Is this that I have brought upon the board?

But how if he that made it should unmake?

Arte. Unto His sovereignty who truly
made me

With infinite humility I bow!

Both, both of us are puppets, Van den Bosch;
Part of the curious clock-work of this world.

We scold, and squeak, and crack each other's crowns;

And if, by twitches, moved from wires we see not,

I were to toss thee from this steeple's top, I should be but the instrument—no more—

The tool of that chastising Providence, Which doth exalt the lowly, and abase

The violent and proud; but let me hope Such is not mine appointed task to-day.

Thou passest in the world for worldly-wise: Then, seeing we must sink or swim together,

What can it profit thee, in this extreme Of our distress, to wrangle with me thus

For my supremacy and rule? Thy fate Is of necessity bound up with mine.

Must needs partake my cares: let that suffice

To put thy pride to rest till better times. Contest—most reasonably wrong—a prize More precious than the ordering of a shipwreck.

Van. Tush, tush, Van Artevelde! thou talk'st and talk'st,

And honest burghers think it wondrous fine.

But thou might'st easier with that tongue of thine

Persuade yon smoke to fly i' the face o' the wind,

Than talk away my wit and understanding. I say yon herald shall not enter here.

Arte. I know, sir, no man better, where my talk

Is serviceable singly, where it needs To be by acts enforced. I say, beware,

And brave not mine authority too far.

Van. Hast thou authority to take my life?

What is it else to let yon herald in To bargain for our blood?

Arte. Thy life again! Why, what a very slave of life art thou!

Look round about on this once populous town;

Not one of these numerous house-tops But hides some spectral form of misery.

Some peevish pining child and moaning mother,

Some aged man that in his dotage scolds, Not knowing why he hungers, some cold

corse, That lies unstraightened where the spirit left it.

Look round, and answer what thy life can be

To tell upon the balance of such scales. I too would live—I have a love for life;

But, rather than to live to charge my soul With one hour's lengthening out of woes

like these, I'd leap this parapet with as free a bound

As e'er was schoolboy's o'er a garden wall.

Van. I'd like to see thee do it.

Arte. I know thou wouldst; But for the present be content to see

My less precipitous descent; for, lo! There comes the herald o'er the hill.

[*Exit.* *Van.* Beshrew me!
Thou shalt not have the start of me in this.

[*He follows, and the scene closes.*

—:O:—

JAMES S. KNOWLES.

1784—1862.

FORUM SCENE.

Appius. SEPARATE them, Lictors!

Virginus. Let them forbear awhile, I pray you, Appius:

It is not very easy. Though her arms Are tender, yet the hold is strong, by which

She grasps me, Appius—forcing them will hurt them, [but a little—

They'll soon unclasp themselves. Wait You know you're sure of her!

App. I have not time To idle with thee, give her to my Lictors.

Virginus. Appius, I pray you wait! If she is not

My child, she hath been like a child to me For fifteen years. If I am not her father,

I have been like a father to her, Appius, For even such a time. They that have

lived So long a time together, in so near

And dear society, may be allowed A little time for parting. Let me take

The maid aside, I pray you, and confer A moment with her nurse; perhaps she'll

give me Some token, will unloose a tie, so twined

And knotted round my heart, that, if you break it,

My heart breaks with it.

App. Have your wish. Be brief! Lictors! look to them.

Virginia. Do you go from me!
Do you leave! Father! father!

Virginus. No, my child!
No, my Virginia—come along with me.

Virginia. Will you not leave me? Will
you take me with you?

Will you take me home again? Oh, bless
you, bless you!

My father! my dear father! Art thou not
My father?

[*Virginus, perfectly at a loss what to
do, looks anxiously around the Forum; at
length his eye falls on a butcher's stall, with
a knife upon it.*]

Virginus. This way, my child—No,
no! I am not going

To leave thee, my Virginia! I'll not leave
thee.

App. Keep back the people, soldiers!
Let them not [back]

Approach Virginia. Keep the people
[*Virginus secures the knife.*]

Well, have you done?

Virginus. Short time for converse,
Appius;

But I have.

App. I hope you are satisfied.

Virginus. I am—

I am—that she is my daughter!

App. Take her, Lictors!

[*Virginia shrieks and falls half dead
upon her father's shoulder.*]

Virginus. Another moment pray you.
Bear with me

A little—'tis my last embrace. 'T won't try
Your patience beyond bearing, if you're a
man!

Lengthen it as I may I cannot make it
Long. My dear child! My dear Virginia!

[*kissing her.*]
There is one only way to save thine
honour—

'Tis this!

[*Stabs her, and draws out the knife.
Icilius breaks from the soldiers that held
him, and catches her.*]

Lo! Appius! with this innocent blood
I do devote thee to th' infernal gods!

Make way, there!

App. Stop him! seize him!
Virginus. If they dare

To tempt the desperate weapon that is
maddened [let them. Thus,

With drinking my daughter's blood, why
It runs in amongst them. Way there!

Way! [*Exit through the Soldiers.*]

—:O:—

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

1789—1855.

CUNIGUNDA'S VOW.

Albert. CUNIGUNDA,
Hast thou not sworn to yield thy hand to
none

Save him who rides unscathed around
these steep

And narrow walls? Is not that oath pro-
claimed

On earth, and registered in heaven?

Cunigunda. Alas!

Albert. And I too have a vow recorded
there

To do this deed or perish.

Cunigunda. Oh, go not!

Not yet! not yet!

Albert. Why should I dally?

Cunigunda. Stay

A month, a little month! Thou wilt not?

Then

A week, a day, an hour! Grant but such
respite

As the poor sentenced criminal may claim
When he craves time for prayer.—Oh, go

not yet!

Not yet! not yet!

Albert. Is this the soft relenting
Of woman's tender heart to all whom pain

Or danger threaten? Didst thou thus
implore

Henry of Cassel? or the gentle boy,

Young Rudolf of Thuringia?

Cunigunda. No. Oh, frown not;
Nor turn away thy head, nor snatch thy

hand

From mine! They knew the peril that
they braved,

And they would brave that peril. Canst
thou blame me

That I ne'er loved afore? that I love now?
Oh, go not, Albert?

Albert. Lady I am bound

By a strong fettering vow.—If I return

This hand is mine?

Cunigunda. Ay, hand and heart. Yet
go not!

Beseech thee, stay with me!

Albert. When I come back
Thou art wholly mine?

Cunigunda. Ay, ay. But go not yet!

Albert. Mine to dispose even as I will?

Cunigunda. Ay, dearest,

Even as thou wilt. But stay with me
awhile!

Stay! stay!

[*Exit Albert.*]

Editha. He's gone!

Cunigunda. Oh, stop him! Say I beg!
Say I command! Fly! fly!

[*Exit Otto.*

And yet my oath,
My fatal, fatal oath! Without such trial
We may not wed. But, oh, to see him
dashed,
As they have been, from off the wall, and
lain
A pale disfigured corse—Oh, horror!
horror!

* * * * *

Cunigunda. Old man, art thou turned
flatterer?

He'll perish.

Ernest. I beheld the manèged steed
Ascend the steep and narrow stair; a steed
Of Araby, light-limbed and fine, with eyes
Of living fire half starting from his slim
And veiny head; a hot and mettled steed;
Yet trained to such obedience, that each
motion

Of the swift foot seemed guided by the will
Of the bold rider, even as they had been
One and incorporate. If man may achieve
This perilous deed, the Falcon Knight
alone—

Cunigunda. Ernest, thou shalt have
lands enow to make

Thyself a belted knight! Now blessings
on thee

That bring'st me hope!—But Edith, Ger-
trude, Otto,

Why come they not? I could have won
to Prague

And back, in half the time. Why come
they not?

Good tidings find swift messengers. Alas!
I fear, I fear!

Ernest. Shall I go seek them?

Cunigunda. No.

The abyss, the dread abyss, where the old
wall

Shelving, and steep, and crumbling, over-
hangs [height

The vale of Hirschberg from such dizzying
As never plummet fathomed,—that abyss—

Henry of Cassel there, and the good knight
Of Olmutz—Oh, I have been cruel, Ernest,

And for my sins he'll die! to punish me
He'll die! he'll die!

* * * * *

Editha. The leap is past,
The Falcon Knight is safe.

Cunigunda. My Editha,
Ask what thou wilt of me, Was ever
woman

So blest before! The Falcon Knight is
mine,

Mine own, and I am his. Oh, thanks to
Heaven!

Now, ye that called my vow cruel and rash,
What say ye now?

Ernest. Alas! dear lady, still
I grieve for them that—

Cunigunda. Talk not of them. Think
What were a thousand such as they, com-
pared

With the bold Falcon Knight!—Editha,
Gertrude,

Albert will come to claim his bride; wipe off
These blistering tears, braid this dis-
hevelled hair,

Adjust my wimple and my veil;—my
knight

Will come to claim his bride.

Enter Sir Albert and a Page.

He comes! away!

I was a fool to think of vanity.

He will not love his Cunigunda less

That she hath lain on the stone floor in
prayer

And tearful agony, whilst he hath dared

This perilous deed.—Albert!

Albert (to the Page). Lead Saladin
Gently around the court. He trembles
still

At the o'ermastered danger.

Cunigunda. Albert!

Albert (still to the Page). Loosen
The foaming bit. It is a matchless steed.

Cunigunda. Oh, matchless! matchless!
I myself would be

His groom. But, Albert!—

Albert. When he's cooler, bid
Thy comrade, Jerome, ride him back to
Prague.

Bring thou another courser straight. The
day

Wears on. [*Exit Page.*

Cunigunda. Sir Albert!

Albert. Madam?

Cunigunda. Hast thou not
A word for Cunigunda? Dost thou stand

There, like some breathing marble in thy
cold,

Stern, haughty beauty, mute and motion-
less,

With arms close-folded and down-gazing'
eyes,

No thought for Cunigunda, not a word
For her whom thou hast won, not even a
look?

Dost thou not claim me, Albert?

Albert. Lady, no.
I have a wife—ay, start and tremble! turn
As pale as winter snows! feel every pang
That thou hast caused and scorned!—I
have a wife,

A sweet and gracious woman; beautiful
Beyond all beauty, for the blush of love,
The smile of kindness, and the dancing
light

Of those joy-kindling eyes in whose bright
play

The innocent spirit revels, blend their
spell

With features delicate as lily-bells,
A shape more graceful than the clustering
vine.

Talk of thy stately charms! At Ida's side
Thou would'st show coarse and sunburnt,
as the brown

And rugged elm beside the shining beech.
Ay, shrink and tremble! hide thy burning
cheeks

Within thy quivering hands!—Wilt thou
hear more?—

This lovely loving wife, my three years'
bride,

And twice a mother,—oh, none ever bent
With such a grace as she o'er sleeping
babes,

Nor ever youthful mother bent o'er babes
So like the Cherubim!—This wife, so fair,
So sweet, so womanly, whose pitying heart
Would ache to see a sparrow die, this wife
I love.

Cunigunda. Why, then—oh, cruel!

Albert. Dar'st thou talk
Of cruelty, proud murderess, whose meed
For true love hath been death? Whose
sinful vow

Slew the most gracious boy of all the earth,
The hope and pride and joy of his high
line—

Young Rudolf of Thuringia, my dear
brother,

My dear and only brother?

Ernest. 'Tis Duke Albert!
Yet pity her! See how she smites her
brow,

And tears her raven hair!

Albert. Where was her pity
When that fair boy—Murderess, 'tis Ru-
dolf's brother

That speaks to thee, When first I heard
that tale,

Several revenges—deadly, bloody, fierce,
All that the body can endure of keen
And lengthened agony, the rack, the
wheel

The stake, rushed through my brain, but
they had been

A poor and trivial vengeance, all unmeet
For such o'erwhelming wrong; my cunning
hate

Hath found a more enduring curse. Thou
lov'st me,

Thou lov'st me, Cunigunda, with the hot
Wild passion of thy nature, and I scorn
thee!

Thou art contemned and loathed by whom
thou lov'st;

Won and abandoned; spurned and thrown
aside

Like an infected garment! The plaguc-
spot

Of sin is on thee, woman; blackest
shame

Shall follow like thy shadow. 'Twas for
this

I donned the mask of courtship; for this
trained

My faithful steed. Thy worthless hand
is mine;—

Nay, touch me not, hang not about my
knees,—

Mine to bestow. Some horse-boy of my
train

Shall prove thy fitting partner.

Editha. Oh, for pity!
For manly pity, good my lord, break not
The bruised flower.

Cunigunda. Be silent, Editha.
I have deserved all evil. Deal with me
Even as thou wilt, Duke Albert. I've
deserved

Thy hate—but soon my heart—my burst-
ing heart—

Deal with me as thou wilt. 'Twill not be
long.

Albert. Nay, then—Rise, Cunigunda!
Lift thy face

From off the ground, and listen. I'll not
break

The bruised flower. Live and repent. In
prayer

And pious penance live. The cloister cell
Were thy meet refuge. By to-morrow's

dawn

Go join the Carmelites at Prague. For them
Who died untimely, for thyself, for me,

And for my children pray.—Now home,
Sir Page.

My steed! my steed!

[*Exeunt.*

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

1775—1864.

WALTER TYRREL AND WILLIAM RUFUS.

Rufus. TYRREL, spur onward ! we must
not await
The laggard lords : when they have heard
the dogs,
I warrant they will follow fast enough,
Each for his haunch. Thy roan is mettlesome ;
How the rogue sidles up to me, and claims
Acquaintance with young Yorkshire ! not
afraid
Of wrinkling lip, nor ear laid down like
grass,
By summer thunder-shower on Windsor
mead.

* * * * *

Rufus. Where are the lords ?

Tyrrel. Gone past your grace, bare-headed,
And falling in the rear.

Rufus. Well, prick them on.
I care but little for the chase to-day,
Although the scent lies sweetly. To knock
down

My paling is vexatious. We must see
Our great improvements in this forest ;
what

Of roads blockt up, of hamlets swept away,
Of lurking dens called cottages, and
cells,

And hermitages. Tyrrel ! thou didst right
And dutifully, to remove the house
Of thy forefathers. 'Twas an odd request
To leave the dovecote for the sake of those
Flea-bitten blind old pigeons. There it
stands !

But, in God's name ! what mean these
hives ? the bees

May sting my dogs.

Tyrrel. They hunt not in the summer.

Rufus. They may torment my fawns.

Tyrrel. Sir ! not unless
Driven from their hives ; they like the flowers
much better.

Rufus. Flowers ! and leave flowers too ?

Tyrrel. Only some half-wild,
In tangled knots ; balm, clary, marjoram.

Rufus. What lies beyond this close briar
hedge, that smells

Through the thick dew upon it, pleasantly ?

Tyrrel. A poor low cottage : the dry
marl-pit shields it,

And, frail and unsupported like itself,

Peace-breathing honeysuckles comfort it
In its misfortunes.

Rufus. I am fain to laugh

At thy rank minstrelsy. A poor low
cottage !

Only a poor low cottage ! where, I ween,
A poor low maiden blesses Walter Tyrrel.

Tyrrel. It may be so.

Rufus. No ; it may not be so.
My orders were that all should be removed ;
And, out of special favour, special trust
In thee, Sir Walter, I consigned the care
Into thy hands, of razing thy own house
And those about it ; since thou hast
another

Fairer and newer, and more lands around.

Tyrrel. Hall, chapel, chamber, cellar,
turret, grange,
Are level with the grass.

Rufus. What negligence
To leave the work then incomplete, when
little [and start

Was there remaining ! Strip that roof,
Thy petty game from cover.

Tyrrel. Oh, my liege !
Command not this !

Rufus. Make me no confidant
Of thy base loves.

Tyrrel. Nor you, my liege, nor any :
None such hath Walter Tyrrel.

Rufus. Thou'rt at bay ;
Thou hast forgotten thy avowal, man !

Tyrrel. My father's house is (like my
father) gone ;

But in that house, and from that father's
heart

Mine grew into that likeness, and held
thence

Its rich possessions—God forgive my boast !
He bade me help the needy, raise the low—

Rufus. And stand against thy king !

Tyrrel. How many yokes
Of oxen, from how many villages
For miles around, brought I, at my own
charge,

To bear away the rafters and the beams
That were above my cradle at my birth,
And rang when I was christened to the
carouse

Of that glad father and his loyal friends !

Rufus. He kept good cheer, they tell me.

Tyrrel. Yonder thatch

Covers the worn-out woman at whose
breast

I hung, an infant.

Rufus. Ay ! and none beside ?
Tyrrel. Four sons have fallen in the
wars.

Rufus. Brave dogs!
Tyrrel. She hath none left.
Rufus. No daughter?
Tyrrel. One.
Rufus. I thought it.
 Unkenne! her.
Tyrrel. Grace! pity! mercy on her!

* * * *

The virtuous daughter of a virtuous mother
 Deserves not this, my liege!

Rufus. Am I to learn
 What any subject at my hand deserves?

Tyrrel. Happy, who dares to teach it,
 and who can!

Rufus. And thou, forsooth!

Tyrrel. I have done my duty, sire!

Rufus. Not half: perform the rest, or
 bide my wrath.

Tyrrel. What! break athwart my knee
 the staff of age?

Rufus. Question me, villain!

Tyrrel. Villain I am none.

Rufus. Retort my words! By all the
 saints! thou diest,

False traitor!

Tyrrel. Sire! no private wrong, no
 word

Spoken in angriness, no threat against
 My life or honour, urge me—

Rufus. Urge to what?
 Dismountest?

Tyrrel. On my knees, as best beseems,
 I ask—not pardon, sire! but spare, oh,
 spare

The child devoted, the deserted mother!

Rufus. Take her; take both.

Tyrrel. She loves her home; her limbs
 Fail her; her husband sleeps in that
 churchyard;

Her youngest child, born many years the
 last, [coffin.

Lies (not half-length) along the father's
 Such separate love grows stronger in the
 stem

(I have heard say) than others close to-
 gether,

And that, where pass these funerals, all
 life's spring

Vanishes from behind them, all the fruits
 Of riper age are shrivelled, every sheaf
 Husky; no gleaning left. She would die
 here,

Where from her bed she looks on his; no
 more

Able to rise, poor little soul! than he.

Rufus. Who would disturb them, child
 or father? where

Is the churchyard thou speakest of?

Tyrrel. Among
 Yon nettles; we have levelled all the graves.

Rufus. Right! or our horses might have
 stumbled on them.

Tyrrel. Your grace oft spares the guilty;
 spare the innocent!

Rufus. Up from the dew! thy voice is
 hoarse already.

Tyrrel. Yet God hath heard it. It en-
 treats again,

Once more, once only; spare this wretched
 house.

Rufus. No, nor thee neither.

Tyrrel. Speed me, God! and judge

O Thou! between the oppressor and op-
 prest!

[He pierces Rufus with an arrow.

—:O:—

THOMAS NOON TALFOURD.

1795—1854.

ADRASTUS'S TALE.

Adrastus. AT my birth
 This city, which, expectant of its prince,
 Lay hushed, broke out in clamorous
 ecstasies;

Yet, in that moment, while the uplifted
 cups

Foamed with the choicest product of the
 sun,

And welcome thundered from a thousand
 throats,

My doom was sealed. From the hearth's
 vacant space,

In the dark chamber where my mother
 lay,

Faint with the sense of pain-bought happi-
 ness,

Came forth, in heart-appalling tone, these
 words

Of me, the nursing—"Woe unto the babel
 Against the life which now begins shall life,

Lighted from thence, be armed, and, both
 soon quenched,

End this great line in sorrow!" Ere I
 grew

Of years to know myself a thing accursed,
 A second son was born, to steal the love

Which fate had else scarce rified: he became
 My parents' hope, the darling of the crew

Who lived upon their smiles, and thought
 it flattery

To trace in every foible of my youth—
 Aprince's youth—the workings of the curse;
 My very mother—Jove! I cannot bear
 To speak it now—looked freezingly upon
 me!

Ion. But thy brother?—

Ad. Died. Thou hast heard the lie,
 The common lie that every peasant tells
 Of me, his master—that I slew the boy.
 'Tis false! One summer's eve, below a crag
 Which, in his wilful mood, he strove to
 climb,

He lay a mangled corpse: the very slaves,
 Whose cruelty had shut him from my heart,
 Now coined their own injustice into proofs
 To brand me as his murderer.

Ion. Did they dare
 Accuse thee?

Ad. Not in open speech:—they felt
 I should have seized the miscreant by the
 throat,
 And crushed the lie half-spoken with the life
 Of the base speaker: but the tale looked out
 From the stolen gaze of coward eyes, which
 shrank

When mine have met them; murmured
 through the crowd

That at the sacrifice, or feast, or game,
 Stood distant from me; burnt into my soul,
 When I beheld it in my father's shudder!

Ion. Didst not declare thy innocence?

Ad. To whom?
 To parents who could doubt me? To the
 ring

Of grave impostors, or their shallow sons,
 Who should have studied to prevent my
 wish

Before it grew to language; hailed my
 choice

To service as a prize to wrestle for;
 And whose reluctant courtesy I bore,
 Pale with proud anger, till from lips com-
 pressed

The blood has started? To the common
 herd,

The vassals of our ancient house, the mass
 Of bones and muscles framed to till the soil
 A few brief years, then rot unnamed be-
 neath it;

Or, decked for slaughter at their master's
 call,

To smite and to be smitten, and lie crushed
 In heaps to swell his glory or his shame?
 Answer to them? No! though my heart
 had burst,

As it was nigh to bursting! To the moun-
 tains

I fled, and on their pinnacles of snow

Breasted the icy wind, in hope to cool
 My spirit's fever—struggled with the oak
 In search of weariness, and learned to rive
 Its stubborn boughs, till limbs once lightly
 strung

Might mate in cordage with its infant
 stems;

Or on the sea-beat rock tore off the vest
 Which burnt upon my bosom, and to an
 Headlong committed, clove the water's
 depth

Which plummet never sounded;—but in
 vain.

Ion. Yet succour came to thee?

Ad. A blessed one!
 Which the strange magic of thy voice re-
 vives,

And thus unlocks my soul. My rapid steps
 Were in a wood-encircled valley stayed
 By the bright vision of a maid, whose face
 Most lovely, more than loveliness revealed
 In touch of patient grief, which dearer
 seemed

Than happiness to spirit seared like mine.
 With feeble hands she strove to lay in earth
 The body of her aged sire, whose death
 Left her alone. I aided her sad work;
 And soon, two lonely ones by holy rites
 Became one happy being. Days, weeks,
 months,

In streamlike unity flowed silent by us
 In our delightful nest. My father's spies—
 Slaves, whom my nod should have con-
 signed to stripes

Or the swift falchion—tracked our sylvan
 home,

Just as my bosom knew its second joy,
 And, spite of fortune, I embraced a son.

Ion. Urged by thy trembling parents to
 avert
 That dreadful prophecy.

Ad. Fools! did they deem
 Its worst accomplishment could match the
 ill

Which they wrought on me? It had left
 unharmed

A thousand ecstasies of passionate years,
 Which, tasted once, live ever, and disdain
 Fate's iron grapple! Could I now behold
 That son with knife uplifted at my heart,
 A moment ere my life-blood followed it,
 I would embrace him with my dying eyes,
 And pardon destiny! While jocund smiles
 Wreathed on the infant's face, as if sweet
 spirits

Suggested pleasant fancies to its soul,
 The ruffians broke upon us—seized the
 child—

Dashed through the thicket to the beetling
rock

'Neath which the deep sea eddies; I stood
still,

As stricken into stone: I heard him cry,
Pressed by the rudeness of the murderers'
gripe,

Severer ill unfearing—then the splash
Of waters that shall cover him for ever;
And could not stir to save him!

Ion. And the mother?—

Ad. She spake no word; but clasped
me in her arms,

And lay her down to die! A lingering gaze
Of love she fixed on me—none other loved—
And so passed from hence. By Jupiter!
her look—

Her dying patience glimmers in thy face!
She lives again! She looks upon me now!
There's magic in't. Bear with me—I am
childish.

—o—

THE JOY OF GRIEF.

Ion. Clemanthe.

Ion. No, thou must live, my fair one.
There are a thousand joyous things in life
Which pass unheeded in a life of joy
(As thine hath been), till breezy sorrow
comes

To ruffle it; and daily duties paid,
Hardly at first, at length will bring repose
To the sad mind that studies to perform
them.

—Thou dost not mark me.

Clem. Oh, I do! I do!

Ion. If for thy brother's and thy father's
sake

Thou art content to live, the teacher, Time,
Will reconcile thee to the lovely things
Of this delightful world.

—o—

ION'S DEATH.

Ion. I THANK you for your greeting.—
Shout no more,

But in deep silence raise your hearts to
Heaven, [frail

That it may strengthen me, so young and
As I am, for the business of this hour.
Must I sit here?

Medon. Permit thy earliest friend,
Who propped, in infancy, thy tottering
steps,

To lead thee to thy throne, and thus fulfil
His fondest vision.

Ion. Thou art still most kind—

Medon. Nay, do not think of me, my
son! my son!

What ails thee? When thou shouldst re-
flect the joy

Of Argos, the strange paleness of the grave
Marbles thy face.

Ion. Am I indeed so pale?

It is a solemn office I assume;

Yet thus, with Phœbus' blessing, I embrace
it. [Sits on the throne.

Stand forth, Agenor!

Agenor. I await thy will.

Ion. To thee I look, as to the wisest
friend

Of this afflicted people;—thou must leave
A while the quiet which thy life hath earned,
To rule our councils; fill the seats of justice
With good men, not so absolute in good-
ness

As to forget what human frailty is;

And order my sad country.

Agenor. Pardon me—

Ion. Nay, I will promise 'tis my last re-
quest;

Thou never couldst deny me what I sought
In boyish wantonness, and shalt not grudge
Thy wisdom to me, till our state revive
From its long anguish;—it will not belong
If Heaven approve me here. Thou hast
all power

Whether I live or die.

Agenor. Die! I am old—

Ion. Death is not jealous of thy mild
decay,

Which gently wins thee his: exulting youth
Provokes the ghastly monarch's sudden
stride,

And makes his horrid fingers quick to
clasp

His shivering prey at noontide. Let me
see

The captain of the guard.

Crythes. I kneel to crave,
Humbly, the favour which thy sire be-
stowed

On one who loved him well.

Ion. I cannot thank thee,
Thou wakest the memory of my father's
weakness;

But I will not forget that thou hast shared
The light enjoyments of a noble spirit,
And learned the need of luxury. I grant,
For thee and thy brave comrades, ample
share

Of such rich treasure as my stores contain,

To grace thy passage to some distant land,
Where, if an honest cause engage thy
sword,

May glorious laurels wreath it! In our
realm

We shall not need it longer.

Crythes.

Dost intend

To banish the firm troops, before whose
valour

Barbarian millions shrink appalled, and
leave

Our city naked to the first assault

Of reckless foes?

Ion.

No, *Crythes*! In ourselves,
In our own honest hearts and chainless
hands,

Will be our safeguard. While we seek
no use

Of arms we would not have our children
With their first innocent wishes, while
the love

Of Argos and of justice shall be one

To thy young reason; while their sinews
grow

Firm 'midst the gladness of heroic sports:
We shall not ask, to guard our country's
peace,

One selfish passion, or one venal sword.

I would not grieve thee; but thy valiant
troop—

For I esteem them valiant—must no more,
With luxury which suits a desperate camp,
Infect us. See that they embark, *Agenor*,
Ere night.

Crythes. My lord—

Ion. No more—my word hath passed.

Medon, there is no office I can add
To those thou hast grown old in; thou
wilt guard

The shrine of *Phœbus*, and within thy
home—

Thy too delightful home—befriend the
stranger

As thou didst me;—there sometimes waste
a thought

On thy spoiled inmate!

Me.

Think of thee, my lord?

Long shall we triumph in thy glorious
reign.

Ion. Pr'ythee no more. Argives! I have
a boon

To crave of you;—whene'er I shall rejoin
In death the father from whose heart, in
life,

Stern Fate divided me, think gently of
him!

For ye, who saw him in his full-blown pride,
Know little of affections crushed within,

And wrongs which frenzied him; yet never
more

Let the great interests of the state depend
Upon the thousand chances that may sway
A piece of human frailty! Swear to me
That ye will seek, hereafter, in yourselves
The means of sovereign rule:—our narrow
space,

So happy in its confines, so compact,
Needs not the magic of a single name,
Which wider regions may require, to draw
Their interests into one; but circled thus,
Like a blessed family, by simple laws,
May tenderly be governed; all degrees
Moulded together as a single form
Of nymph-like loveliness, which finest
chords

Of sympathy pervading, shall suffuse,
In times of quiet, with one bloom, and fill
With one resistless impulse, if the hosts
Of foreign power should threaten. Swear
to me

That ye will do this.

Me.

Wherefore ask this now?

Thou shalt live long;—the paleness of thy
face,

Which late appalled me, wears a glory now,
And thine eyes kindle with the prophecy
Of lustrous years.

Ion.

The gods approve me, then!
Yet I will use the function of a king,
And claim obedience. Promise, if I leave
No issue, that the sovereign power shall
live

In the affections of the general heart,
And in the wisdom of the best.

Medon and others.

We swear it!

Ion. Hear and record the oath, immortal
powers!

Now give me leave a moment to approach
That altar unattended.

[*He goes to the altar.*

Gracious gods!

In whose mild service my glad youth was
spent,

Look on me now; and if there is a Power,
As at this solemn time I feel there is,
Beyond ye, that have breathed through all
your shapes

The spirit of the beautiful, that lives
In earth and heaven; to ye I offer up
This conscious being, full of life and love,
For my dear country's welfare. Let this
blow

End all her sorrows!

[*Stabs himself and falls.*

JAMES WHITE.

1785—1862.

ARNULF'S INTERCESSION TO
HENRY I. FOR HIS SON.

Arnulf. Is there no hope,
No throb of pity for a father's grief,
Within that heart filled with a father's
joys?

Henry. Arnulf of Lancaster, if lowlier
state

Were ours, we might have ears to hear the
throb;

But there's a tumult in the soul of kings
That drowns all voices save the trumpet
tongue

Of justice! We have doomed your son to
death.

Yvo. As Heaven bears witness, 'twas no
treasonous aid

I promised to your Norman rebels.

Hen. That Rests with the judges who with searching
eyes

Viewed the whole cause; their voice pro-
nounced you guilty:

It fits not the King's office to withstand
The course of RIGHT, which as a mighty
river, [God,

Passing right onward from the throne of
Enriches every land through which it flows.
Woe be to him who checks that sacred
stream,

Diverts it, stains it, or to fraudulent use
Turns its clear waters. They have doomed
your death:

I meddle not. I stir not.

Arnulf. O my liege!—

He is mine only son. I say no word
Against the justice that has spoke the doom.
You are a King. Ah, sir! you are a father
Now greyed with age, as I am; we were
young

Together, and our sons were friends and
playmates;—

If, as a King, your hand obdurate holds
The unbending scale, let Yvo owe his life
To mercy!—to the sweet companionship
'Tween him and princely William.

Yvo. For short space
Let me at least have room for secret speech
With William.

Hen. But to show you that his heart
Is fixed as mine in such a cause as this,
You shall survive his coming by an hour.
But build no hope of safety on delay.
If you were nearer to my blood than he is,

And you, brave Arnulf, were you twice my
brother,
Nothing should change his fate. He dies.
Retire.

Arn. You shall not hear me claim your
ruth again.

Come, son,—you've ever been my pride,
my hope,

And now I see you dying pulse by pulse.
I would, Sir King, I had known how hard
your heart

Ere I had emptied these poor veins of blood
In Brenneville field. And you, my gallant
Yvo,

You bled there too. I take you in my arms,
And plant this woman's kiss upon your
brow,

Where late your dying mother's lips were
placed; [hearth.

Then to my lonely home and desolate
Come, Yvo.

—o—

LOSS OF THE WHITE SHIP.

Enter Hubert, hurriedly, a Mariner.

Hubert. O SIR, prepare!—encase your
soul in steel,
For fierce and biting as a falchion's blade
The dreadful news I bring.

Henry. A prisoner?

Hub. Oh, worse!—imprisoned in such
binding chains
That nought shall loosen till the judgment
day!

Hen. How? dead?

Hub. Even so. Here stands a man whose
tongue
Shall frame the words mine has no power
to utter.

Hen. (to the Mariner). Speak, and be
bold; stand not in breathless awe;
There is no greatness in a sonless King.

Mariner. 'Tis grief, not fear. Last night
the crescent moon

Looked down on a calm deep without a
wave,

Doubtful of which was heaven and which
was sea:

On the smooth water glided the White Ship
With mirth and music filling all the air.

My lord the Prince and Countess de la
Perche—

Hen. My Marie too!—proceed.

Mar. —Headed the band
Of knights and noble ladies in the dance;
Goblets went round, and from the fiery lip

Of passion gushed, at times, the stream of song.
 Seated in groups, hiding them from the moon [fair
 Behind the shadowing mast, the brave and
 Looked o'er the side, and counted as they dript [oars,
 The pearls that sparkled from the chiming
 Or talked of home, and pressed each other's hands.
 Sudden a shock startled that happy dream!
 The blinded helmsman reeling from his cup,
 Looked round in vain. Another shock!
 Ah me!
 And the White Ship groaned like a living thing
 As the black waters rushed within her planks, [and fears,
 And mingled with the screams and shouts
 That filled all hearts and ears. But soon a boat
 Was hauled to th' side;—within it stept the Prince,— [crew
 And ere the rest could follow, the brave
 Which manned it pushed away;—a look he cast
 On the now reeling ship, and at the side—
 Her clasped hands raised within the calm moonlight,
 And nothing saying,—the young Countess stood.
 "Back! back again!" we heard Prince William say;
 "My sister must be saved, or I will die."
Hen. Thank God for that!
Mar. And back he forced the boat;
 But when within the spring of desperate men [death,
 The small boat came, leaping as if from
 But finding death more surely by their leap,
 Knight, noble, seaman—ay, the timorous maid
 Rushed struggling from the wreck; and with a plunge [sea
 Down went the tiny bark, and the white
 Was streaked by pallid faces, uttering cries
 That ne'er shall leave these ears; and 'mong them all
 Claspng his sister, with a look to heaven,
 Sank William.
Hen. This you saw?
Mar. I did, my liege;
 And grasped the loosened cordage of the ship,
 That still lay quivering on the fatal rock,
 And gained the mast. There all the night
 I stood,

Alone amid that desert of blank sea,
 Till the cold sun arose; and nothing moved—

Moveless and silent all; distant or near
 No sound,—but ever the unruffled tide
 Lay 'neath the heaven a sheet of steel or glass.

Hen. Stay here and be my friend. You tell the tale
 Manly, as to a man. Hubert, these lips
 Have smiled their last; the salt sea holds my joy!

—o—

THE RAID OF GOWRIE

Enter Gowrie.

Gowrie. JAMES STEWART,
 What moved you that you came into this house?

James. Oh! speak not so severely: spare me, cousin;
 I will do all you ask.

Gowrie. I ask you nothing.
James. I think I see a softening in your eye. [mother's.

Your voice is not so ruthless as your *Gowrie.* Name not my mother's name, if you are wise.

What brought you hither?
James. 'Twas with Restalrig: I came with Restalrig, to see you, cousin,—
 To be more neighbours. We are both scholars, cousin,

We should be friends. I never read a letter,

Not Cicero's, or Pliny's, half so wise
 Or eloquent, as the short note you sent me
 From Padua. We should meet much oftener,

And speak in the auld Roman tongue.
Gowrie. What thoughts
 Rise in that slavish cruel heart of yours.
 Worthy to robe themselves in the great words

Of a brave Roman? Where, in all their language, [mixture
 Find you two words that speak so base a
 As King and Falsehood?

James. "Falsitas" and "Rex,"
 Quite common words: the adjective is "falsus,"

Thus, "falsus rex," false or deceitful king;
 It's a far commoner phrase than "bonus vir."

Gowrie (walking hurriedly). It makes me pause ere I can give my faith

To truths in Holy Writ, that there's a
Power

That guides our human destiny; but rather
That we're the puppets of blind chance,
to see

The government and rule of countless men
Committed to such hands as this mere
thing's!

James. As I'm some years your senior,
gentle cousin,

And had advantage of a schoolmaster,
Such as has seldom showed he loved the
child

By such extravagance in birken rods,
I might be helpful to your Latin style;
And if ye'll stay with me at Falkland—

Gowrie. Hush!

Your voice will move me from my fixed
resolve.

James. I pray it may—I pray that it may
move you.

I'm in your power, I'm helpless, powerless,
friendless;

Your mother threatens vengeance for her
wrongs;

And I take Heaven to witness—

Gowrie. Swear it not!

Or the great arrow shot against high heaven
Will fall with its sharp point upon your
head. [*Paces the stage.*]

If I had met him in the open field,
Ringed round by his whole court, I had
not paused.

But thus—in my own hall! Why went you
not

To hunt the deer on th' Ochil hills to-day?

James. I went, sweet cousin,—and I
killed a buck

Antlered as if the forest of Braemar
Had lent him two young oaks to be his
horns.

You never saw a fatter. Zookers! cousin,
His legs were like an ox's. He would weigh
Against two swine. I wish you had been
there.

Gowrie. This man will make me hesitate
again. [*Goes up to the King.*]

Base King, why came you into Gowrie's
hall?

Why did you leave your armed companions,
And trust you in my house?

James. I meant it well.

I thought you'd like it. I meant nothing
ill,

So help me! Restalrig will tell you, cousin,
I meant no harm. But pray you let me go.

My train will soon be here.

Gowrie. Who form your train?

Will they take open stand and play the
men?

Are they all armed?

James.

Oh! not a soul of them;
They're in their hunting gear, and not a
dozen,

Not half a dozen in all. They'll miss me
soon,

And raise the country. Pray you let me go;
I'll never say a word of what has passed.

I'll love you like a true and loving kinsman;
As I'm a king, I give my royal word.

Gowrie. King James's word is not the
royal word

That subjects trust to. If I pause me now,
'Tis not to make conditions.

James.

Name them, cousin,
You'll have them all. We'll set aside the
blood

Of our own son; we'll name you our true
heir;

But let me go!

Gowrie. Listen, James, King of Scots!

If there is left one touch of knightly truth,
One thought of honour, and the priceless
debt

That the great sound of your ancestral
name

Lays on your soul; 'tis now that you may
show them.

I have you in my hands; a word of mine
Venges my father's blood, my mother's
wrongs,

My country's sufferings. I may say the
word,

I may incarnadine my filial sword,

And gain a nation's blessings on the blow;
I may enwrap you in a cavern's gloom,

To be exchanged, after long years of night,
For the scarce deeper or more certain
darkness

Of death,—all these are in my power to do.

James. Oh! do them not, sweet cousin;
do them not!

I'll be your slave, your bondsman!

Gowrie.

If I ope
The prison doors, 'twill be to loose again

The enemy of our house; the vengeful foe
Who spares not.

James.

Oh! you wrong me, wrong
me much.

I'll love you better than myself. You'll be
Dearer than life; trust me this once, this
once!

Gowrie. I trust you not. But higher
duties claim me;

I may not do a deed that the wild Arab
Would shudder at in his wind-shaken tent.

You are my guest; unwished, but still my guest.

(*To the guards.*) Withdraw your watch. Leave the door free to all.

[*Exeunt guard.*]

James. Oh! cousin, you have saved me! see my tears, [ever.] Take my true thanks. I am your debtor Let me not see your mother. Please you, admit [be here.]

But two or three of the train; they must *Gowrie.* You are my guest. I've said you are my guest.

If I am wrong, I cannot fight with Heaven, And Heaven is on his side, and arms his head

As with a pierceless helm, with the great name

Of guest! I go to call your followers.

[*Exeunt.*]

James. If Ramsay's come, and the stout sixty men,

I never could be happy in my bed Till I have punished them. I hate them all. What right has he to set his sovereign free? Zooks! does he think us foolish as himself, To let occasion by for silly qualms?

I'll have their blood; gadzooks! I'll have their blood,

And forfeit them for traitors!

—:O:—

BARRY CORNWALL.

1788—1874.

THE FALCON.

Frederigo. SHE comes to dine—to dine with me, who am

A beggar. Now, what shall I do to give My Idol entertainment? not a coin: Not one, by Heaven! and not a friend to lend

The veriest trifle to a wretch like me. And she's descended from her pride too—no!

No, no, she had no pride.—Now if I give Excusings, she will think I'm poor indeed, And say misfortune starved the spirit hence Of an Italian gentleman. No more: She must be feasted. Ha! no, no, no, no, Not that way! Any way but that.—*Bianca!*

Enter Bianca.

This lady comes to feast.

Bianca. On what, sir? There Is scarce a morsel: fruits perhaps—

Fred. Then I Must take my gun and stop a meal i' the air.

Bia. Impossible: there is no time. Old Mars, you know, Frights every bird away.

Fred. Ah! the villain Shall die for 't, bring him hither.

Bia. Sir? The falcon?

Fred. Ay, that murderous kite. How oft

Hath he slain innocent birds! now he shall die.

'Tis fit he should, if 'twere but in requital: And he for once shall do me service—Once! Hath he not done it oft? no matter. Now I'll wring his cruel head, and feast my queen Worthily.

Bia. He is here, sir.

Fred. Where? vile bird! There—I'll not look at him.

Bia. Alas! he's dead: Look, look! ah! how he shivers.

Fred. Fool! Begone. Fool! am not I a fool—a selfish slave?

I am, I am. One look: ah! there he lies. By Heaven, he looks reproachingly; and yet I loved thee, poor bird, when I slew thee.

Hence! [*Bianca exit.*] Mars! my brave bird, and I have killed thee, then,

Who was the truest servant—fed me, loved, When all the world had left me?—Never more

Shall thou and I in mimic battle play, Nor thou pretend to die (to die, alas!) And with thy quaint and frolic tricks delight Thy master in his solitude. No more, No more, old Mars! (thou wast the god of birds)

Shalt thou rise fiercely on thy plumed wing, And hunt the air for plunder: thou couldst ride,

None better, on the fierce and mountain winds

When birds of lesser courage drooped. I've seen

Thee scare the wandering eagle on his way, For all the wild tribes of these circling woods

Knew thee and shunned thy beak), and thro' the air

Floated like a hovering tempest feared by all. Have I not known thee bring the wild swan down

For me, thy cruel master, ay, and stop
The screaming vulture in the middle air,
And mar his scarlet plumage—all for me,
Who killed thee—murdered thee, poor
bird! for thou
Wast worthy of humanity, and I
Feel, with these shaking hands, as I had
done
A crime against my race.

* * * *

A Room.

Giana. You think it strange that I should
visit you?

Fred. No, madam, no.

Gia. You must: even I myself
(Yet I've a cause) must own the visit
strange.

Fred. I am most grateful for it.

Gia. Hear me, first. [a suit
What think you brought me hither? I've
That presses, and I look to you to grant it.

Fred. 'Tis but to name it, for you may
command [this:
My fullest service. Oh! but you know
You injure when you doubt me.

Gia. That I think:
So, to my errand. Gentle signior, listen.
I have a child: no mother ever loved
A son so much: but that you know him, I
Would say how fair he was, how delicate;
But oh! I need not tell his sweet ways to
you:

You know him, signior, and your heart
would grieve,
I feel 't, if you should see the poor child die,
And now he's very ill. If you could hear
How he asks after you, and says he loves
you

Next to his mother, signior—

Fred. Stay your tears.
Can I do ought to soothe your pretty boy?
I love him as my own.

Gia. Sir?

Fred. I forget.
And yet I love him, lady: does that ask
Forgiveness? Is my love—

Gia. Now you mistake me,
I thank you for your love.

Fred. Giana! How?

Gia. To my poor child: he pines and
wastes away.

There is but one thing in the world he
sighs for,

And that—I cannot name it.

Fred. Is it mine?

Gia. It is, it is: I shame to ask it, but
What can a mother do?

Fred. 'Tis yours, Giana:
Ay, tho' it be my head.

Gia. It is—the falcon.

Ah! pardon me: I see how dear the bird
Is to you, and I know how little I
Have right to ask it. Pardon me.

Fred. Alas!
I do, from—from my soul.

Gia. I feel my folly.
You shall not part with your poor faithful
friend.

No more of it: I was cruel to request it.
Signior, I will not take it, for the world.
I will not rob you, sir.

Fred. Oh that you could!
Poor Mars! Your child, madam, will
grieve to hear
His poor old friend is dead.

Gia. Impossible!
I saw it as I entered.

Fred. It is dead.
Be satisfied, dear madam, that I say it:
The bird is dead.

Gia. Nay, this is not like you.
I do not need excuses.

Fred. Gracious lady,
Believe me not so poor: the bird is dead.
Nay, then, you doubt me still, I see. Then
listen.

Madam, you came to visit me—to feast:
It was my barest hour of poverty,
I had but one poor coin to purchase food.
Could I for shame confess this unto you?
I saw the descending beauty whom I loved
Honouring my threshold with her step, and
deign

To smile on one whom all the world abandon-
ed.

Once I had been her lover, how sincere
Let me not say: my name was high and
princely:

My nature had not quite forgot its habits:
I loved you still: I felt it. Could I stoop
And say how low and abject was my fortune.

And send you fasting home? Your servant
would

Have scorned me. Lady, even then I swore
That I would feast you daintily; I did.
My noble Mars, thou wast a glorious dish,
Which Juno might have tasted.

Gia. What is this?

Fred. We feasted on that matchless bird,
to which
The fabulous Phoenix would have bowed.
Brave bird!

He has redeemed my credit.

Gia (after a pause). You have done

A princely thing, Frederigo. If I e'er
Forget it, may I not know happiness.
Signior, you have a noble delicate mind,
And such as in an hour of pain or peril
Methinks I could repose on.

Fred. O Giana!

Gia. I have a child who loves you: for
his mother,
You've worked a way into her inmost heart.
Can she requite you?

Fred. How! what mean you? Oh!
Giana, sweet Giana, do not raise
My wretched heart so high, too high, lest it
Break on its falling.

Gia. But it shall not fall,
If I can prop it, or my hand requite
Your long and often tried fidelity.
I come, Frederigo, not as young girls do,
To blush and prettily affect to doubt
The heart I know to be my own. I feel
That you have loved me well. Forgive me
now,

That circumstance, which some day I'll
make known,
Kept me aloof so long. My nature is
Not hard, altho' it might seem thus to you.

Fred. What can I say?

Gia. Nothing. I read your heart.

—:0:—

LORD LYTTON.

1805—1873.

CLAUDE TELLS PAULINE OF THE EFFECT OF HIS LOVE FOR HER.

I saw thee—'midst the flowers the lowly
boy [bloom,
Tended, unmarked by thee—a spirit of
And joy, and freshness—as if Spring itself
Were made a living thing, and wore thy
shape!

I saw thee—and the passionate heart of man
Entered the breast of the wild dreaming
boy,—

And from that hour I grew—what to the
last

I shall be—thine Adorer! Well, this love,
Vain, frantic, guilty if thou wilt—became
A fountain of Ambition and bright Hope!
I thought of tales, that by the winter hearth
Old gossips tell—how maidens, sprung
from kings, [love
Have stooped from their high sphere! How

Levels all ranks, and lays the shepherd's
crook

Beside the sceptre. Thus I made my home
In the soft palace of a fairy future.

My father died, and I, the peasant born,
Was my own lord. Then did I seek to rise
Out of the prison of my mean estate,
And with such jewels as the exploring mind
Brings from the caves of knowledge, buy
my ransom

From those twin jailors of the daring heart,
Low birth and iron fortune.—Thy bright
image,

Glassed in my soul, took all the hues of
glory,

And lured me on to those inspiring toils
By which man masters man.—for thee I
grew

A midnight student o'er the dreams of
sages—

For thee I sought to borrow from each
grace,

And every Muse, such attributes as lend
Ideal charms to love—I thought of thee,
And passion taught me poesy—of thee,
And on the painter's canvas grew the life
Of beauty;—Art became the shadow
Of the dear starlight of thy haunting eyes!
Men called me vain—some mad—I heeded
not,

But still toiled on, hoped on;—for it was
sweet—

If not to win—to feel more worthy of thee!

—0—

SCENE FROM "THE DUCHESS DE LA VALLIERE."

Louis the Fourteenth.

*Bragelone, a noble Soldier, disguised as a
Monk.*

Louis. I CAN no more hold parley with
impatience,

But long to learn how Lauzun's courtship
prosper.

She is not here. At prayers, perhaps.
The duchess

Hath grown devout. A friar!—Save you,
father!

Bragelone. I thank thee, son.

Louis. He knows me not. Well, monk,
Are you her Grace's almoner?

Brag. Sire, no!

Louis. So short, yet know us?

Brag. Sire, I do. You are
The man—

Louis. How! priest. The *man!*
Brag. The word offends you?—
The King, who raised a maiden to a duchess;
 That maiden's father was a gallant subject:
 Kingly reward!—you made his daughter
 duchess;
 That maiden's mother was a stainless
 matron: [duchess!
 Her heart you broke, though mother to a
 That maiden was affianced from her youth
 To one who served you well—nay, saved
 your life: [value;
His life you robbed of all that gave life
 And yet—you made his fair betrothed a
 duchess!
 You are that King. The world proclaims
 you "Great!"
 A million warriors bled to buy your laurels;
 A million peasants starved to build
 Versailles;
 Your people famish, but your court is
 splendid! [reign;
 Priests from their pulpits bless your glorious
 Poets have sung thee greater than Augustus;
 And painters placed you on immortal
 canvas,
 Limned as the Jove whose thunders awe
 the world!
 But to the humble minister of God
 You are the King who has betrayed his
 trust—
 Begged a nation but to bloat a court—
 Seen in men's lives the pastime to ambition,
 Looked but on virtue as the toy for vice;
 And for the first time, from a subject's lips,
 Now learns the name he leaves to Time
 and God!
Louis. Add to the bead-roll of that King's
 offences,
 That, when a foul-mouthed monk assumed
 the rebel,
 The monster King forgave him. Hast
 thou done?
Brag. Your changing hues belie your
 royal mien; [man!
 Ill the high monarch veils the trembling
Louis. Well, you are privileged! It
 ne'er was said
 The Fourteenth Louis, in his proudest
 hour,
 Bowed not his sceptre to the Church's
 crozier.
Brag. Alas! the Church! 'Tis true,
 this garb of serge
 Dares speech that daunts the ermine, and
 walks free
 Where stout hearts tremble in the triple
 mail.

But wherefore? Lies the virtue in the robe
 Which the moth eats? or in these senseless
 beads?
 Or in the name of priest? The Pharisees
 Had priests that gave their Saviour to the
 Cross!
 No! we have high immunity and sanction,
 That Truth may teach humanity to Power.
 Glide through the dungeon, pierce the
 armed throng,
 Awaken luxury on her Sybarite couch,
 And, startling souls that slumber on a
 throne,
 Bow kings before that priest of priests—
the Conscience!
Louis (aside). An awful man! unlike the
 reverend crew
 Who praise my royal virtues in the pulpit,
 And—ask for bishoprics when church is
 over!
Brag. This makes us sacred. The pro-
 fane are they,
 Honouring the herald while they scorn the
 mission.
 The king who serves the Church, yet clings
 to Mammon,
 Who fears the pastor, but forgets the flock,
 Who bows before the monitor, and yet
 Will ne'er forego the sin, may sink, when
 age
 Palsies the lust and deadens the temptation,
 To the priest-ridden, not repentant, dotard.
 For pious hopes hail superstitious terrors,
 And seek some sleek Iscariot of the Church,
 To sell salvation for the thirty pieces!
Louis (aside). He speaks as one inspired!
Brag. Awake! awake!
 Great though thou art, awake thee from
 the dream
 That earth was made for kings, mankind
 for slaughter,
 Woman for lust, the People for the palace.
 Dark warnings have gone forth; along
 the air
 Lingers the crash of the First Charles's
 throne.
 Behold the young, the fair, the haughty
 King,
 The kneeling courtiers, and the flattering
 priests; [scaffold—
 Lo! where the palace rose, behold the
 The crowd—the axe—the headsman—and
 the Victim!
 Lord of the silver lilies! canst thou tell
 If the same fate await not thy descendant?
 If some meek son of thine imperial line
 May make no brother to yon headless
 spectre?

And when the sage who saddens o'er the
end
Tracks back the causes, tremble lest he
find
The seeds—thy wars, thy pomp, and thy
profusion,
Sowed in a heartless court, and breadless
people—
Grew to the tree from which men shaped
the scaffold,—
And the long glare of thy funereal glories
Light unborn monarchs to a ghastly grave!
Beware! proud king: the Present cries
aloud—

A prophet to the future. Wake! beware!
[Exit Bragelone.]

Louis. Gone! Most ill-omened voice
and fearful shape!

Scarce seemed it of the earth; a thing that
breathed

But to fulfil some dark and dire behest;
To appal us, and to vanish. The quick
blood

Halts in my veins. Oh, never till this hour
Heard I the voice that awed the soul of
Louis,

Or met one brow that did not quail before
My kingly gaze! And this unmitred monk!
I'm glad that none were by. It was a dream;
So let its memory like a dream depart.

I am no tyrant—nay, I love my people!
My wars were made but for the fame of
France;

My pomp—why, tush! what king can play
the hermit? [eve]

My conscience smites me not; and but last
I did confess, and was absolved. A bigot,
And half, methinks, a heretic! I wish
The Jesuits had the probing of his doctrines.
Well, well, 'tis o'er. What ho! there,
Wine!

—O—

EARLY LOVE.

I HAVE watched thee
Bud into virgin May, and in thy youth
Have seemed to hoard my own!—I think
of thee,

And I am youthful still! the passionate
prayer,

The wild idolatry—the purple light
Bathing the cold earth from a Hebe's urn,
Yea, all the soul's divine excess which
youth

Claims as its own, came back when first I
loved thee.

And yet so well I love, that if thy heart
Recoil from mine,—if but one single wish,
A shade more timid than the fear which
ever

Blends trembling twilight with the starry
hope

Of maiden dreams,—would start thee from
our union,

Speak, and my suit is tongueless.

—O—

THE FOOTSTEP OF THE BELOVED.

HARK! I hear her;
That silver footfall!—still it hath to me
Its own peculiar and most spiritual music,
Trembling along the pulses of the air,
And dying on the heart that makes its echo.

—O—

AN IMAGE.

SEE, I wear thy colours still! though Hope
Wanes from the plate, the dial still remains.
And takes no light from the stars.



MISCELLANEOUS POETRY.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

1328—1400.

THE PRIORESS TALE.

(Modernized by Wordsworth.)

O LORD, our Lord! how wondrously,
(quoeth she)

Thy name in this large world is spread
abroad!

For not alone by men of dignity
Thy worship is performed and precious
laud;

But by the mouths of children, gracious
God!

Thy goodness is set forth; they when they
lie

Upon the breast, Thy name do glorify.

Wherefore in praise, the worthiest that I
may,

Jesu! of Thee, and the white Lily-flower
Which did thee bear, and is a Maid for aye,

To tell a story I will use my power;
Not that I may increase her honour's dower,
For she herself is honour, and the root
Of goodness, next her Son, our soul's best
boot.

O Mother Maid! O Maid and Mother free!
O bush unburt! burning in Moses' sight!
That down did ravish from the Deity,
Through humbleness, the spirit that did
alight,

Upon thy heart, whence, through that
glory's might,

Conceived was the Father's sapience,
Help me to tell it in thy reverence!

Lady! thy goodness, thy magnificence,
Thy virtue, and thy great humility,
Surpass all science and all utterance;
For sometimes, Lady! ere men pray to thee,
Thou goest before in thy benignity,
The light to us vouchsafing of thy prayer,
To be our guide unto thy Son so dear.

My knowledge is so weak, Oblissful Queen
To tell abroad thy mighty worthiness,
That I the weight of it may not sustain;
But as a child of twelvemonths old or less,
That laboureth his language to express,
Even so fare I; and therefore, I thee pray,
Guide thou my song which I of thee shall
say.

There was in Asia, in a mighty town,
'Mong Christian folk, a street where Jews
might be,
Assigned to them and given them for their
own

By a great lord, for gain and usury,
Hateful to Christ and to His company;
And through this street who list might ride
and wend;

Free was it, and unbarred at either end.

A little school of Christian people stood
Down at the farther end, in which there
were

A nest of children come of Christian blood,
That learned in that school from year to
year

Such sort of doctrine as men used there,
That is to say, to sing and read also,
As little children in their childhood do.

Among these children was a widow's son,
A little scholar, scarcely seven years old,
Who day by day unto this school hath gone,
And eke, when he the image did behold
Of Jesu's Mother, as he had been told,
This child was wont to kneel adown and
say

Ave Marie, as he goeth by the way.

This widow thus her little son hath taught
Our blissful Lady, Jesu's Mother dear,
To worship aye, and he forgot it not;
For simple infant hath a ready ear.
Sweet is the holness of youth: and hence,
Calling to mind this matter when I may,
Saint Nicholas in my presence standeth aye,
For he so young to Christ did reverence.

This little child, while in the school he sate,
His primer conning with an earnest cheer,
The whilst the rest their anthem-book
repeat

The *Alma Redemptoris* did he hear;
And as he durst he drew him near and near,
And hearkened to the words and to the note,
Till the first verse he learned it all by rote.

This Latin knew he nothing what it said,
For he too tender was of age to know;
But to his comrade he repaired, and prayed
That he the meaning of this song would
show,
And unto him declare why men sing so;
This oftentimes, that he might be at ease,
This child did him beseech on his bare
knees.

His schoolfellow, who elder was than he,
Answered him thus:—"This song, I have
heard say,
Was fashioned for our blissful Lady free;
Her to salute, and also to her pray
To be our help upon our dying day:
If there is more in this, I know it not;
Song do I learn,—small grammar I have
got."

"And is this song fashioned in reverence
Of Jesu's Mother?" said this innocent;
"Now, certes, I will use my diligence
To con it all ere Christmas-tide be spent;
Although I for my primer shall be shent,
And shall be beaten three times in an hour,
Our Lady I will praise with all my power."

His schoolfellow, whom he had so be-
sought,
As they went homeward taught him privily;
And then he sang it well and fearlessly,
From word to word according to the note:
Twice in a day it passed through his throat;
Homeward and schoolward whensoever he
went,
On Jesu's Mother fixed was his intent.

Through all the Jewry (this before said I)
This little child, as he came to and fro,
Full merrily ther: would he sing and cry,
O Alma Redemptoris; high and low:
The sweetness of Christ's Mother pierced so
His heart, that her to praise, to her to pray,
He cannot stop his singing by the way.

The serpent, Satan, our first foe, that hath
His wasp's nest in Jew's heart, upswelled—
"Oh, woe,

O Hebrew people!" said he in his wrath,
"Is it an honest thing? Shall this be so?
That such a boy where'er he lists shall go
In your despite, and sing his hymns and
says,
Which is against the reverence of our laws!"

From that day forward have the Jews con-
spired
Out of the world this innocent to chase;
And to this end a homicide they hired,
That in an alley had a privy place,
And, as the child 'gan the school to pace,
This cruel Jew him seized, and held him fast,
And cut his throat, and in a pit him cast.

I say that him into a pit they threw,
A loathsome pit, whence noisome scents
exhale;
O cursed folk! away, ye Herods new!
What may your ill intentions you avail?
Murder will out; certes it will not fail;
Know, that the honour of high God may
spread,
The blood cries out on your accursèd deed.

O martyr 'stablished in virginity!
Now may'st thou sing for aye before the
throne,
Following the Lamb celestial (quoth she),
Of which the great Evangelist, Saint John,
In Patmos wrote, who saith of them that go
Before the Lamb singing continually,
That never fleshly woman they did know.

Now this poor widow waiteth all that night
After her little child, and he came not;
For which, by earliest glimpse of morning
light,
With face all pale with dread and busy
thought,
She at the school and elsewhere him hath
sought,
Until thus far she learned, that he had been
In the Jews' street, and there he last was
seen.

With mother's pity in her breast enclosed
Shegoeth, as shewere half out of her mind,
To every place wherein she hath supposed
By likelihood her little son to find;
And ever on Christ's Mother meek and kind
She cried, till to the Jewry she was brought,
And him among the accursèd Jews she
sought.

She asketh, and she piteously doth pray
To every Jew that dwelleth in that place

To tell her if her child had passed that way;

They all said—Nay; but Jesu of His grace
Gave to her thought, that in a little space
She for her son in that same spot did cry
Where he was cast into a pit hard by.

O Thou great God that dost perform Thy laud

By mouths of innocents, lo here Thy might;
This gem of chastity, this emerald,
And eke of martyrdom this ruby bright,
There, where with mangled throat he lay upright,

The *Alma Redemptoris* 'gan to sing
So loud, that with his voice the place did ring.

The Christian folk that through the Jewry went

Came to the spot in wonder at the thing;
And hastily they for the provost sent;
Immediately he came, not tarrying,
And praiseth Christ that is our heavenly King,

And eke His Mother, honour of mankind:
Which done, he bade that they the Jews
should bind.

This child with piteous lamentation then
Was taken up, singing his song alway;
And with procession great, and pomp of men,

To the next abbey him they bare away;
His mother swooning by the bier lay;
And scarcely could the people that were near

Remove this second Rachel from the bier.

Torment and shameful death to every one
This provost doth for those bad Jews prepare

That of this murder wist, and that anon;
Such wickedness his judgments cannot spare;

Who will do evil, evil shall he bear;
Them therefore with wild horses did he draw,
And after that he hung them by the law.

Upon his bier this innocent doth lie
Before the altar while the Mass doth last:
The abbot with his convent's company
Then sped themselves to bury him full fast;
And, when they holy water on him cast,
Yet spake this child when sprinkled was the water,

And sang, *O Alma Redemptoris Mater!*

This abbot, for he was a holy man,
As all monks are, or surely ought to be,
In supplication to the child began
Thus saying, "O dear child! I summon thee

In virtue of the holy Trinity,
Tell me the cause why thou dost sing this hymn,
Since that thy throat is cut, as it doth seem."

"My throat is cut unto the bone, I trow,"
Said this young child, "and by the law of kind

I should have died, yea, many hours ago;
But Jesus Christ, as in the books ye find,
Will that His glory last, and be in mind;
And, for the worship of His Mother dear,
Yet may I sing, *O Alma!* loud and clear.

"This well of mercy, Jesu's Mother sweet,
After my knowledge I have loved alway;
And in the hour when I my death did meet
To me she came, and thus to me did say:
'Thou in thy dying sing this holy lay,'
As ye have heard; and soon as I had sung
Methought she laid a grain upon my tongue.

"Wherefore I sing, nor can from song refrain,

In honour of that blissful Maiden free,
Till from my tongue off-taken is the grain;
And after that thus said she unto me:

'My little child, then will I come for thee,
Soon as the grain from off thy tongue they take:

Be not dismayed, I will not thee forsake!'"

This holy monk, this abbot, him mean I,
Touched then his tongue, and took away the grain;

And he gave up the ghost full peacefully;
And, when the abbot had this wonder seen,

His salt tears trickled down like showers of rain;

And on his face he dropped upon the ground,
And still he lay as if he had been bound.

Eke the whole convent on the pavement lay,

Weeping and praising Jesu's Mother dear;
And after that they rose, and took their way,

And lifted up this martyr from the bier,
And in a tomb of precious marble clear

Enclosed his uncorrupted body sweet.—
Where'er he be, God grant us him to meet !

Young Hew of Lincoln ! in like sort laid
low [known,
By cursèd Jews,—thing well and widely
For it was done a little while ago,—
Pray also thou for us, while here we tarry
Weak sinful folk, that God, with pitying
eye,
In mercy would His mercy multiply
On us, for reverence of His Mother Mary !

—:O:—

EDMUND SPENSER.

1553—1598.

TRUE LOVE.

FOR love is a celestial harmony
Of likely* hearts composed of stars' concent,
Which join together in sweet sympathy,
To work each other's joy and true content,
Which they have harboured since their first
descent. [did see
Out of their heavenly bowers, where they
And know each other, here beloved to be.

Then wrong it were that any other twain
Should in love's gentle hand combinèd be,
But those whom Heaven did at first ordain,
And made out of one mould the more t'
agree ;

For all that like the beauty which they see,
Straight do not love ; for love is not solight
As straight to burn at first behold its sight.
But they which love indeed look otherwise,
With pure regard and spotless true intent,
Drawing out of the object of their eyes
A more refinèd form which they present
Unto their mind, void of all blemishment,
Which it reducing to her first perfection,
Beholdeth free from flesh's frail infection.

And then conforming it unto the light
Which in itself it hath remaining still,
Of that first sun, yet sparkling in his sight,
Thereof he fashions in his higher skill,
An heavenly beauty to his fancy's will ;
And it embracing in his mind entire,
The mirrors of his own thought doth ad-
mire.

* Similar.

—O—

THE SEASONS.

So forth issued the Seasons of the year ;
First lusty Spring, all dight in leaves and
flowers
That freshly budded, and new blooms did
bear,
In which a thousand birds had built their
bowers,
That sweetly sung to call forth paramours ;
And in his hand a javelin he did bear,
And on his head (as fit for warlike stours)
A gilt engraven morion he did wear,
That as some did him love, so others did
him fear.

Then came the jolly Summer, being dight
In a thin silken cassock coloured green,
That was unlined all, to be more light,
And on his head a garland well beseen
He wore, from which, as he had chafèd
been, [bore
The sweat did drop, and in his hand he
A bow and shaft, as he in forest green
Had hunted late the libbard* or the boar,
And now would bathe his limbs, with
labour heated sore.

Then came the Autumn, all in yellow
clad,
As though he joyèd in his plenteous store,
Laden with fruits that made him laugh,
full glad
That he had banished Hunger, which to-
fore
Had by the belly oft him pinchèd sore ;
Upon his head a wreath, that was enrolled
With ears of corn of every sort, he bore,
And in his hand a sickle he did hold,
To reap the ripened fruits the which the
earth had yold.

Lastly came Winter, clothèd all in frieze,
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him
chill, [freeze,
Whilst on his hoary beard his breath did
And the dull drops that from his purpled
bill
As from a limbeck did adown distil :
In his right hand a tipped staff he held,
With which his feeble steps he stayèd
still, [eld,
For he was faint with cold, and weak with
That scarce his loosèd limbs he able was
to weld.

* Leopard.

—:O:—

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

1564—1616.

SIGNS OF TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

As it fell upon a day
 In the merry month of May,
 Sitting in a pleasant shade
 Which a grove of myrtles made,
 Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
 Trees did grow, and plants did spring;
 Everything did banish moan,
 Save the nightingale alone:
 She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
 Leaned her breast up-till a thorn,
 And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
 That to hear it was great pity:
 "Fie, fie, fie," now would she cry;
 "Teru, teru!" by-and-bye;
 That to hear her so complain,
 Scarce I could from tears refrain;
 For her griefs, so lively shown,
 Made me think upon mine own.
 Ah, thought I, thou mourn'st in vain!
 None take pity on thy pain:
 Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee;
 Ruthless bears, they will not cheer thee.
 King Pandion, he is dead;
 All thy friends are lapped in lead;
 All thy fellow-birds do sing,
 Careless of thy sorrowing.
 Even so, poor bird, like thee,
 None alive will pity me.
 Whilst as fickle Fortune smiled,
 Thou and I were both beguiled.
 Every one that flatters thee
 Is no friend in misery.
 Words are easy, like the wind,
 Faithful friends are hard to find:
 Every man will be thy friend,
 Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend,
 But if store of crowns be scant,
 No man will supply thy want.
 If that one be prodigal,
 Bountiful they will him call,
 And with such-like flattering,
 "Pity but he were a king."

* * * *

But if Fortune once do frown,
 Then farewell his great renown;
 They that fawned on him before
 Use his company no more.
 He that is thy friend indeed,
 He will help thee in thy need:
 If thou sorrow, he will weep;
 If thou wake, he cannot sleep;

Thus, of every grief in heart,
 He with thee doth bear a part.
 These are certain signs to know
 Faithful friend from flattering foe.

—o—

THE PICTURE OF A NOBLE YOUTH.

His brown locks did hang in crooked curls;
 And every light occasion of the wind
 Upon his lips their silken parcels huris.
 What 's sweet to do, to do will aptly find:
 Each eye that saw him did enchant the
 mind;
 For on his visage was in little drawn
 What largeness thinks in Paradise was
 sawn.

His qualities were beauteous as his form,
 For maiden-tongued he was, and thereof
 free:
 Yet, if men moved him, was he such a
 storm
 As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,
 When winds breathe sweet, unruly though
 they be.
 His rudeness so with his authorized youth
 Did livery falseness in a pride of truth.

Well could he ride, and often men would
 say,
 "That horse his mettle from his rider
 takes:
 Proud of subjection, noble by the sway,
 What rounds, what bounds, what course,
 what stop he makes!"
 And controversy hence a question takes,
 Whether the horse by him became his deed,
 Or he his manage by the well-doing steed.

But quickly on this side the verdict went:
 His real habitude gave life and grace
 To appertainings and to ornament,
 Accomplished in himself, not in his case:
 All aids, themselves made fairer by their
 place, [trim
 Came for additions; yet their purposed
 Pieced not his grace, but were all graced
 by him.

So on the tip of his subduing tongue
 All kind of arguments and question deep,
 All replication prompt, and reason strong,
 For his advantage still did wake and sleep,
 To make the weeper laugh, the laughter
 weep,

He had the dialect and different skill,
Catching all passions in his craft of will :

That he did in the general bosom reign
Of young, of old; and sexes both enchanted,
To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain
In personal duty, following where he
haunted;

Consents bewitched, ere he desire, have
granted; [say,
And dialogued for him, what he would
Asked their own wills, and made their
wills obey.

—:O:—

ANONYMOUS.

Time of James V. of Scotland.

THE BORDER WIDOW'S LAMENT.

My love he built me a bonnie bower,
And clad it a' wi' lily flower;
A brawer bower ye ne'er did see
Than my true love he built for me.

There came a man by middle day,
He spied his sport,* and went away;
And brought the King that very night,
Who brake my bower and slew my knight.

He slew my knight, to me sae dear,
He slew my knight, and poided his gear;
My servants all for life did flee,
And left me in extremity.

I sewed his sheet, making my maen,
I watched the corpse, myself alane;
I watched his body night and day;
No living creature came that way.

I took his body on my back,
And whiles I gaed and whiles I sat;
I digged a grave, and laid him in,
And happed him with the sod sae green.

But think na ye my heart was sair
When I laid the mool on his yellow hair:
Oh, think na ye my heart was wae
When I turned about, away to gae?

Nae living man I'll love again,
Since that my lovely knight is slain;
Wi' ae lock o' his yellow hair
I'll chain my heart for evermair.

* Reiving.

LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY.

OVER the mountains
And over the waves,
Under the fountains
And under the graves;
Under floods that are deepest,
Which Neptune obey,
Over rocks that are steepest,
Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place
For the glowworm to lie;
Where there is no space
For receipt of a fly;
Where the midge dares not venture
Lest herself fast she lay,
If Love come, he will enter
And find out the way.

You may esteem him
A child for his might;
Or you may deem him
A coward from his flight;
But if she whom Love honours
Be concealed from the day,
Set a thousand guards on her,
Love will find out the way.

You may train the eagle
To stoop to your fist;
Or you may inveigle
The Phoenix of the East;
The lioness—you may move her
To give o'er her prey,
But you'll ne'er stop a lover—
He'll find out his way.

—:O:—

ROBERT GREENE.

1560—1592.

SAMELA.

LIKE to Diana in her summer weed,
Girt with a crimson robe of brightest dye,
Goes fair Samela!
Whiter than be the flocks that straggling
feed,
When washed by Arethusa faint they lie,
Is fair Samela!
As fair Aurora in her morning gray,
Decked with the ruddy glister of her love,
Is fair Samela!

Like lovely Thetis on a calmèd day,
Whenas her brightness Neptune's fancies
move,

Shines fair Samela!

Her tresses gold, her eyes like glassy
streams;

Her teeth are pearl, the breasts are ivory
Of fair Samela!

Her cheeks, like rose and lily, yield fèrth
gleams;

Her brows' bright arches framed of ebony:
Thus fair Samela

Passeth fair Venus in her bravest hue,
And Juno in the show of majesty,

For she's Samela!

Pallas in wit,—all three, if you will view,
For beauty, wit, and matchless dignity,
Yield to Samela.

—:O:—

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

1563—1631.

A SUMMER'S EVE.

CLEAR had the day been from the dawn,
All chequered was the sky;
Thin clouds like scarfs of cobweb lawn,
Veiled heaven's glorious eye.

The wind had no more strength than this,
That leisurely it blew,
To make one leaf the next to kiss,
That closely by it grew.

The flowers like brave embroidered girls,
Looked as they most desired
To see whose head the orient pearls
Most curiously tyred.

The rills that on the pebbles played
Might now be heard at will;
This world the only music made,
Else everything was still.

And to itself the subtle air
Such sovereignty assumes,
That it received too large a share
From Nature's rich perfumes.

—:O:—

FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

1586—1616.

A BRIDAL SONG.

ROSES, their sharp spines being gone,
Not royal in their smells alone,
But in their hue;
Maiden-pinks, of odour faint,
Daisies smell-less, yet most quaint,
And sweet thyme true;

Primrose, first-born child of Ver,
Merry spring-time's harbinger,
With her bells dim;
Oxlips in their cradles growing,
Marigolds on death-beds blowing,
Lark-heels trim.

All, dear Nature's children sweet,
Lie 'fore bride and bridegroom's feet,
Blessing their sense!
Not an angel of the air,
Bird melodious, or bird fair,
Be absent hence!

The crow, the slanderous cuckoo, nor
The boding raven, nor chough hoar,
Nor chattering pie,
May on our bride-house perch or sing,
Or with them any discord bring,
But from it fly!

—:O:—

GEORGE WITHER.

1588—1667.

THE MARIGOLD.

WHEN with a serious musing I behold
The grateful and obsequious marigold,
How duly every morning she displays
Her open breast where Titan spreads his
rays;
How she observes him in his daily walk,
Still bending towards him her small slender
stalk;
How, when he down declines, she droops
and mourns,
Bedewed as 't were with tears till he returns;
And how she veils her flowers when he is
gone,
As if she scornèd to be looked upon
By an inferior eye; or did contemn
To wait upon a meaner light than him.—

When thus I meditate, methinks the flowers
 Have spirits far more generous than ours,
 And give us fair examples to despise
 The servile fawnings and idolatries
 Wherewith we court the earthly things
 below,
 Which merit not the service which we show.

—:O:—

FRANCIS QUARLES.

1592—1644.

TIME.

TIME 's a hand's-breadth ; 'tis a tale ;
 'Tis a vessel under sail ;
 'Tis an eagle in its way,
 Darting down upon its prey,
 'Tis an arrow in its flight
 Mocking the pursuing sight ;
 'Tis a short-lived fading flower ;
 'Tis a rainbow on a shower ;
 'Tis a momentary ray
 Smiling in a winter's day ;
 'Tis a torrent's rapid stream ;
 'Tis a shadow ; 'tis a dream ;
 'Tis the closing watch of night,
 Dying at the rising light ;
 'Tis a bubble ; 'tis a sigh :—
 Be prepared, O man, to die.

—:O:—

ROBERT HERRICK.

1591—1634.

TO DAFFODILS.

FAIR daffodils, we weep to see
 You haste away so soon.
 As yet the early risen sun
 Has not attained his noon.
 Stay, stay,
 Until the hasting day
 Has run,
 But to the evensong ;
 And having prayed together, we
 Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as you,
 We have as short a spring,
 As quick a breath to meet decay ;
 As you or anything we die,

As your hours do I dry

 Away,
 Like to the summer's rain,
 Or as the pearls of morning dew,
 Never to be found again.

—O—

MAY-DAY.

GET up, get up, for shame! the blooming
 morn

Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.
 See how Aurora throws her fair
 Fresh-quilted colours through the air!
 Get up, sweet slug-a-bed! and see
 The dew bespangling herb and tree.

Each flower has wept and bowed toward
 the east

Above an hour since, yet you are not drest—
 Nay, not so much as out of bed,
 When all the birds have matins said,
 And sung their thankful hymns: 'tis sin,
 Nay, profanation, to keep in,
 When as a thousand virgins on this day
 Spring sooner than the lark to fetch in May.

Rise, and put on your foliage, and be seen
 To come forth, like the spring-time fresh
 and green,

And sweet as Flora. Take no care
 For jewels for your gown or hair:
 Fear not; the leaves will strew
 Gems in abundance upon you;

Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
 Against you come, some orient pearls un-
 wept.

Come, and receive them while the light
 Hangs on the dew-locks of the night;
 And Titan on the eastern hill

Retires himself, or else stands still
 Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief
 in praying:
 Few beads are best, when once we go a-
 Maying.

[mark
 Come, my Corinna, come! and, coming,
 How each field turns a street, each street
 a park,
 Made green, and trimmed with trees;
 see how
 Devotion gives each house a bough
 Or branch; each porch, each door, ere
 this

An ark, a tabernacle is,
 Made up of whitethorn neatly interwove;
 As if here were those cooler shades of
 love.

Can such delights be in the street
And open fields, and we not see 't?
Come! we'll abroad, and let's obey
The proclamation made for May;
And sin no more, as we have done, by
staying,
But, my Corinna, come! let's go a-Maying.

There's not a budding boy or girl, this day,
But is got up, and gone to bring in May.
A deal of youth, ere this, is come
Back, and with whitethorn laden home.
Some have dispatched their cakes and
cream

Before that we have left to dream;
And some have wept and wooed and
plighted troth, [sloth.
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off
Many a green gown has been given;
Many a kiss, both odd and even;
Many a glance, too, has been sent
From out the eye, love's firmament;
Many a jest told of the key's betraying
This night, and locks picked: yet w'are
not a-Maying.

Come! let us go while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless folly of the time;

We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty.
Our life is short, and our days run
As fast away as does the sun;
And as a vapour, or a drop of rain
Once lost, can ne'er be found again:
So when or you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade,
All love, all liking, all delight
Lies drowned with us in endless night.
Then, while time serves, and we are but
decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come! let's go a-
Maying.

—:O:—

GEORGE HERBERT.

1593—1632.

THE WORLD.

LOVE built a stately house, where Fortune
came.

And spinning fancies, she was heard to say
That her fine cobwebs did support the
frame,

Whereas they were supported by the same;
But Wisdom quickly swept them all away.

Then Pleasure came, who, liking not the
fashion,

Began to make balconies, terraces,
Till she had weakened all by alteration;
But reverend laws, and many a proclama-
tion

Reform'd all at length with menaces.

Then entered Sin, and with that sycamore
Whose leaves first sheltered man from
drought and dew,

Working and winding slyly evermore,
The inward walls and sommers cleft and
tore

But Grace shored these, and cut that as it
grew.

Then Sin combined with Death in a firm
band,

To raze the building to the very floor;
Which they effected,—none could them
withstand;

But Love and Grace took Glory by the
hand,

And built a braver palace than before.

—O—

THE PILGRIMAGE.

I TRAVELLED on, seeing the hill where lay
My expectation.

A long it was and weary way.
The gloomy cave of Desperation
I left on the one, and on the other side
The rock of Pride.

And so I came to Fancy's meadow, strowed
With many a flower;

Fain would I here have made abode,
But I was quickened by my hour.
So to Care's copse I came, and there got
through
With much ado.

That led me to the wild of Passion, which
Some call the wold;

A wasted place, but sometimes rich.
Here I was robbed of all my gold,
Save one good angel,* which a friend had
tied
Close to my side.

At length I got unto the gladsome hill,
Where lay my hope,

* A gold angel was a piece of money of the
value of ten shillings, bearing the figure of an
angel.

Where lay my heart; and climbing
still,
When I had gained the brow and top,
A lake of brackish waters on the ground
Was all I found.

[a sting
With that, abashed and struck with many
Of swarming fears,
I fell, and cried, "Alas, my King!
Can both the way and end be tears?"
Yet taking heart, I rose, and then perceived
I was deceived.

My hill was farther; so I flung away,
Yet heard a cry
Just as I went,— "None goes that way
And lives." "If that be all," said I,
"After so foul a journey death is fair,
And but a chair."

—:O:—

JAMES SHIRLEY.

1596—1666.

VICTORIOUS MEN OF EARTH.

VICTORIOUS men of earth, no more
Proclaim how wide your empires are;
Though you bind in every shore,
And your triumphs reach as far
As night or day;
Yet you, proud monarchs, must obey,
And mingle with forgotten ashes when
Death calls ye to the crowd of common men.

Devouring famine, plague, and war,
Each able to undo mankind,
Death's servile emissaries are,
Nor to these alone confined;
He hath at will
More quaint and subtle ways to kill;
A smile or kiss, as he will use the art,
Shall have the cunning skill to break a
heart.

—:O:—

JOHN MILTON.

1608—1674.

HYMN ON THE NATIVITY.

It was the winter wild,
While the heaven-born Child

All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
Nature in awe to Him
Had doff't her gaudy trim,

With her great Master so to sympathize:
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair
She woos the gentle air
To hide her guilty front with innocent
snow,
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
The saintly veil of maiden white to throw,
Confounded that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformi-
ties.

But He her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace;
She, crowned with olives green, came
softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds
dividing;
And waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal peace through sea
and land.

Nor war or battle's sound
Was heard the world around:
The idle spear and shield were high up
lunged,
The hooked chariot stood
Unstained with hostile blood,
The trumpet spake not to the armed
throng,
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sov'reign Lord
was by.

But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of light
His reign of peace upon the earth began:
The winds with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kist,
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the
charmed wave.

The stars with deep amaze
Stand fixed in steadfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious influence,
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer that often warned them thence;

But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord Himself bespake, and bid
them go.

And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
The sun himself withheld his wonted
speed,

And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame

The new enlightened world no more
should need;

He saw a greater sun appear
Than his bright throne or burning axle-
tree could bear.

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or e'er the point of dawn,

Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;
Full little thought they then
That the mighty Pan

Was kindly come to live with them below;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so
busy keep.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet

As never was by mortal finger strook,
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringèd noise,

As all their souls in blissful rapture took:
The air such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each
heavenly close.

Nature that heard such sound,
Beneath the hollow round

Of Cynthia's seat, the airy region thril-
ling,

Now was almost won

To think her part was done,

And that her reign had here its last ful-
filling;

She knew such harmony alone

Could hold all heaven and earth in happier
union.

At last surrounds their sight

A globe of circular light,

That with long beams the shamefaced
night arrayed;

The helmèd Cherubim,

And sworded Seraphim, [displayed,

Are seen in glittering ranks with wings

Harping in loud and solemn quire,

With unexpressive notes to Heaven's new-
born Heir.

Such music (as 'tis said)

Before was never made,

But when of old the sons of morning
sung,

While the Creator great

His constellations set,

And the well-balanced world on hinges
hung,

And cast the dark foundations deep,

And bid the weltring waves their oozy
channel keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,

Once bless our human ears,

If ye have power to touch our senses
so;

And let your silver chime

Move in melodious time,

And let the base of heaven's deep organ
blow;

And with your ninefold harmony

Make up full consort to the angelic sym-
phony.

For if such holy song

Inwrap our fancy long,

Time will run back, and fetch the age of
gold,

And speckled Vanity

Will sicken soon and die,

And leprous Sin will melt from earthly
mould;

And Hell itself will pass away,

And leave her dolorous mansions to the
peering day.

Yea, Truth and Justice then

Will down return to men,

Orb'd in a rainbow; and, like glories
wearing,

Mercy will sit between,

Throned in celestial sheen,

With radiant feet the tissued clouds
down steering:

And heaven, as at some festival,

Will open wide the gates of her high
palace hall.

But wisest Fate says No,

This must not yet be so,

The Babe yet lies in smiling infancy,

That on the bitter cross

Must redeem our loss;

So both Himself and us to glorify;

Yet first to those ychained in sleep

The wakeful trump of doom must thunder
through the deep;

With such a horrid clang
 As on mount Sinai rang,
 While the red fire and smouldering
 clouds out brake;
 The aged earth aghast,
 With terror of that blast,
 Shall from the surface to the centre
 shake,
 When at the world's last session,
 The dreadful Judge in middle air shall
 spread His throne.

And then at last our bliss
 Full and perfect is,
 But now begins; for from this happy day
 The old Dragon underground
 In straiter limits bound,
 Not half so far casts his usurped sway,
 And wroth to see his kingdom fail,
 Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The oracles are dumb,
 No voice or hideous hum
 Runs thro' the archèd roof in words
 deceiving,
 Apollo from his shrine
 Can no more divine,
 With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos
 leaving.
 No nightly trance or breathèd spell
 Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic
 cell.

The lonely mountains o'er,
 And the resounding shore,
 A voice of weeping heard and loud
 lament;
 From haunted spring, and dale
 Edged with poplar pale,
 The parting genius is with sighing sent;
 With flower-inwoven tresses torn
 The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled
 thickets mourn.

In consecrated earth,
 And on the holy hearth,
 The Lars and Lemures moan with mid-
 night plaint;
 In urns and altars round
 A drear and dying sound
 Affrights the Flamens at their service
 quaint;
 And the chill marble seems to sweat,
 While each peculiar Power foregoes his
 wonted seat.

Peor and Baälim
 Forsake their temples dim,

With that twice-battered god of Pales-
 tine;
 And moonèd Ashtaroth,
 Heaven's queen and mother both,
 Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine;
 The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn,
 In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded
 Thammut mourn.

And sullen Moloch fled,
 Hath left in shadows dread
 His burning idol all of blackest hue;
 In vain with cymbals' ring
 They call the grisly king,
 In dismal dance about the furnace blue:
 The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
 Isis and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

Nor is Osiris seen
 In Memphian grove or green,
 Trampling the unshowered grass with
 lowings loud:
 Nor can he be at rest
 Within his sacred chest,—
 Nought but profoundest hell can be his
 shroud;
 In vain with timbrelled anthems dark
 The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his wor-
 shipped ark.

He feels from Judah's land
 The dreaded Infant's hand, [eyn;
 The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky
 Nor all the gods beside
 Longer dare abide,
 Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine:
 Our Babe, to show His Godhead true,
 Can in His swaddling-bands control the
 damned crew.

So when the sun in bed,
 Curtained with cloudy red,
 Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
 The flocking shadows pale
 Troop to the infernal jail, [grave;
 Each fettered ghost slips to his several
 And the yellow-skirted Fates
 Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their
 moon-loved maze.

But see the Virgin blest
 Hath laid her Babe to rest:
 Time is our tedious song should here
 have ending;
 Heaven's youngest teemèd star
 Hath fixed her polished car,
 Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp
 attending;

And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harnessed angels sit in order service-
able.

—:o:—

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

1618—1667.

LIFE'S BREVITY.

MARK that swift arrow ! how it cuts the air,
How it outruns thy following eye !
Use all persuasions now, and try
If thou canst call it back, or stay it there.
That way it went ; but thou shalt find
No track is left behind.
Fool ! 'tis thy life, and the fond archer thou.
Of all the time thou 'st shot away,
I 'll bid thee fetch but yesterday,
And it shall be too hard a task to do.
Besides repentance, what canst find
That it hath left behind ?
Our life is carried with too strong a tide ;
A doubtful cloud our substance bears,
And is the horse of all our years.
Each day doth on a winged whirlwind ride.
We and our glass run out, and must
Both render up our dust.
But his past life who without grief can see ;
Who never thinks his end too near ;
But says to Fame, "Thou art mine heir ;"
That man extends life's natural brevity—
This is, this is the only way
To outlive Nestor in a day.

—:o:—

THOMAS PARNELL.

1679—1718.

THE HERMIT.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend hermit grew ;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal
well :
Remote from man, with God he passed
the days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure
praise.
A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seemed heaven itself, till one suggestion
rose :

That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey,
This sprung some doubt of Providence's
sway :

His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenour of his soul is lost.
So when a smooth expanse receives impress
Calm nature's image on its watery breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending
grow,
And skies beneath with answering colours
glow ;

But if a stone the gentle scene divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side.
And glimmering fragments of a broken
sun,
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder
run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by
sight,
To find if books or swains report it right
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wandering o'er the nightly
dew),

He quits his cell ; the pilgrim-staff he bore,
And fixed the scallop in his hat before ;
Then with the sun a rising journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to
pass ; [the day,
But when the southern sun had warmed
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way ;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets waved his hair.
Then near approaching, "Father, hail !"
he cried ;

And "Hail, my son," the reverend sire re-
plied ;

Words followed words, from question an-
swer flowed,

And talk of various kind deceived the road ;
Till each with other pleased, and loth to
part,

While in their age they differ, join in heart :
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun ; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober
gray ;

Nature in silence bade the world repose :
When near the road a stately palace rose :
There by the moon through ranks of trees
they pass,

Whose verdure crowned their sloping sides
of grass,

It chanced the noble master of the dome
Still made his house the wandering
stranger's home:

Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Proved the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive: the liveried servants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous
gate.

The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then led to rest, the day's long toil they
drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of
down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play;
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes
creep,
And shake the neighbouring wood to banish
sleep.

Up rise the guests, obedient to the call;
An early banquet decked the splendid hall,
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet graced,
Which the kind master forced the guests
to taste;

Then, pleased and thankful, from the porch
they go,
And, but the landlord, none had cause of
woe:

His cup was vanished; for in secret guise
The younger guest purloined the glittering
prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glistening and basking in the summer ray,
Disordered stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks
with fear;

So seemed the sire; when far upon the
road,

The shining spoil his wily partner showed.
He stopped with silence, walked with trem-
bling heart,

And much he wished, but durst not ask to
part:

Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it
hard

That generous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory
shrouds,

The changing skies hang out their sable
clouds;

A sound in air presaged approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.

Warned by the signs, the wandering pair
retreat,

To seek for shelter at a neighbouring seat.

'Twas built with turrets, on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimproved
around;

Its owner's temper, timorous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caused a desert there.

As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew.
The nimble lightning mixed with showers
began,

And o'er their heads loud rolling thunder
ran.

Here long they knock, but knock or call
in vain,

Driven by the wind, and battered by the
rain.

At length some pity warmed the master's
breast

('Twas then his threshold first received a
guest),

Slow creaking turns the door with jealous
care,

And half he welcomes in the shivering pair.
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervour through their limbs
recalls;

Bread of the coarsest sort, with eager wine
(Each hardly granted), served them both
to dine.

And when the tempest first appeared to
cease,

A ready warning bade them part in peace.

With still remark the pondering hermit
viewed

In one so rich, a life so poor and rude;
And why should such (within himself he
cried)

Lock the lost wealth a thousand want be-
side?

But what new marks of wonder soon took
place

In every settling feature of his face
When from his vest the young companion
bore

That cup the generous landlord owned
before,

And paid profusely with the precious bowl
The stinted kindness of his churlish soul!

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly,
The sun emerging opes an azure sky;
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And, glittering as they tremble, cheer the
day:

The weather courts them from the poor
retreat,

And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom wrought

With all the travail of uncertain thought ;
His partner's acts without their cause appear,

'Twas there a vice, and seemed a madness here :

Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky ;

Again the wanderers want a place to lie,
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh.
The soil improved around, the mansion neat,

And neither poorly low nor idly great :
It seemed to speak its master's turn of mind,

Content, and not for praise, but virtue, kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet :

Their greeting fair bestowed, with modest guise

The courteous master hears, and thus replies :

"Without a vain, without a grudging heart,

To Him who gives us all I yield a part ;
From Him you come, for Him accept it here,

A frank and sober, more than costly, cheer." He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,

Then talked of virtue till the time of bed,
When the grave household round his hall repair,

Warned by a bell, and close the hours with prayer.

At length the world, renewed by calm repose,

Was strong for toil, the dappled morn arose :

Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near the closed cradle, where an infant slept,

And writhed his neck : the landlord's little pride,

O strange return ! grew black, and gasped, and died.

Horror of horrors ! what ! his only son !
How looked our hermit when the fact was done ?

Not hell, though hell's black jaws in sunder part

And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.

Confused, and struck with silence at the deed,

He flies, but trembling fails to fly with speed.

His steps the youth pursues : the country lay

Perplexed with roads, a servant showed the way ;

A river crossed the path ; the passage o'er
Was nice to find ; the servant trod before ;
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supplied,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.

The youth, who seemed to watch a time to sin,

Approached the careless guide, and thrust him in ;

Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild, sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,

He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,

"Detested wretch !" — but scarce his speech began,

When the strange partner seemed no longer man ;

His youthful face grew more serenely sweet ;
His robe turned white, and flowed upon his feet ;

Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair ;

Celestial odours breathe through purpled air ;

And wings, whose colours glittered on the day,

Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.

Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,

Sudden he gazed, and wist not what to do ;
Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
And in a calm his settling temper ends.

But silence here the beauteous angel broke,
(The voice of music ravished as he spoke).

"Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,

In sweet memorial rise before the throne :

These charms success in our bright region
find,
And force an angel down, to calm thy
mind;
For this commissioned, I forsook the sky.
Nay, cease to kneel—thy fellow-servant I.

"Then know the truth of government
divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine.
The Maker justly claims that world He
made,

In this the right of Providence is laid,
Its sacred majesty through all depends
(On using second means to work His ends:
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human
eye,

The power exerts his attributes on high,
Your actions uses, nor controls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

"What strange events can strike with
more surprise
Than those which lately struck thy won-
dering eyes?
Yet taught by these, confess th' Almighty
just,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to
trust!

"The great, vain man, who fared on costly
food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good,
Who made his ivory stands with goblets
shine,
And forced his guests to morning draughts
of wine,
Has, with the cup, the graceless custom
lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

"The mean, suspicious wretch, whose
bolted door
Ne'er moved in duty to the wandering
poor,
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That Heaven can bless, if mortals will be
kind.

Conscious of wanting worth, he views the
bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful
soul.

Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to
glow,
And loose from dross, the silver runs be-
low.

"Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half-weaned his heart
from God:

Child of his age, for him he lived in pain,
And measured back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had this dotage run?
But God, to save the father, took the son.
To all but thee, in fits he seemed to go
(And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow).
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

"But how had all his fortune felt a wrack,
Had that false servant sped in safety back!
This night his treasured heaps he meant
to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!

"Thus heaven instructs thy mind: this
trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more."

On sounding pinions here the youth with-
drew,
The sage stood wondering as the seraph
flew.
Thus looked Elisha, when, to mount on
high,
His master took the chariot of the sky;
The fiery pomp ascending left the view;
The prophet gazed, and wished to follow
too.

The bending hermit here a prayer begun,
"Lord! as in heaven, on earth Thy will
be done!" [place,
Then gladly turning, sought his ancient
And passed a life of piety and peace.

—:O:—

ALEXANDER POPE.

1688—1744

THE MESSIAH.

YE Nymphs of Solyma! begin the song—
To heavenly themes sublimer strains be-
long.

The mossy fountains, and the sylvan
shades,

The dreams of Pindus and th' Aonian
maids,

Delight no more. O Thou my voice inspire
Who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with
fire!

Rapt into future times, the Bard begun :
 A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son !
 From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
 Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies :
 Th' Ethereal Spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
 And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
 Ye Heavens ! from high the dewy nectar pour,
 And in soft silence shed the kindly shower !
 The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
 From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
 All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail ;
 Returning Justice lift aloft her scale ;
 Peace o'er the World her olive wand extend,
 And white-robed Innocence from heaven descend.
 Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn !
 Oh, spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born !
 See Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
 With all the incense of the breathing spring :
 See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
 See nodding forests on the mountains dance ;
 See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
 And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies !
 Hark ! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers ;
 Prepare the way ! a God, a God appears :
 A God, a God ! the vocal hills reply,
 The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
 Lo, earth receives Him from the bending skies !
 Sink down, ye mountains, and ye valleys, rise,
 With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay ;
 Be smooth, ye rocks, ye rapid floods, give way !
 The Saviour comes ! by ancient bards foretold :
 Hear Him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold !
 He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
 And on the sightless eyeball pour the day :
 'Tis He th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
 And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear :

The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
 And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
 No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear,
 From ev'ry face He wipes off ev'ry tear.
 In adamant chains shall Death be bound,
 And Hell's grim Tyrant feel th' eternal wound. [care,
 As the Good Shepherd tends His fleecy
 Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air,
 Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
 By day o'ersees them, and by night protects,
 The tender lambs He raises in His arms,
 Feeds from His hand, and in His bosom warns ;
 Thus shall mankind His guardian care engage,
 The promised father of the future age.
 No more shall nation against nation rise,
 Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes, [o'er,
 Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more ;
 But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
 And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.
 Then palaces shall rise ; the joyful son
 Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun ;
 Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
 And the same hand that sowed shall reap the field,
 The swain in barren deserts with surprise
 Sees lilies spring and sudden verdure rise ;
 And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
 New falls of water murmur in his ear.
 On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
 The green reed trembles and the bulrush nods ;
 Waste sandy valleys, once perplexed with thorn,
 The spiry fir and shapely box adorn :
 To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palms succeed,
 And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.
 The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
 And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead ;
 The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
 And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
 The smiling infant in his hand shall take
 The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
 Pleased the green lustre of the scales survey,
 And with their forked tongues shall innocently play.

Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem,
rise!

Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes !
See, a long race thy spacious courts adorn ;
See future sons and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies !
See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend ;
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate
kings, [springs !

And heaped with products of Sabæan
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains
glow. [play,

See heaven its sparkling portals wide dis-
And break upon thee in a flood of day !
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn ;
But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts : the Light Himself shall
shine

Revealed, and God's eternal day be thine !
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke
decay, [away ;

Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt
But fixed His word, His saving power
remains ;—

Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own MESSIAH
reigns !

—o—

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame !

Quit, oh, quit this mortal frame !

Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,

Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying !

Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,

And let me languish into life.

Hark ! they whisper ! Angels say,

Sister spirit, come away.

What is this absorbs me quite ?

Steals my senses, shuts my sight,

Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ?

Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?

The world recedes : it disappears !

Heaven opens on my eyes ! my ears

With sounds seraphic ring :

Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !

O Grave ! where is thy Victory ?

O Death ! where is thy sting ?

—o—

DANGER OF IMPERFECT KNOWLEDGE.

A little learning is a dangerous thing ;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring :
Their shallow draughts intoxicate the
brain,

And drinking largely sobers us again.

Fired at first sight with what the Muse
imparts,

In fearless youth we tempt the heights of
Arts,

While from the bounded level of our mind
Short views we take, nor see the lengths
behind ;

But more advanced, behold with strange
surprise

New distant scenes of endless science rise !

So pleased at first the towering Alps we
try,

Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread
the sky,

Th' eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem
the last ;

But, those attained, we tremble to survey
The growing labours of the lengthened way,
Th' increasing prospect tires our wand'ring
eyes,

Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise !

A perfect Judge will read each work of
Wit

With the same spirit that its author writ ;
Survey the WHOLE, nor seek slight faults
to find

Where nature moves and rapture warms
the mind ;

Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,
The gen'rous pleasure to be charmed with
Wit.

But in such lays as neither ebb nor flow,
Correctly cold and regularly low,
That, shunning faults, one quiet tenour
keep,

We cannot blame, indeed—but we may
sleep.

In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts
Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts ;

'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,

But the joint force and full result of all.

Thus when we view some well-proportioned
dome, [O Rome !]

(The world's just wonder, and ev'n thine,

No single parts unequally surprise,

All comes united to th' admiring eyes ;

No monstrous height, or breadth, or length
appear ;

The whole at once is bold and regular.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.

In every work regard the writer's End,
Since none can compass more than they intend:

And if the means be just, the conduct true,
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due;
As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
T' avoid great errors, must the less commit:
Neglect the rules each verbal Critic lays,
For not to know some trifles is a praise.
Most Critics, fond of some subservient art,
Still make the Whole depend upon a Part:
They talk of principles, but notions prize,
And all to one loved Folly sacrifice.

Once on a time La Mancha's Knight,
they say,
A certain bard encount'ring on the way,
Discours'd in terms as just, with looks as sage,

As e'er could Dennis of the Grecian stage;
Concluding all were desp'rate sots and fools,
Who durst depart from Aristotle's rules.
Our Author, happy in a judge so nice,
Produced his Play, and begged the Knight's advice; [plot,
Made him observe the subject and the
The manners, passions, unities; what not?
All which, exact to rule, were brought
about,

Were but a Combat in the lists left out.
"What! leave the Combat out?" exclaims
the Knight.

Yes, or we must renounce the Stagyrite.
"Not so by Heaven," he answers in a rage,
"Knights, squires, and steeds must enter
on the stage."

So vast a throng the stage can ne'er contain.
"Then build a new, or act it in a plain."

Thus Critics, of less judgment than caprice,
Curious, not knowing; not exact, but nice,
Form short Ideas; and offend in arts
(As most in manners) by a love to parts.

—o—

EPISTLE TO MISS BLOUNT,

On her leaving the town after the Coronation of George I.

AS SOME fond virgin, whom her mother's
care [air,
Drags from the town to wholesome country
Just when she learns to roll a melting eye,
And hear a spark, yet think no danger
nigh:

From the dear man unwilling she must
sever,

Yet takes one kiss before she parts for ever:
Thus from the world fair Zephalinda flew,
Saw others happy, and with sighs withdrew;
Not that their pleasures caused her discontent,

She sighed not that they stayed, but that
she went.

She went, to plain work, and to purling
brooks,
Old-fashioned halls, dull aunts, and croak-
ing rooks:

She went from opera, park, assembly, play,
To morning walks, and prayers three hours
a day;

To part her time 'twixt reading and bohea;
To muse, and spill her solitary tea;
Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the spoon,
Count the slow clock, and dine exact at
noon;

Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,
Hum half a tune, tell stories to the squire;
Up to her godly garret after seven,
There starve and pray, for that's the way
to heaven.

Some squire, perhaps, you take delight
to rack,
Whose game is whisk, whose treat a toast
in sack.

Who visits with a gun, presents you birds,
Then gives a smacking buss, and cries,
"No words!"

Or with his hound comes hallooing from
the stable,
Makes love with nods, and knees beneath
a table;

Whose laughs are hearty, though his jests
are coarse,
And loves you best of all things—but his
horse.

In some fair evening, on your elbow laid,
You dream of triumphs in the rural shade:
In pensive thought recall the fancied scene,
See coronations rise on every green;
Before you pass th' imaginary sights
Of lords, and earls, and dukes, and
gartered knights,

While the spread fan o'er shades your
closing eyes;

Then give one flirt, and all the vision flies.
Thus vanish sceptres, coronets, and balls,
And leave you in lone woods or empty
walls!

So when your slave, at some dear idle
time
(Not plagued with headaches, or the want
of rhyme),

Stands in the streets, abstracted from the crew,
 And while he seems to study, thinks of you;
 Just when his fancy points your sprightly eyes,
 Or sees the blush of soft Parthenia rise,
 Gay pats my shoulder, and you vanish quite,
 Streets, chairs, and coxcombs rush upon my sight.
 Vexed to be still in town, I knit my brow,
 Look sour, and hum a tune, as you may now.

—:O:—

RICHARD SAVAGE.

1698—1743.

GOOD IN THINGS EVIL.

I KNOW thy soul believes
 'Tis hard vice triumphs, and that virtue grieves;
 Yet oft affliction purifies the mind,
 Kind benefits oft flow from means unkind.
 Were the whole known, that we uncouth suppose,
 Doubtless 'twould beauteous symmetry disclose.
 The naked cliff that, singly, rough remains,
 In prospect dignifies the fertile plains,
 Lead-coloured clouds in scattered fragments seen,
 Show, though in broken views, the blue serene.

* * * * *

Sword law has often Europe's balance gained,
 And one red victory years of peace maintained.
 We pass through want to wealth, through dismal strife
 To calm content, through death to endless life.

—:O:—

GEORGE, LORD LYTTLETON.

1708-9—1773.

TO THE SPRING.

PARENT of blooming flowers and gay desires,
 Youth of the tender year, delightful Spring!

At whose approach, inspired with equal fires,
 The amorous nightingale and poet sing,

Again dost thou return, but not with thee
 Return the smiling hours I once possessed;
 Blessings thou bring'st to others, but to me
 The sad remembrance that I once was blessed.

Thy faded charms, which Winter snatched away,
 Renewed in all their former lustre shine,
 But, ah! no more shall hapless I be gay,
 Or know the vernal joys which have been mine.

Though linnets sing, though flowers adorn the green,
 Though on their wings soft zephyrs fragrance bear,
 Harsh is the music, joyless is the scene,
 The odour faint, for Delia is not there.

Cheerless and cold I feel the genial sun,
 From thee while absent I in exile rove;
 Thy lovely presence, fairest light alone,
 Can warm my heart to gladness and to love.

—O—

TO ENGLAND.

Written in Paris 1728.

O NATIVE Isle! fair freedom's happiest seat,
 At thought of thee my bounding pulses beat;
 At thought of thee my heart impatient [burns,
 And all my country on my soul returns,
 When shall I see thy fields whose plenteous grain
 No power can ravish from the industrious swain?
 When kiss with pious love the sacred earth
 Which gave a Burleigh or a Russell birth?
 When in the shade of laws which long have stood,
 Propt by their care or strengthened by their blood,
 Of fearless independence wisely vain,
 The proudest slave of Bourbon's race disdain?

Yet, oh! what doubt, what sad presaging voice
 Whispers within and bids me not rejoice?

Bids me contemplate every state around,
 From sultry Spain to Norway's icy bound,
 Bids their lost rights, their ruined glories,
 see,
 And tells me these, like England, once
 were free!

—:O:—

WILLIAM COWPER.

1731—1800.

BOADICEA.

WHEN the British warrior Queen,
 Bleeding from the Roman rods,
 Sought, with an indignant mien,
 Counsels of her country's gods,

Sage beneath the spreading oak
 Sat the Druid, hoary chief;
 Every burning word he spoke
 Full of rage and full of grief.

"Princess! if our aged eyes
 Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
 'Tis because resentment ties
 All the terrors of our tongues.

"Rome shall perish! write that word
 In the blood that she has spilt;
 Perish, hopeless and abhorred,
 Deep in ruin as in guilt.

"Rome, for empire far renowned,
 Tramples on a thousand states;
 Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—
 Hark! the Gaul is at her gates!

"Other Romans shall arise,
 Heedless of a soldier's name;
 Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
 Harmony the path to fame.

"Then the progeny that springs
 From the forests of our land,
 Armed with thunder, clad with wings,
 Shall a wider world command.

"Regions Cæsar never knew
 Thy posterity shall sway;
 Where his eagles never flew,
 None invincible as they."

Such the bard's prophetic words,
 Pregnant with celestial fire,

Bending as he swept the chords
 Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,
 Felt them in her bosom glow;
 Rushed to battle, fought, and died;
 Dying, hurled them at the foe.

"Ruffians, pitiless as proud!
 Heaven awards the vengeance due;
 Empire is on us bestowed,
 Shame and ruin wait for you."

—O—

VERSES

Supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk, during his solitary abode on the island of Juan Fernandez.

I AM monarch of all I survey,
 My right there is none to dispute.
 From the centre all round to the sea,
 I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
 O solitude! where are the charms
 That sages have seen in thy face?
 Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
 Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
 I must finish my journey alone,
 Never hear the sweet music of speech,
 —I start at the sound of my own.
 The beasts that roam over the plain,
 My form with indifference see,
 They are so unacquainted with man,
 Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
 Divinely bestowed upon man,
 Oh, had I the wings of a dove,
 How soon would I taste you again!
 My sorrows I then might assuage
 In the ways of religion and truth,
 Might learn from the wisdom of age,
 And be cheered by the sallies of youth.

Religion! what treasure untold
 Resides in that heavenly word!
 More precious than silver and gold,
 Or all that this earth can afford.
 But the sound of the church-going bell
 These valleys and rocks never heard,
 Ne'er sighed at the sound of a knell,
 Or smiled when a Sabbath appeared.

Ye winds that have made me your sport,
 Convey to this desolate shore

Some cordial endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more.
My friends, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?
Oh, tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is the glance of the mind!
Compared with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-winged arrows of light.
When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there;
But alas! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair;
Even here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabin repair.
There's mercy in every place,
And mercy—encouraging thought!—
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.

—o—

AN EPISTLE TO AN AFFLICTED PROTESTANT LADY* IN FRANCE.

MADAM,—

A stranger's purpose in these lays
Is to congratulate and not to praise.
To give the creature the Creator's due
Were sin in me, and an offence to you.
From man to man, or e'en to woman paid,
Praise is the medium of a knavish trade,
A coin by craft for folly's use designed,
Spurious, and only current with the blind.

The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown:
No traveller ever reached that blest abode
Who found not thorns and briers in his
road.

The world may dance along the flowery
plain, [strain;
Cheered as they go by many a sprightly
Where Nature has her mossy velvet spread,
With unshod feet they yet securely tread;
Admonished, scorn the caution and the
friend,

Bent all on pleasure, heedless of its end.
But He who knew what human hearts
would prove,

How slow to learn the dictates of His love,

* A Mrs. Billacoys.

That, hard by nature and of stubborn will,
A life of ease would make them harder still.
In pity to the souls His grace designed
To rescue from the ruins of mankind,
Called for a cloud to darken all their years.
And said, "Go, spend them in the vale of
tears!"

O balmy gales of soul-reviving air!
O salutary streams that murmur there!
These flowing from the Fount of Grace
above, [love.

Those breathed from lips of everlasting
The flinty soil indeed their feet annoys,
Chill blasts of trouble nip their springing
joys,

An envious world will interpose its frown,
To mar delights superior to its own,
And many a pang experienced still within
Reminds them of their hated inmate, Sin;
But ills of every shape and every name,
Transformed to blessings, miss their cruel
aim: [the breast

And every moment's calm that soothes
Is given in earnest of eternal rest.
Ah, be not sad, although thy lot be cast
Far from the flock and in a boundless
waste! [pear,

No shepherds' tents within thy view ap-
But the chief Shepherd even there is near:
Thy tender sorrows and thy plaintive
strain

Flow in a foreign land, but not in vain;
Thy tears all issue from a source divine,
And every drop bespeaks a Saviour thine.
So once in Gideon's fleece the dews were
found,

And drought on all the drooping herbs
around.

—:o:—

JOHN LOGAN.

1748—1788.

Translation of

OSSIAN'S HYMN TO THE SUN.

O THOU whose beams the sea-girt earth
array,

King of the sky and father of the day!
O Sun! what fountain hid from human eyes
Supplies thy circle round the radiant skies,
For ever burning and for ever bright,
With heaven's pure fire and everlasting
light?

What awful beauty in thy face appears,
Immortal youth beyond the power of tears!

When gloomy darkness to thy reign re-
signs,
And from the gates of morn thy glory
shines;
The conscious stars are put to sudden
flight,
And all the planets hide their heads in
night;
The Queen of Heaven forsakes the ethereal
plain,
To sink inglorious in the western main.
The clouds refulgent deck thy golden
throne,
High in the heavens, immortal and alone.

Who can abide the brightness of thy face,
Or who attend thee in thy rapid race?
The mountain oaks, like their own leaves,
decay; [away;
Themselves the mountains wear with age
The boundless main, that rolls from land
to land, [sand;
Lessens at times, and leaves a waste of
The silver moon, refulgent lamp of night,
Is lost in heaven, and emptied of her light;
But thou for ever shalt endure the same,
Thy light eternal, and unspent thy flame.

When tempests with their train impend on
high, [sky;
Darken the day, and load the labouring
When heaven's wide convex glows with
lightnings dire,
All ether flaming, and all earth on fire;
When loud and long the deep-mouthed
thunder rolls, [poles;
And peals on peals redoubled rend the
lf from the opening clouds thy form ap-
pears, [wears;
Her wonted charm the face of Nature
Thy beauteous orb restores departed day,
Looks from the sky, and laughs the storm
away.

—:O:—

ROBERT BURNS.

1759—1796.

TO A THRUSH SINGING IN JANUARY.

SING on, sweet thrush, upon the leafless
bough,
Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy strain;
See aged Winter, 'mid his surly reign,
At thy blithe carol clears his furrowed brow.

So in lone Poverty's dominion drear
Sits meek Content, with light unanxious
heart, [part,
Welcomes the rapid moments, bids them
Nor asks if they bring aught to hope or fear.

I thank Thee, Author of this opening day!
Thou whose bright sun now gilds yon
orient skies!
Riches denied, Thy boon was purer joys,
What wealth could never give nor take
away!

Yet come, thou child of poverty and care;
The mite high Heaven bestowed, that mite
with thee I'll share.

—O—

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

*On turning one down with the plough, in
April, 1786.*

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
Thou's met me in an evil hour
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem:
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie lark, companion meet!
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet!
Wi' speckled breast,
When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce reared above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
High sheltering woods and wa's maun
shield,
But thou, beneath the random field*
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie† stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawy bosom sunward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

* Shelter.

† Dry.

* * * * *

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starred!
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And overwhelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has striven,
By human pride or cunning driven
To mis'ry's brink,
Till, wrenched of ev'ry stay but Heaven,
He, ruined, sink!

Even thou who mourn'st the daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date!
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight
Shall be thy doom.

—O—

OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLAW.

OF a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best;
There wild woods grow, and rivers row,
And mony a hill between;
But, day and night, my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair;
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air:
There's not a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green,
There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

——:O:——

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

1774—1843.

THE HOLLY-TREE.

O READER! hast thou ever stood to see
The Holly-Tree?
The eye that contemplates it well perceives
Its glossy leaves,

Ordered by an Intelligence so wise,
As might confound the Atheist's sophis-
tries.

Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen
Wrinkled and keen;
No grazing cattle through their prickly
round
Can reach to wound;
But, as they grow where nothing is to
fear,
Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves
appear.

I love to view these things with curious
eyes,
And moralize;
And in this wisdom of the Holly-Tree
Can emblems see,
Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant
rhyme,
One which may profit in the after-time.

Thus, though abroad perchance I might
appear
Harsh and austere;
To those, who on my leisure would in-
trude,
Reserved and rude;—
Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be,
Like the high leaves upon the Holly-Tree.
And should my youth, as youth is apt, I
know,
Some harshness show,
All vain asperities I day by day
Would wear away,
Till the smooth temper of my age should
be
Like the high leaves upon the Holly-Tree.

And as when all the summer trees are seen
So bright and green,
The Holly-leaves a sober hue display
Less bright than they;
But when the bare and wintry woods we
see,
What then so cheerful as the Holly-Tree?

So serious should my youth appear among
The thoughtless throng;
So would I seem amid the young and gay
More grave than they;
That in my age as cheerful I might be
As the green winter of the Holly-Tree.

——:O:——

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

1773—1844.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

STAR that bringest home the bee,
 And sett'st the weary labourer free!
 If any star shed peace, 'tis thou,
 That send'st it from above,
 Appearing when heaven's breath and brow
 Are sweet as hers we love.

Come to the luxuriant skies,
 Whilst the landscape's odours rise,
 Whilst far-off lowing herds are heard,
 And songs, when toil is done,
 From cottages whose smoke unstirred
 Curls yellow in the sun.

Star of love's soft interviews,
 Parted lovers on thee muse;
 Their remembrancer in heaven
 Of thrilling vows thou art,
 Too delicious to be riven
 By absence from the heart.

—o—

FIELD FLOWERS.

YE field flowers! the gardens eclipse you,
 'tis true,
 Yet, wildings of Nature, I doat upon you,
 For ye waft me to summers of old,
 When the earth teemed around me with
 faëry delight,
 And when daisies and buttercups gladdened
 my sight,
 Like treasures of silver and gold.

I love you for lulling me back into dreams
 Of the blue Highland mountains and
 echoing streams, [balm,
 And of birchen glades breathing their
 While the deer was seen glancing in sun-
 shine remote,
 And the deep mellow crush of the wood-
 pigeon's note
 Made music that sweetened the calm.

Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune
 Than ye speak to my heart, little wildings
 of June:

Of old ruinous castles ye tell,
 Where I thought it delightful your beauties
 to find [on my mind,
 When the magic of Nature first breathed
 And your blossoms were part of her spell.

Even now what affections the violet
 awakes;
 What loved little islands, twice seen in their
 lakes,
 Can the wild water-lily restore;
 What landscapes I read in the primrose's
 looks,
 And what pictures of pebbled and minnowy
 brooks
 In the vetches that tangled their shore.

Earth's cultureless buds, to my heart ye
 were dear,
 Ere the fever of passion or ague of fear
 Had scathed my existence's bloom;
 Once I welcome you more, in life's passion-
 less stage,
 With the visions of youth to revisit my age,
 And I wish you to grow on my tomb.

—o—

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

WIZARD.

LOCHIEL, Lochiel! beware of the day
 When the Lowlands shall meet thee in
 battle array!
 For a field of the dead rushes red on my
 sight,
 And the clans of Culloden are scattered in
 fight.
 They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom
 and crown;
 Woe, woe to the riders that trample them
 down!
 Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the
 slain,
 And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to
 the plain.
 But hark! through the fast-flashing light-
 ning of war
 What steed to the desert flies frantic and
 far?
 'Tis thine, O Glenullin! whose bride shall
 await,
 Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at
 the gate.
 A steed comes at morning: no rider is
 there;
 But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
 Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led!
 Oh, weep; but thy tears cannot number
 the dead:
 For a merciless sword on Culloden shall
 wave,
 Culloden! that reeks with the blood of the
 brave.

LOCHIEL.

Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!
 Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
 Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight,
 This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

WIZARD.

Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?
 Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn!
 Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth
 From his home in the dark rolling clouds of the north?
 Lo! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding,
 he rode
 Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;
 But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!
 Ah! home let him speed, for the spoiler is
 Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast
 Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?
 'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
 From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of heaven.
 O crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,
 Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
 Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;
 Return to thy dwelling! all lonely return!
 For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
 And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

LOCHIEL.

False Wizard, avaunt! I have marshalled my clan,
 Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one!
 They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
 And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
 Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!
 Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!
 But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
 When Albin her claymore indignantly draws;

When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
 Clanranald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,
 All plaided and plumed in their tartan array—

WIZARD.

—Lochiel! Lochiel! beware of the day!
 For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
 But man cannot cover what God would reveal;
 'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
 And coming events cast their shadows before.
 I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
 With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive king.
 Lo! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,
 Behold, where he flies on his desolate path!
 Now in darkness in billows, he sweeps from my sight:
 Rise, rise! ye wild tempests, and cover
 'Tis finished. Their thunders are hushed on the moors:
 Culloden is lost, and my country deplores.
 But where is the iron-bound prisoner? where?
 For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
 Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banished, forlorn,
 Like a limb from his country cast bleeding
 Ah, no! for a darker departure is near;
 The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier;
 His death-bell is tolling: oh! mercy, dispel
 Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!
 Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
 And his blood-streaming nostril in agony
 Accursed be the faggots that blaze at his feet,
 Where his heart shall be thrown ere it ceases to beat,
 With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale—

LOCHIEL.

—Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale;
 For never shall Albin a destiny meet,
 So black with dishonour, so foul with retreat.
 Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in their gore,
 Like ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,

Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom
remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to
the foe!
And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to Heaven from the death-
bed of fame.

—o—

A DREAM.

WELL may sleep present us fictions,
Since our waking moments teem
With such fanciful convictions
As make life itself a dream.
Half our daylight faith 's a fable;
Sleep disports with shadows too,
Seeming in their turn as stable
As the world we wake to view.
Ne'er by day did Reason's mint
Give my thoughts a clearer print
Of assured reality,
Than was left by Phantasy,
Stamped and coloured on my sprite,
In a dream of yesternight.

In a bark, methought, lone steering,
I was cast on Ocean's strife;
This 'twas whispered in my hearing,
Meant the sea of life.
Sad regrets from past existence
Came, like gales of chilling breath;
Shadowed in the forward distance
Lay the land of Death.
Now seeming more, now less remote,
On that dim-seen shore, methought,
I beheld two hands a space
Slow unshroud a spectre's face;
And my flesh's hair upstood,—
'Twas mine own similitude.

But my soul revived at seeing
Ocean, like an emerald spark,
Kindle, while an air-dropt being
Smiling steered my bark.
Heaven-like—yet he looked as human
As supernal beauty can,
More compassionate than woman,
Lordly more than man.
And as some sweet clarion's breath
Stirs the soldier's scorn of death—
So his accents bade me brook
The spectre's eyes of icy look,
Till it shut them—turned its head,
Like a beaten foe, and fled.

"Types not this," I said, "fair spirit!

That my death-hour is not come?
Say, what days shall I inherit?—

Tell my soul their sum."

"No," he said, "yon phantom's aspect,

Trust me, would appal thee worse,
Held in clearly measured prospect:—

Ask not for a curse!

Make not, for I overhear
Thine unspoken thoughts so clear
As thy mortal ear could catch
The close-brought tickings of a watch—
Make not the untold request
That's now revolving in thy breast,

"'Tis to live again, remeasuring

Youth's years, like a scene rehearsed,

In thy second life-time treasuring

Knowledge from the first.

Hast thou felt, poor self-deceiver!

Life's career so void of pain,

As to wish its fitful fever

New begun again?

Could experience, ten times thine,

Pain from Being disentwine—

Threads by Fate together spun?

Could thy flight heaven's lightning shun?

No, nor could thy foresight's glance

'Scape the myriad shafts of chance.

"Wouldst thou bear again Love's trouble—

Friendship's death-dissevered ties;

Toil to grasp or miss the bubble

Of Ambition's prize?

Say thy life's new-guided action

Flowed from Virtue's fairest springs—

Still would Envy and Detraction

Double not their stings?

Worth itself is but a charter

To be mankind's distinguished martyr."

—I caught the moral, and cried, "Hail

Spirit! let us onward sail

Envyng, fearing, hating none,—

Guardian Spirit, steer me on!"

—:o:—

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

1771—1832.

THE GREENWOOD.

'Tis merry in greenwood,—thus runs the
old lay,—

In the gladsome month of lively May,
When the wild birds' song on stem and
spray

Invites to forest bower;

Then rears the ash his airy crest,
Then shines the birch in silver vest,
And the beech in glistening leaves is drest,
And dark between shows the oak's proud
breast,

Like a chieftain's frowning tower;
Though a thousand branches join their
screen,

Yet the broken sunbeams glance between,
And tip the leaves with lighter green,
With brighter tints the flower;
Dull is the heart that loves not then
The deep recess of the wildwood glen,
Where roe and red deer find sheltering den,
When the sun is in his power.

Less merry, perchance, is the fading leaf
That follows so soon on the gathered sheaf

When the greenwood loses the name;
Silent is then the forest bound,
Save the redbreast's note, and the rustling
sound

Of frost-nipt leaves that are drooping round,
Or the deep-mouthed cry of the distant
hound

That opens on his game;
Yet then, too, I love the forest wide,
Whether the sun in splendour ride,
And gild its many-coloured side;
Or whether the soft and silvery haze,
In vapoury folds, o'er the landscape strays,
And half involves the woodland maze

Like an early widow's veil,
Where wimpling tissue from the gaze
The form half hides, and half betrays,
Of beauty wan and pale.

—o—

CONSTANCY.

WHEN the tempest's at the loudest,
On its gale the eagle rides;
When the ocean rolls the proudest,
Through the foam the sea-bird glides—
All the rage of wind and sea
Is subdued by constancy.

Gnawing want and sickness pining,
All the ills that men endure,
Each their various pangs combining,
Constancy can find a cure:
Pain, and Fear, and Poverty,
Are subdued by constancy.

Bar me from each wonted pleasure,
Make me abject, mean, and poor;

Heap on insults without measure,
Chain me to a dungeon floor—
I'll be happy, rich, and free,
If endowed with constancy.

—o—

THE MAID OF NEIDPATH.

There is a tradition in Tweeddale, that, when Neidpath Castle, near Peebles, was inhabited by the Earls of March, a mutual passion subsisted between a daughter of that noble family, and a son of the Laird of Tushielaw, in Ettrick Forest. As the alliance was thought unsuitable by her parents, the young man went abroad. During his absence, the lady fell into a consumption; and at length, as the only means of saving her life, her father consented that her lover should be recalled. On the day when he was expected to pass through Peebles, on the road to Tushielaw, the young lady, though much exhausted, caused herself to be carried to the balcony of a house in Peebles, belonging to the family, that she might see him as he rode past. Her anxiety and eagerness gave such force to her organs, that she is said to have distinguished his horse's footsteps at an incredible distance. But Tushielaw, unprepared for the change in her appearance, and not expecting to see her in that place, rode on without recognizing her, or even slackening his pace. The lady was unable to support the shock, and, after a short struggle, died in the arms of her attendants. There is an incident similar to this traditional tale in Count Hamilton's "Fleur d'Epine."

OH, lovers' eyes are sharp to see,
And lovers' ears in hearing;
And love, in life's extremity,
Can lend an hour of cheering.
Disease had been in Mary's bower,
And slow decay from mourning,
Though now she sits on Neidpath's tower,
To watch her love's returning.

All sunk and dim her eyes so bright,
Her form decayed by pining,
Till through her wasted hand, at night,
You saw the taper shining;
By fits, a sultry hectic hue
Across her cheek was flying;
By fits, so ashy pale she grew,
Her maidens thought her dying.

Yet keenest powers to see and hear
Seemed in her frame residing;
Before the watch-dog pricked his ear
She heard her lover's riding;
Ere scarce a distant form was ken'd,
She knew, and waved to greet him;

And o'er the battlement did bend,
As on the wing to meet him.

He came—he passed—a heedless gaze,
As o'er some stranger glancing;
Her welcome, spoke in faltering phrase,
Lost in his courser's prancing:
The castle arch, whose hollow tone
Returns each whisper spoken,
Could scarcely catch the feeble moan,
Which told her heart was broken.

—o—

WANDERING WILLIE.

ALL joy was bereft me the day that you
left me, [wide sea;
And climbed the tall vessel to sail yon
Oh, weary betide it! I wandered beside it,
And banned it for parting my Willie
and me.

Far o'er the wave hast thou followed thy
fortune, [of Spain;
Oft fought the squadrons of France and
Ae kiss of welcome's worth twenty at part-
ing,
Now I hae gotten my Willie again.

When the sky it was mirk, and the winds
they were wailing,
I sat on the beach wi' the tear in my ee,
And thought o' the bark where my Willie
was sailing,
And wished that the tempest could a'
blaw on me.

Now that the gallant ship rides at her
mooring, [hame,
Now that my wanderer's in safety at
Music to me were the wildest winds' roar-
ing,
That e'er o'er Inch-Keith drove the dark
ocean faem.

When the lights they did blaze, and the
guns they did rattle,
And blithe was each heart for the great
victory,

In secret I wept for the dangers of battle,
And thy glory itself was scarce comfort
to me.

But now shalt thou tell, while I eagerly
listen,
Of each bold adventure, and every brave
scar;

And trust me, I'll smile, though my een
they may glisten;
For sweet after danger's the tale of the
war.

And oh, how we doubt when there's dis-
tance 'tween lovers,
When there's naething to speak to the
heart thro' the ee;
How often the kindest and warmest prove
rovers,
And the love of the faithfulest ebbs like
the sea!

Till, at times—could I help it?—I pined
and I pondered,
If love could change notes like the bird
on the tree;
Now I'll ne'er ask if thine eyes may hae
wandered,—
Enough, thy leal heart has been constant
to me.

Welcome, from sweeping o'er sea and
through channel, [hame,
Hardships and danger despising for
Furnishing story for glory's bright annal,
Welcome, my wanderer, to Jeanie and
hame!

Enough, now thy story in annals of glory
Has humbled the pride of France, Hol-
land, and Spain;
No more shalt thou grieve me, no more
shalt thou leave me,
I never will part with my Willie again.

—o—

REBECCA'S HYMN.

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.
By day, along the astonished lands
The clouded pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answered keen,
And Zion's daughters poured their lays,
With priest's and warrior's voice between.
No portents now our foes amaze,
Forsaken Israel wanders lone:
Our fathers would not know THY ways,
And THOU hast left them to their own.

But present still, though now unseen ;
 When brightly shines the prosperous
 day,
 Be thoughts of THEE a cloudy screen
 To temper the deceitful ray.
 And oh, when stoops on Judah's path
 In shade and storm the frequent night,
 Be THOU, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
 A burning and a shining light !

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
 The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn ;
 No censor round our altar beams,
 And mute are timbrel, harp, and horn.
 But THOU hast said, The blood of goat,
 The flesh of rams I will not prize ;
 A contrite heart, a humble thought,
 Are mine accepted sacrifice.

—:O:—

SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE.

1772—1832.

HYMN BEFORE SUNRISE, IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning
 star
 In his steep course? So long he seems to
 pause
 On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc !
 The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
 Rave ceaselessly ; but thou, most awful
 Form !
 Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
 How silently ! Around thee and above
 Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
 An ebon mass : methinks thou piercest it
 As with a wedge ! But when I look again,
 It is thine own calm home, thy crystal
 shrine,
 Thy habitation from eternity !
 O dread and silent Mount ! I gazed upon
 thee
 Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
 Didst vanish from my thought : entranced
 in prayer
 I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
 So sweet, we know not we are listening to
 it,
 Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with
 my thought,
 Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy ;

Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
 Into the mighty vision passing—there
 As in her natural form, swelled vast to
 heaven !

Awake, my soul ! not only passive praise
 Thou owest ! not alone these swelling tears,
 Mute thanks and secret ecstasy ! Awake,
 Voice of sweet song ! Awake, my heart,
 awake !
 Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the
 vale !
 O struggling with the darkness all the night,
 And visited all night by troops of stars,
 Or when they climb the sky or when they
 sink :
 Companion of the morning star at dawn,
 Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
 Co-herald : wake, O wake, and utter praise !
 Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth ?
 Who filled thy countenance with rosy
 light ?
 Who made thee parent of perpetual
 streams ?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely
 glad ! [death,
 Who called you forth from night and utter
 From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
 Down those precipitous, black, jagged
 rocks,
 For ever shattered and the same for ever ?
 Who gave you your invulnerable life,
 Your strength, your speed, your fury, and
 your joy,
 Unceasing thunder and eternal foam ?
 And who commanded (and the silence
 came),
 Here let the billows stiffen and have rest ?

Ye ice-falls ! ye that from the mountain's
 brow
 Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
 Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty
 voice,
 And stopped at once amid their maddest
 plunge !
 Motionless torrents ! silent cataracts !
 Who made you glorious as the gates of
 heaven
 Beneath the keen full moon ? Who bade
 the sun
 Clothe you with rainbows ? Who, with
 living flowers
 Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your
 feet ?—

God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
 Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!
 God! sing, ye meadow-streams with glad-
 some voice! [like sounds!
 Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-
 And they too have a voice, yon piles of
 snow, [God!
 And in their perilous fall shall thunder,

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal
 frost!
 Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's
 nest!
 Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-
 storm!
 Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the
 clouds!
 Ye signs and wonders of the element!
 Utter forth God, and fill the hills with
 praise!

Thou too, hoar mount! with thy sky-
 pointing peaks,
 Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
 Shoots downward, glittering through the
 pure serene
 Into the depth of clouds, that veil thy
 breast—
 Thou too again, stupendous mountain!
 thou
 That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
 In adoration, upward from thy base
 Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with
 tears,
 Solemnly seemest, like a vapoury cloud,
 To rise before me.—Rise, O ever rise,
 Rise like a cloud of incense, from the earth!
 Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills!
 Thou dread ambassador from earth or
 heaven,
 Great hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
 And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
 Earth, with her thousand voices, praises
 God.

—:O:—

THOMAS MOORE.

1779—1852.

IT IS NOT THE TEAR AT THIS MOMENT SHED.

It is not the tear at this moment shed,
 When the cold turf has just been laid
 o'er him,

That can tell how beloved was the friend
 that's fled,
 Or how deep in our hearts we deplore
 him;
 'Tis the tear through many a long day
 wept,
 'Tis life's whole path o'ershadowed,
 'Tis the one remembrance fondly kept
 When all lighter griefs have faded.

Thus his memory, like some holy light,
 Kept alive in our hearts will improve
 them,
 For worth shall look fairer, and truth more
 bright,
 When we think how he lived but to love
 them;
 And as fresher flowers the sod perfume
 Where buried saints are lying,
 So our hearts shall borrow a sweetening
 bloom
 From the image he left there dying.

—:O:—

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

1770—1850.

TO THE CUCKOO.

O BLITHE new-comer! I have heard,
 I hear thee and rejoice.
 O Cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,
 Or but a wandering voice?

While I am lying on the grass,
 Thy twofold shout I hear,
 From hill to hill it seems to pass,
 At once far off and near.

Though babbling only, to the vale,
 Of sunshine and of flowers,
 Thou bringest unto me a tale
 Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the spring!
 Even yet thou art to me
 No bird; but an invisible thing,
 A voice, a mystery.

The same whom in my schoolboy days
 I listened to; that cry
 Which made me look a thousand ways
 In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green;
And thou wert still a hope, a love,
Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet,
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.

O blessed bird! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial faëry place,
That is fit home for thee!

—o—

THE ECHO.

YES, it was the mountain echo,
Solitary, clear, profound,
Answering to the shouting cuckoo,
Giving to her sound for sound!

Unsolicited reply
To a babbling wanderer sent;
Like her ordinary cry,
Like—but, oh, how different!

Hears not also mortal life?
Hear not we, unthinking creatures!
Slaves of folly, love, and strife,
Voices of two different natures?

Have not we too?—yes, we have
Answers, and we know not whence;
Echoes from beyond the grave,
Recognized intelligence!

Such rebounds our inward ear
Often catches from afar;—
Giddy mortals! hold them dear,
For of God,—of God they are.

—o—

TO A SKYLARK.

ETHEREAL minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!
Dost thou despise the earth where cares
abound?

Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and
eye

Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
Thy nest which thou canst drop into at
will,

Those quivering wings composed, that
music still!

To the last point of vision, and beyond,
Mount, daring warbler! that love-
prompted strain

(Twixt thee and thine a never-failing
bond)

Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain:
Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege!
to sing

All independent of the leafy spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;
A privacy of glorious light is thine,
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a
flood

Of harmony, with rapture more divine,
Type of the wise who soar, but never
roam,

True to the kindred points of heaven and
home!

—o—

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O NIGHTINGALE! thou surely art
A creature of a fiery heart:—
These notes of thine—they pierce and
pierce;

Tumultuous harmony and fierce!
Thou sing'st as if the god of wine
Had helped thee to a valentine;
A song in mockery and despite
Of shades, and dews, and silent night;
And steady bliss, and all the loves
Now sleeping in these peaceful groves.

I heard a stock-dove sing, or say,
His homely tale this very day;
His voice was buried among trees,
Yet to be come at by the breeze;
He did not cease; but cooed—and cooed
And somewhat pensively he wooed:
He sang of love with quiet blending,
Slow to begin, and never ending;
Of serious faith and inward glee;
That was the song—the song for me!

—o—

TO THE DAISY.

In youth from rock to rock I went,
From hill to hill in discontent
Of pleasure high and turbulent,
Most pleased when most uneasy;

But now my own delights I make,—
My thirst at every rill can slake,
And Nature's love of thee partake,
Her much-loved daisy!

Thee Winter in the garland wears,
That thinly decks his few grey hairs;
Spring parts the clouds with softest airs,
That she may sun thee;
Whole Summer-fields are thine by right,
And Autumn, melancholy wight!
Doth in thy crimson head delight
When rains are on thee.

In shoals and bands, a morrice train,
Thou greet'st the traveller in the lane;
Pleased at his greeting thee again;
Yet nothing daunted,
Nor grieved if thou be set at nought;
And oft alone in nooks remote
We meet thee, like a pleasant thought,
When such are wanted.

Be violets in their secret mews,
The flowers the wanton zephyrs choose;
Proud be the rose, with rains and dews
Her head impearling;
Thou liv'st with less ambitious aim,
Yet hast not gone without thy fame;
Thou art indeed by many a claim
The poet's darling.

If to a rock from rains he fly,
Or some bright day of April sky,
Imprisoned by hot sunshine lie
Near the the green holly,
And wearily at length should fare,
He needs but look about, and there
Thou art!—a friend at hand, to scare
His melancholy.

A hundred times, by rock or bower,
Ere thus I have lain couched an hour,
Have I derived from thy sweet power
Some apprehension;
Some steady love; some brief delight;
Some memory that had taken flight;
Some chime of fancy wrong or right;
Or stray invention.

If stately passions in me burn,
And one chance look to thee should turn,
I drink out of an humbler urn
A lowlier pleasure;
The homely sympathy that heeds
The common life, our nature breeds;
A wisdom fitted to the needs
Of hearts at leisure.

Fresh-smitten by the morning ray,
When thou art up, alert and gay,
Then, cheerful flower! my spirits play
With kindred gladness:
And when, at dusk, by dews opprest
Thou sink'st, the image of thy rest
Hath often eased my pensive breast
Of careful sadness.

And all day long I number yet,
All seasons through, another debt,
Which I, wherever thou art met,
To thee am owing;
An instinct call it, a blind sense;
A happy, genial influence,
Coming one knows not how, nor whence,
Nor whither going.

Child of the Year! that round dost run
Thy pleasant course, when day's begun
As ready to salute the sun
As lark or leveret,
Thy long-lost praise* thou shalt regain;
Nor be less dear to future men
Than in old time;—thou not in vain
Art Nature's favourite.

—o—

TO THE SAME FLOWER.

WITH little here to do or see
Of things that in the great world be,
Yet once again I talk to thee,
For thou art worthy,
Thou unassuming commonplace
Of Nature, with that homely face,
And yet with something of a grace,
Which love makes for thee!

Oft on the dappled turf at ease
I sit, and play with similes,
Loose types of things through all degrees,
Thoughts of thy raising;
And many a fond and idle name
I give to thee, for praise or blame,
As is the humour of the game,
While I am gazing.

A nun demure of lowly port;
Or sprightly maiden, of Love's court,
In thy simplicity the sport
Of all temptations;
A queen in crown of rubies drest;
A starveling in a scanty vest;
Are all, as seems to suit thee best,
Thy appellations.

* See, in Chaucer and the elder poets, the honours formerly paid to this flower.

A little cyclops, with one eye
 Staring to threaten and defy,
 That thought comes next—and instantly
 The freak is over,
 The shape will vanish—and behold
 A silver shield with boss of gold,
 That spreads itself, some faëry bold
 In fight to cover!

I see thee glittering from afar—
 And then thou art a pretty star;
 Not quite so fair as many are
 In heaven above thee!
 Yet like a star, with glittering crest,
 Self-poised in air thou seem'st to rest;—
 May peace come never to his nest
 Who shall reprove thee!

Bright *flower!* for by that name at last,
 When all my reveries are past,
 I call thee, and to that leave fast,
 Sweet silent creature!
 That breath'st with me in sun and air,
 Do thou, as thou art wont, repair
 My heart with gladness, and a share
 Of thy meek nature!

—o—

TO THE SMALL CELANDINE.

PANSIES, lilies, kingcups, daisies,
 Let them live upon their praises;
 Long as there's a sun that sets,
 Primroses will have their glory;
 Long as there are violets,
 They will have a place in story:
 There's a flower that shall be mine,
 'Tis the little celandine.

Eyes of some men travel far
 For the finding of a star;
 Up and down the heavens they go,
 Men that keep a mighty rout!
 I'm as great as they, I trow,
 Since the day I found thee out,
 Little flower!—I'll make a stir,
 Like a sage astronomer.

Modest, yet withal an elf,
 Bold, and lavish of thyself;
 Since we needs must first have met
 I have seen thee, high and low,
 Thirty years or more, and yet
 'Twas a face I did not know;
 Thou hast now, go where I may,
 Fifty greetings in a day.

Ere a leaf is on a bush,
 In the time before the thrush
 Has a thought about her nest,
 Thou wilt come with half a call,
 Spreading out thy glossy breast
 Like a careless prodigal;
 Telling tales about the sun,
 When we've little warmth, or none.

Poets, vain men in their mood!
 Travel with the multitude:
 Never heed them; I aver
 That they all are wanton wooers;
 But the thrifty cottager,
 Who stirs little out of doors,
 Joys to spy thee near her home;
 Spring is coming, thou art come!

Drawn by what peculiar spell,
 By what charm for sight or smell,
 Do those wingèd dim-eyed creatures,
 Labourers sent from waxen cells,
 Settle on thy brilliant features,
 In neglect of buds and bells
 Opening daily at thy side,
 By the season multiplied?

Comfort have thou of thy merit,
 Kindly, unassuming spirit!
 Careless of thy neighbourhood,
 Thou dost show thy pleasant face
 On the moor, and in the wood,
 In the lane;—there's not a place,
 Howsoever mean it be,
 But 'tis good enough for thee.

Ill befall the yellow flowers,
 Children of the flaring hours!
 Buttercups, that will be seen,
 Whether we will see or no;
 Others, too, of lofty mien;
 They have done as worldlings do,
 Taken praise that should be thine,
 Little humble celandine!

Prophet of delight and mirth,
 Ill-requited upon earth;
 Herald of a mighty band,
 Of a joyous train ensuing,
 Serving at my heart's command,
 Tasks that are no tasks renewing,
 I will sing, as doth behove,
 Hymns in praise of what I love!

—o—

TO THE SAME FLOWER.

PLEASURES newly found are sweet
 When they lie about our feet:
 February last, my heart
 First at sight of thee was glad;
 All unheard of as thou art,
 Thou must needs, I think, have had,
 Celandine! and long ago,
 Praise of which I nothing know.

I have not a doubt but he,
 Whosoe'er the man might be,
 Who the first with pointed rays
 (Workman worthy to be sainted)
 Set the sign-board in a blaze,
 When the rising sun he painted,
 Took the fancy from a glance
 At thy glittering countenance.

Soon as gentle breezes bring
 News of winter's vanishing,
 And the children build their bowers,
 Sticking 'kerchief-plots of mould
 All about with full-blown flowers,
 Thick as sheep in shepherd's fold!
 With the proudest thou art there,
 Mantling in the tiny square.

Often have I sighed to measure
 By myself a lonely pleasure,
 Sighed to think, I read a book
 Only read, perhaps, by me;
 Yet I long could overlook
 Thy bright coronet and thee,
 And thy arch and wily ways,
 And thy store of other praise.

Blithe of heart, from week to week
 Thou dost play at hide and seek;
 While the patient primrose sits
 Like a beggar in the cold,
 Thou, a flower of wiser wits,
 Slipp'st into thy sheltering hold;
 Bright as any of the train
 When ye all are out again.

Thou art not beyond the moon,
 But a thing "beneath our shoon:"
 Let the bold adventurer thrid
 In his bark the polar sea;
 Rear who will a pyramid;
 Praise it is enough for me,
 If there be but three or four
 Who will love my little flower.

—O—

VOLUNTARIES.

I.

THE sun, that seemed so mildly to retire,
 Flung back from distant climes a streaming
 fire,
 Whose blaze is now subdued to tender
 gleams,
 Prelude of night's approach with soothing
 dreams,
 Look round;—of all the clouds not one is
 moving; [loving.
 'Tis the still hour of thinking, feeling,
 Silent and steadfast as the vaulted sky
 The boundless plain of waters seems to
 lie:—
 Comes that low sound from breezes rustling
 o'er
 The grass-crowned headland that conceals
 the shore?
 No, 'tis the earth-voice of the mighty sea,
 Whispering how meek and gentle he *can* be!

Thou Power supreme! who, arming to
 rebuke
 Offenders, dost put off the gracious look,
 And clothe Thyself with terrors like the flood
 Of ocean roused into his fiercest mood,
 Whatever discipline Thy Will ordain
 For the brief course that must for me re-
 main,
 Teach me with quick-eared spirit to rejoice
 In admonitions of Thy softest voice!
 Whate'er the path these mortal feet may
 trace. [Thy grace,
 Breathe through my soul the blessing of
 Glad, through a perfect love, a faith sincere
 Drawn from the wisdom that begins with
 fear;
 Glad to expand, and, for a season, free
 From finite cares, to rest absorbed in Thee!

II.

BY THE SEA-SIDE.

THE sun is couched, the sea-fowl gone to
 rest, [a nest;
 And the wild storm hath somewhere found
 Air slumbers—wave with wave no longer
 strives,
 Only a heaving of the deep survives,
 A tell-tale motion! soon will it be laid,
 And by the tide alone the water swayed.
 Stealthy withdrawals, interminglings mild
 Of light with shade in beauty reconciled—
 Such is the prospect far as sight can range,
 The soothing recompense, the welcome
 change.

Where now the ships that drove before the blast,
 Threatened by angry breakers as they past?
 And by a train of flying clouds bemoaned;
 Or, in the hollow surge, at anchor rocked
 As on a bed of death? Some lodge in peace,
 Saved by His care who bade the tempest cease;
 And some, too heedless of past danger,
 Fresh gales to waft them to the far-off port;
 But near, or hanging sea and sky between,
 Not one of all those winged powers is seen,
 Seen in her course, nor 'mid this quiet heard;
 Yet oh! how gladly would the air be stirred
 By some acknowledgment of thanks and praise,
 Soft in its temper as those vesper lays
 Sung to the Virgin while accordant oars
 Urge the slow bark along Calabrian shores!
 A sea-born service through the mountains felt,
 Till into one loved vision all things melt;
 Or, like those hymns that soothe with graver sound
 The gulfy coast of Norway iron-bound;
 And, from the wide and open Baltic, rise
 With punctual care, Lutheran harmonies.
 Hush, not a voice is here! but why repine
 Now when the star of eve comes forth to shine
 On British waters with that look benign?
 Ye mariners, that plough your onward way,
 Or in the haven rest or sheltering bay,
 May *silent* thanks at least to God be given
 With a full heart, "our thoughts are heard
 in heaven!"

—:O:—

GEORGE CROLY.

1780—1860.

JACOB'S DREAM.

THE sun was sinking on the mountain zone
 That guards thy vales of beauty, Palestine!
 And lovely from the desert rose the moon,
 Yet lingering on the horizon's purple line,
 Like a pure spirit o'er its earthly shrine.
 Up Padan Aram's height, abrupt and bare,
 A pilgrim toiled, and oft on day's decline
 Looked pale, then paused for eve's delicious air.
 The summit gained, he knelt and breathed
 his evening prayer,

He spread his cloak and slumbered—dark-
 ness fell
 Upon the twilight hills; a sudden sound
 Of silver trumpets o'er him seemed to
 swell;
 Clouds, heavy with the tempest, gathered
 Yet was the whirlwind in its caverns bound,
 Still deeper rolled the darkness from on
 high,
 Gigantic volume upon volume wound,
 Above, a pillar shooting to the sky,
 Below, a mighty sea that spread incessantly.

Voices are heard, a choir of golden strings,
 Low winds whose breath is loaded with
 the rose;
 Then chariot-wheels—the nearer rush of
 wings;
 Pale lightning round the dark pavilion
 glows.
 It thunders—the resplendent gates unclosed;
 Far as the eye can glance, on height o'er
 height,
 Rise fiery waving wings and star-crowned
 brows,
 Millions on millions, brighter and more
 Till all is lost in one supreme unmingled
 light.

But, two beside the sleeping pilgrim stand,
 Like cherub kings, with lifted mighty plume,
 Fixed, sunbright eyes, and looks of high
 command:
 They tell the patriarch of his glorious doom,
 Father of countless myriads that shall come,
 Sweeping the land like billows of the sea,
 Bright as the stars of heaven from twilight's
 gloom,
 Till He is given whom angels long to see,
 And Israel's splendid line is crowned with
 Deity.

—:O:—

REGINALD HEBER.

1783—1826.

MAY-DAY.

QUEEN of fresh flowers
 Whom vernal stars obey,
 Bring thy warm showers,
 Bring thy genial ray.
 In Nature's greenest livery drest
 Descend on earth's expectant breast,
 To earth and heaven a welcome rest,
 Thou merry month of May!

Mark! how we meet thee
 At dawn of dewy day!
 Hark how we greet thee,
 With our roundelay!
 While all the goodly things that be
 In earth and air and ample sea
 Are waking up to welcome thee,
 Thou merry month of May!

Flocks on the mountains,
 And birds upon their spray,
 Tree, turf, and fountains,
 All hold holiday;
 And Love, the life of living things,
 Lovewaves his torch and claps his wings,
 And loud and wide thy praises sings,
 Thou merry month of May.

—:O:—

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

1784—1842.

THE MORNING.

Oh, come! for the lily
 Is white on the lea,
 Oh, come! for the wood-doves
 Are paired on the tree;
 The lark sings with dew
 On her wings and her feet;
 The thrush pours his ditty
 Loud, varied, and sweet;
 So come where the twin hares
 'Mid fragrance have been,
 And with flowers I will weave thee
 A crown like a queen.

Oh, come! hark, the thristle
 Invites you aloud,
 And wild comes the plover's cry
 Down from the cloud;
 The stream lifts its voice,
 And yon daisy's begun
 To part its red lips
 And drink dew in the sun;
 The sky laughs in light,
 Earth rejoices in green;
 So come, and I'll crown thee
 With flowers like a queen.

Oh, haste! hark, the shepherd
 Hath wakened his pipe,
 And led out his lambs
 Where the blackberry's ripe:
 The bright sun is tasting
 The dew on the thyme,

Yon glad maiden's liting
 An old bridal rhyme,
 There's joy in the heaven
 And gladness on earth,—
 So come to the sunshine
 And mix in the mirth.

—:O:—

LORD BYRON.

1788—1824.

THE LAMENT OF TASSO.

LONG years!—It tries the thrilling frame
 to bear,
 And eagle-spirit of a child of Song—
 Long years of outrage, calumny, and
 wrong;
 Imputed madness, prisoned solitude,
 And the mind's canker in its savage mood,
 When the impatient thirst of light and air
 Parches the heart; and the abhorred grate,
 Marring the sunbeams with its hideous
 shade, [the brain,
 Works through the throbbing eyeball to
 With a hot sense of heaviness and pain;
 And bare, at once, Captivity displayed
 Stands scoffing through the never-opened
 gate, [save day,
 Which nothing through its bars admit,
 And tasteless food, which I have eat alone
 Till its unsocial bitterness is gone;
 And I can banquet like a beast of prey,
 Sullen and lonely, couching in the cave
 Which is my lair, and—which it may be—my
 grave.
 All this hath somewhat worn me, and may
 wear, [spair;
 But must be borne. I stoop not to de-
 For I have battled with mine agony,
 And made me wings wherewith to overfly
 The narrow circus of my dungeon wall,
 And freed the Holy Sepulchre from thrall;
 And revelled among men and things
 divine,
 And poured my spirit over Palestine
 In honour of the sacred war for Him,
 The God who was on earth and is in
 heaven, [limb,
 For He has strengthened me in heart and
 That through this sufferance I might be
 forgiven.
 I have employed my penance to record
 How Salem's shrine was won, and how
 adored.

But this is o'er—my pleasant task is done—
My long-sustaining friend of many years!
If I do blot thy final page with tears,
Know that my sorrows have wrung from
me none.

But thou, my young creation! my soul's
child!

Which ever playing round me came and
smiled,

And wooed me from myself with thy sweet
sight,

Thou too art gone—and so is my delight:
And therefore do I weep and inly bleed
With this last bruise upon a broken reed.
Thou too art ended—what is left me now?
For I have anguish yet to bear—and how?
I know not that—but in the innate force
Of my own spirit shall be found resource.
I have not sunk, for I had no remorse,
Nor cause for such: they called me mad—
and why?

O Leonora, wilt not *thou* reply?
I was indeed delirious in my heart
To lift my love so lofty as thou art;
But still my frenzy was not of the mind;
I knew my fault, and feel my punishment
Not less because I suffer it unbent.
That thou wert beautiful, and I not blind,
Hath been the sin which shuts me from
mankind;

But let them go, or torture as they will,
My heart can multiply thine image still:
Successful love may sate itself away.
The wretched are the faithful; 'tis their
fate

To have all feeling save the one decay,
And every passion into one dilate,
As rapid rivers into ocean pour;
And ours is fathomless, and hath no shore.

Above me, hark! the long and maniac cry
Of minds and bodies in captivity.
And hark! the lash and the increasing
howl,

And the half-inarticulate blaspemy!
There be some here with worse than frenzy
foul, {mind,

Some who do still goad on the o'erlaboured
And dim the little light that's left behind
With needless torture, as their tyrant will
Is wound up to the lust of doing ill:
With these and with their victims am I
classed;

'Mid sounds and sights like these long
years have passed;

'Mid sights and sounds like these my life
may close:

So let it be—for then I shall repose.

I have been patient—let me be so yet;
I had forgotten half I would forget,
But it revives—oh! would it were my lot
To be forgetful as I am forgot!—
Feel I not wroth with those who bade me
dwell

In this vast lazar-house of many woes?
Where laughter is not mirth, nor thought
the mind,

Nor words a language, nor even men
mankind;

Where cries reply to curses, shrieks to
blows,

And each is tortured in his separate hell—
For we are crowded in our solitudes—
Many, but each divided by the wall,
Which echoes Madness in her babbling
moods;

While all can hear, none heed his neigh-
bour's call—

None! save that One, the veriest wretch
of all,

Who was not made to be the mate of
these, {Disease.

Nor bound between Distraction and
Feel I not wroth with those who placed
me here?

Who have debased me in the minds of
men,

Debarring me the usage of my own,
Blighting my life in best of its career,
Branding my thoughts as things to shun
and fear? [again,

Would I not pay them back these pangs
And teach them inward Sorrow's stifled
groan,

The struggle to be calm, and cold distress?
Which undermines our stoical success?

No!—still too proud to be vindictive—I
Have pardoned princes' insults, and would
die.

Yes, Sister of my Sovereign! for thy sake
I weed all bitterness from out my breast,
It hath no business where *thou* art a guest.
Thy brother hates—but I cannot detest;
Thou pitiest not—but I cannot forsake.

Look on a love which knows not to despair,
But all unquenched is still my better part,
Dwelling deep in my shut and silent heart,
As dwells the gathered lightning in its
cloud,

Encompassed with its dark and rolling
shroud,

'Till struck—forth flies the all-ethereal dart!
And thus—at the collision of thy name
The vivid thought still flashes through my
frame,

And for a moment all things as they were
 Flit by me: they are gone—I am the same.
 And yet my love without ambition grew;
 I knew thy state, my station, and I knew
 A princess was no love-mate for a bard:
 I told it not, I breathed it not; it was
 Sufficient to itself, its own reward:
 And if my eyes revealed it, they, alas!
 Were punished by the silentness of thine,
 And yet I did not venture to repine.
 Thou wert to me a crystal-girded shrine,
 Worshipped at holy distance, and around
 Hallowed and meekly kissed the saintly
 ground:

Not for thou wert a princess, but that Love
 Had robed thee with a glory, and arrayed
 Thy lineaments in beauty that dismayed—
 Oh! not dismayed—but awed, like One
 above;

And in that sweet severity there was
 A something which all softness did surpass;
 I know not how—thy genius mastered mine,
 My star stood still before thee: if it were
 Presumptuous thus to love without design,
 That sad fatality hath cost me dear;
 But thou art dearer still, and I should be
 Fit for this cell, which wrongs me—but
 for thee.

The very love which locked me to my chain
 Hath lightened half its weight; and for
 the rest,

Though heavy, lent me vigour to sustain,
 And look to thee with undivided breast,
 And foil the ingenuity of Pain.

It is no marvel—from my very birth
 My soul was drunk with love, which did
 pervade

And mingle with whate'er I saw on earth;
 Of objects all inanimate I made
 {dols, and out of wild and lonely flowers,
 And rocks whereby they grew, a Paradise,
 Where I did lay me down within the shade
 Of waving trees, and dreamed uncounted
 hours,

Though I was chid for wandering; and
 the Wise

Shook their white aged heads o'er me, and
 said [made.

Of such materials wretched men were
 And such a truant boy would end in woe,
 And that the only lesson was a blow.

And then they smote me, and I did not
 weep,

But cursed them in my heart, and to my
 haunt [again

Returned and wept alone, and dreamed
 The visions which arise without a sleep.

And with my years my soul began to pant
 With feelings of strange tumult and soft
 pain; [Want,

And the whole heart exhaled into One
 But undefined and wandering, till the day
 I found the thing I sought—and that was
 thee;

And then I lost my being, all to be
 Absorbed in thine—the world was passed
 away—

Thou didst annihilate the earth to me!

I loved all Solitude, but little thought
 To spend I know not what of life, remote
 From all communion with existence, save
 The maniac and his tyrant: had I been
 Their fellow, many years ere this had seen
 My mind like theirs corrupted to its grave.
 But who hath seen me writhe or heard me
 rave?

Perchance in such a cell we suffer more
 Than the wrecked sailor on his desert
 shore;

The world is all before him—*mine is here*,
 Scarce twice the space they must accord
 my bier. [eye,

What though *he* perish? he may lift his
 And with a dying glance upbraid the sky;
 I will not raise my own in such reproof,
 Although 'tis clouded by my dungeon roof.

Yet do I feel at times my mind decline,
 But with a sense of its decay;—I see
 Unwonted lights along my prison shine,
 And a strange demon, who is vexing me
 With pilfering pranks and petty pains,
 below

The feeling of the healthful and the free;
 But much to One who long hath suffered so,
 Sickness of heart, and narrowness of place,
 And all that may be borne or can debase.
 I thought mine enemies had been but man,
 But spirits may be leagued with them; all
 earth

Abandons, Heaven forgets me: in the dearth
 Of such defence the powers of evil can,
 It may be, tempt me further, and prevail
 Against the outworn creature they assail.
 Why in this furnace is my spirit proved
 Like steel in tempering fire?—because I
 loved?

Because I loved what not to love, and see,
 Was more or less than mortal, and than me.

I once was quick in feeling—that is o'er:
 My scars are callous, or I should have
 dashed [flashed
 My brain against these bars, as the sun

In mockery through them. If I bear and
bore

The much I have recounted, and the more
Which hath no words—'tis that I would
not die,

And sanction with self-slaughter the dull lie
Which snared me here, and with the brand
of shame

Stamp madness deep into my memory,
And woo compassion to a blighted name,
Sealing the sentence which my foes pro-
claim.

No—it shall be immortal! and I make
A future temple of my present cell,
Which nations yet shall visit for my sake.
While thou, Ferrara, when no longer dwell
The ducal chiefs within thee, shalt fall
down,

And crumbling piecemeal view thy heartless
A poet's wreath shall be thy only crown—
A poet's dungeon thy most far renown,
While strangers wonder o'er thy unpeopled
walls!

And thou, Leonora! thou—who wert
ashamed

That such as I could love—who blushed
to hear

To less than monarchs that thou couldst
Go! tell thy brother that my heart, untamed
By grief, years, weariness—and it may be
A taint of that he would impute to me,
From long infection of a den like this,
Where the mind rots congenial with the
abyss—

Adores thee still; and add—that when the
towers

And battlements which guard his joyous
Of banquet, dance, and revel, are forgot,
Or left untended in a dull repose,
This, this shall be a consecrated spot!

But *thou*—when all that birth and beauty
throws

Of magic round thee is extinct—shalt have
One-half the laurel which o'ershades my
grave.

No power in death can tear our names
As none in life could rend thee from my
heart.

Yes, Leonora! it shall be our fate
To be entwined for ever—but too late!

—o—

DARKNESS.

I HAD a dream, which was not all a dream.
The bright sun was extinguished, and the
stars

Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
Rayless and pathless; and the icy earth
Swung blind and blackening in the moon-
less air;

Morn came and went—and came, and
brought no day,

And men forgot their passions in the dread
Of this their desolation; and all hearts

Were chilled into a selfish prayer for light:
And they did live by watchfires—and the
thrones,

The palaces of crowned kings—the huts,
The habitations of all things which dwell,
Were burnt for beacons; cities were con-
sumed,

And men were gathered round their blazing
To look once more into each other's face.
Happy were those who dwelt within the eye
Of the volcanoes, and their mountain-torch;

A fearful hope was all the world contained:
Forests were set on fire—but hour by hour
They fell and faded—and the crackling
trunks

Extinguished with a crash—and all was
black.

The brows of men by the despairing light
Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits

The flashes fell upon them; some lay down
And hid their eyes and wept; and some
did rest

Their chins upon their clenched hands, and
smiled;

And others hurried to and fro, and fed
Their funeral piles with fuel, and looked up
With mad disquietude on the dull sky,

The pall of a past world; and then again
With curses cast them down upon the dust,
And gnashed their teeth and howled; the
wild birds shrieked,

And, terrified, did flutter on the ground,
And flap their useless wings; the wildest
brutes

Came tame and tremulous; and vipers
crawled

And twined themselves among the multi-
tude,

Hissing, but stingless—they were slain for
And War, which for a moment was no more,
Did glut himself again:—a meal was bought
With blood, and each sate sullenly apart
Gorging himself in gloom: no love was left
All earth was but one thought—and that
was death

Immediate and inglorious; and the pang
Of famine fed upon all entrails—men
Died, and their bones were tombless as
their flesh;

The meagre by the meagre were devoured.

Even dogs assailed their masters, all save one,

And he was faithful to a corse, and kept
The birds and beasts and famished men at bay, [dead

Till hunger clung them, or the dropping
Lured their lank jaws; himself sought out no food,

But with a piteous and perpetual moan,
And a quick desolate cry, licking the hand
Which answered not with a caress—he died. [two

The crowd was famished by degrees; but
Of an enormous city did survive,

And they were enemies: they met beside
The dying embers of an altar-place,
Where had been heaped a mass of holy things

For an unholy usage; they raked up,
And shivering scraped with their cold
skeleton hands

The feeble ashes, and their feeble breath
Blew for a little life, and made a flame
Which was a mockery; then they lifted up
Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld
Each other's aspects—saw, and shrieked,
and died—

Even of their mutual hideousness they died,
Unknowing who he was upon whose brow
Famine had written Fiend. The world was
void,

The populous and the powerful was a lump,
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, life-
less,

A lump of death—a chaos of hard clay.
The rivers, lakes, and ocean, all stood still,
And nothing stirred within their silent
depths;

Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea,
And their masts fell down piecemeal; as
they dropped,

They slept on the abyss without a surge—
The waves were dead; the tides were in
their grave, [before;

The moon, their mistress, had expired
The winds were withered in the stagnant
air, [need

And the clouds perished; Darkness had no
Of aid from them—she was the Universe!

—o—

STANZAS.

THERE's not a joy the world can give like
that it takes away,
When the glow of early thought declines
in feeling's dull decay;

'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush
alone, which fades so fast,
But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere
youth itself be past.

Then the few whose spirits float above the
wreck of happiness
Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt or ocean
of excess:

The magnet of their course is gone, or only
points in vain

The shore to which their shivered sail shall
never stretch again.

Then the mortal coldness of the soul like
death itself comes down;

It cannot feel for others' woes, it dares not
dream its own;

That heavy chill has frozen o'er the foun-
tain of our tears,

And though the eye may sparkle still, 'tis
where the ice appears.

Though wit may flash from fluent lips, and
mirth distract the breast,

Through midnight hours that yield no
more their former hope of rest;

'Tis but as ivy-leaves around the ruined
turret wreath.

All green and wildly fresh without, but
worn and grey beneath.

Oh! could I feel as I have felt—or be what
I have been,

Or weep as I could once have wept, o'er
many a vanished scene;

As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all
brackish though they be,

So 'midst the withered waste of life those
tears would flow to me.

—o—

SUN OF THE SLEEPLESS.

SUN of the sleepless! melancholy star!
Whose tearful beam glows tremulously far,
That show'st the darkness thou canst not
dispel,

How like art thou to joy remembered well!
So gleams the past, the light of other days,
Which shines, but warms not with its
powerless rays;

A night-beam Sorrow watcheth to behold,
Distinct, but distant—clear, but, oh, how
cold!

—o—

SAUL.

THOU whose spell can raise the dead,
 Bid the prophet's form appear.
 "Samuel, raise thy buried head!
 King, behold the phantom seer!"

Earth yawned; he stood the centre of a
 cloud:
 Light changed its hue, retiring from his
 shroud.
 Death stood all glassy in his fixed eye;
 His hand was withered and his veins were
 dry;
 His foot in bony whiteness glittered there,
 Shrunken and sinewless, and ghastly bare;
 From lips that moved not and unbreathing
 frame,
 Like caverned winds the hollow accents
 came.
 Saul saw, and fell to earth, as falls the oak,
 At once, and blasted by the thunder-stroke.

"Why is my sleep disquieted?
 Who is he that calls the dead?
 Is it thou, O King? Behold,
 Bloodless are these limbs and cold;
 Such are mine, and such shall be
 Thine to-morrow, when with me:
 Ere the coming day is done
 Such shalt thou be, such thy son.
 Fare thee well but for a day,
 Then we mix our mouldering clay.
 Thou, thy race, lie pale and low,
 Pierced by shafts of many a bow;
 And the falchion by thy side
 To thy heart thy hand shall guide:
 Crownless, breathless, headless fall,
 Son and sire, the house of Saul!"

—o—

SONG OF SAUL BEFORE HIS
LAST BATTLE.

WARRIORS and chiefs! should the shaft
 or the sword
 Pierce me in leading the host of the Lord,
 Heed not the corse, though a king's, in
 your path:
 Bury your steel in the bosoms of Gath!

Thou who art bearing my buckler and bow,
 Should the soldiers of Saul look away from
 the foe, [feet!
 Stretch me that moment in blood at thy
 Mine be the doom which they dared not to
 meet.

Farewell to others, but never we part,
 Heir to my royalty, son of my heart!
 Bright is the diadem, boundless the sway,
 Or kingly the death, which awaits us to-day.

—o—

WHEN COLDNESS WRAPS THIS
SUFFERING CLAY.

WHEN coldness wraps this suffering clay,
 Ah! whither strays the immortal mind?
 It cannot die, it cannot stay,
 But leaves its darkened dust behind.
 Then, unembodied, doth it trace
 By steps each planet's heavenly way?
 Or fill at once the realms of space,
 A thing of eyes that all survey?

Eternal, boundless, undecayed,
 A thought unseen, but seeing all,
 All, all in earth or skies displayed,
 Shall it survey, shall it recall?
 Each fainter trace that memory holds
 So darkly of departed years,
 In one broad glance the soul beholds,
 And all that was at once appears.

Before Creation peopled earth,
 Its eyes shall roll through chaos back;
 And where the farthest heaven had birth,
 The spirit trace its rising track.
 And where the future mars or makes,
 Its glance dilate o'er all to be,
 While sun is quenched, or system breaks,
 Fixed in its own eternity.

Above or Love, Hope, Hate, or Fear,
 It lives all passionless and pure:
 An age shall fleet like earthly year;
 Its years as moments shall endure.
 Away, away, without a wing,
 O'er all, through all, its thought shall fly,
 A nameless and eternal thing,
 Forgetting what it was to die.

—o—

THE BANKS OF THE RHINE.

THE castled crag of Drachenfels
 Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
 Whose breast of waters broadly swells
 Between the banks which bear the vine,
 And hills all rich with blossomed trees,
 And fields which promise corn and wine,
 And scattered cities crowning these,
 Whose far white walls along them shine,

Have strewed a scene, which I should see
With double joy wert *thou* with me!

And peasant girls, with deep blue eyes,
And hands which offer early flowers,
Walk smiling o'er this Paradise.
Above, the frequent feudal towers
Through green leaves lift their walls of gray,
And many a rock which steeply lours,
And noble arch in proud decay,
Look o'er this vale of vintage bowers:
But one thing want these banks of Rhine,
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine!

I send the lilies given to me;
Though long before thy hand they touch,
I know that they must withered be,
But yet reject them not as such;
For I have cherished them as dear,
Because they yet may meet thine eye,
And guide thy soul to mine even here,
When thou behold'st them drooping nigh,
And know'st them gathered by the Rhine,
And offered from my heart to thine!

The river nobly foams and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round;
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
Through life to dwell delighted here;
Nor could on earth a spot be found
To nature and to me so dear,
Could thy dear eyes in following mine
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine!

—:O:—

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

1792—1822.

THE CLOUD.

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting
flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that
waken

The sweet birds every one, [breast,
When rocked to rest on their mother's
As she dances about the sun.

I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,
Lightning my pilot sits,
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits;
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the craggs, and the hills
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or
The spirit he loves remains; [stream,
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue
smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead.
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit
sea beneath,
Its ardours of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear, [roof,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built
tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on
high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel
and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.

From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
 Over a torrent sea,
 Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
 The mountains its columns be.
 The triumphal arch through which I march
 With hurricane, fire, and snow,
 When the powers of the air are chained to
 my chair,
 Is the million-coloured bow:
 The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,
 While the moist earth was laughing
 below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
 And the nursling of the sky;
 I pass through the pores of the ocean and
 shores;
 I change, but I cannot die.
 For after the rain, when with never a stain
 The pavilion of heaven is bare,
 And the winds and sunbeams with their
 convex gleams
 Build up the blue dome of air,
 I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
 And out of the caverns of rain,
 Like a child from the womb, like a ghost
 from the tomb,
 I arise and unbuild it again.

—o—

THE WORLD'S WANDERERS.

TELL me, thou star, whose wings of light
 Speed thee in thy fiery flight,
 In what cavern of the night
 Will thy pinions close now?

Tell me, moon, thou pale and gray
 Pilgrim of heaven's homeless way,
 In what depth of night or day
 Seekest thou repose now?

Weary wind, who wanderest
 Like the world's rejected guest,
 Hast thou still some secret nest
 On the tree or billow?

—o—

MONT BLANC.

Lines written in the Vale of Chamouni.

THE everlasting universe of things
 Flows through the mind, and rolls its rapid
 waves,
 Now dark, now glittering, now reflecting
 gloom,

Now lending splendour, where from secret
 springs
 The source of human thought it tribute
 brings
 Of waters,—with a sound but half its own,
 Such as a feeble brook will oft assume
 In the wild woods, among the mountains
 lone,
 Where waterfalls around it leap for ever,
 Where woods and winds contend, and a
 vast river
 Over its rocks ceaselessly bursts and raves.
 Thus thou, Ravine of Arve—dark, deep
 Ravine—
 Thou many-coloured, many-voiced vale,
 Over whose pines and crags and caverns
 sail
 Fast cloud-shadows and sunbeams: awful
 scene,
 Where Power in likeness of the Arve comes
 down
 From the ice-gulfs that gird his secret
 throne,
 Bursting through these dark mountains
 like the flame
 Of lightning through the tempest;—thou
 dost lie,
 Thy giant brood of pines around thee
 clinging,
 Children of elder time, in whose devotion
 The chainless winds still come and ever
 came
 To drink their odours, and their mighty
 swinging
 To hear—an old and solemn harmony:
 Thine earthly rainbows stretched across
 the sweep
 Of the ethereal waterfall, whose veil
 Robes some unsculptured image; the
 strange sleep
 Which, when the voices of the desert fail,
 Wraps all in its own deep eternity;
 Thy caverns echoing to the Arve's com-
 motion [tame;
 A loud, lone sound, no other sound can
 Thou art pervaded with that ceaseless
 motion,
 Thou art the part of that unresting sound,
 Dizzy Ravine! and when I gaze on thee
 I seem as in a trance sublime and strange
 To muse on my own separate fantasy,
 My own, my human mind, which passively
 Now renders and receives fast influenc-
 ings,
 Holding an unremitting interchange
 With the clear universe of things around;
 One legion of wild thoughts, whose wand-
 ering wings

Now float above thy darkness, and now rest

Where that or thou art no unbidden guest,
In the still cave of the witch Poesy,
Seeking among the shadows that pass by
Ghosts of all things that are, some shade of thee,

Some phantom, some faint image; till the breast

From which they fled recalls them, thou art there!

Some say that gleams of a remoter world
Visit the soul in sleep,—that death is slumber,

And that its shapes the busy thoughts outnumber

Of those who wake and live.—I look on high:

Has some unknown omnipotence unfurled
The veil of life and death? or do I lie
In dream, and does the mightier world of sleep

Spread far around and inaccessibly
Its circles? For the very spirit fails,
Driven like a homeless cloud from steep to steep

That vanishes along the viewless gales!
Far, far above, piercing the infinite sky,
Mont Blanc appears,—still, snowy, and serene—

Its subject mountains their unearthly forms
Pile round it, ice and rock; broad vales between

Of frozen floods, unfathomable deeps,
Blue as the overhanging heaven, that spread

And wind among the accumulated steeps;
A desert peopled by the storms alone,
Save when the eagle brings some hunter's bone,

And the wolf tracks her there—how hideously

Its shapes are heaped around, rude, bare, and high,

Ghastly, and scarred, and riven. Is this the scene

Where the old Earthquake-demon taught her young

Ruin? Were these their toys? or did a sea

Of fire envelope once this silent snow?
None can reply—all seems eternal now.

* * * * *

Power dwells apart in its tranquillity
Remote, serene, and inaccessible:

And *this*, the naked countenance of earth,
On which I gaze, even these primeval mountains,

Teach the adverting mind. The glaciers creep

Like snakes that watch their prey, from their far fountains,

Slow rolling on; there, many a precipice
Frost and the sun in scorn of mortal power
Have piled—dome, pyramid, and pinnacle,
A city of death, distinct with many a tower
And wall impregnable of beaming ice.

Yet not a city, but a flood of ruin
Is there, that from the boundaries of the sky

Rolls its perpetual stream; vast pines are strewing

Its destined path, or in the mangled soil
Branchless and shattered stand; the rocks, drawn down

From yon remotest waste, have overthrown
The limits of the dead and living world,
Never to be reclaimed. The dwelling-place

Of insects, beasts, and birds becomes its spoil;

Their food and their retreat for ever gone,
So much of life and joy is lost. The race
Of man flies far in dread; his work and dwelling

Vanish, like smoke before the tempest's stream,

And their place is not known. Below, vast caves

Shine in the rushing torrent's restless gleam,

Which from those secret chasms in tumult welling

Meet in the vale, and one majestic river,
The breath and blood of distant lands, for ever

Rolls its loud waters to the ocean waves,
Breathes its swift vapours to the circling air.

Mont Blanc yet gleams on high:—the power is there,

The still and solemn power of many sights
And many sounds, and much of life and death.

In the calm darkness of the moonless nights,

In the lone glare of day, the snows descend

Upon that mountain; none beholds them there.

[sun,
Nor when the flakes burn in the sinking
Or the star-beams dart through them:—
Winds contend

Silently there, and heap the snow with
 breath
 Rapid and strong, but silently! Its home
 The voiceless lightning in these solitudes
 Keeps innocently, and like vapour broods
 Over the snow. The secret strength of
 things [finite dome
 Which governs thought, and to the in-
 Of heaven is as a law, inhabits thee!
 And what were thou, and earth, and stars,
 and sea,
 If to the human mind's imaginings
 Silence and solitude were vacancy?



LINES WRITTEN AMONG THE EUGANEAN HILLS.

'MID the mountains Euganean
 I stood listening to the pæan
 With which the legioned rooks did hail
 The sun's uprise majestic;
 Gathering round with wings all hoar,
 Through the dewy mist they soar
 Like grey shades, till the eastern heaven
 Bursts, and then, as clouds of even,
 Flecked with fire and azure, lie
 In the unfathomable sky,
 So their plumes of purple grain,
 Starred with drops of golden rain,
 Gleam above the sunlight woods,
 As in multitudes
 On the morning's fitful gale
 Through the broken mist they sail,
 And the vapours cloven and gleaming
 Follow down the dark steep streaming,
 Till all is bright, and clear, and still,
 Round the solitary hill.

Beneath is spread like a green sea
 The waveless plain of Lombardy,
 Bounded by the vaporous air,
 Islanded by cities fair;
 Underneath day's azure eyes
 Ocean's nursing, Venice, lies,
 A peopled labyrinth of walls,
 Amphitrite's destined halls,
 Which her hoary sire now paves
 With his blue and beaming waves.
 Lo! the sun upsprings behind,
 Broad, red, radiant, half-reclined
 On the level quivering line
 Of the waters crystalline;
 And before that chasm of light,
 As within a furnace bright,
 Column, tower, and dome, and spire,
 Shine like obelisks of fire,

Pointing with inconstant motion
 From the altar of dark ocean
 To the sapphire-tinted skies;
 As the flames of sacrifice
 From the marble shrines did rise,
 As to pierce the dome of gold
 Where Apollo spoke of old.

Sun-girt city, thou hast been
 Ocean's child, and then his queen;
 Now is come a darker day,
 And thou soon must be his prey,
 If the power that raised thee here
 Hallow so thy watery bier.
 A less drear ruin than than now,
 With thy conquest-branded brow
 Stooping to the slave of slaves
 From thy throne among the waves,
 Wilt thou be, when the sea-mew
 Flies, as once before it flew,
 O'er thine isles depopulate,
 And all is in its ancient state,
 Save where many a palace gate,
 With green sea-flowers overgrown,
 Like a rock of ocean's own,
 Topples o'er the abandoned sea
 As the tides change sullenly.
 The fisher on his watery way,
 Wandering at the close of day,
 Will spread his sail and seize his oar
 Till he pass the gloomy shore,
 Lest thy dead should, from their sleep
 Bursting o'er the starlight deep,
 Lead a rapid masque of death
 O'er the waters of his path.

Those who alone thy towers behold
 Quivering through aerial gold,
 As I now behold them here,
 Would imagine not they were
 Sepulchres, where human forms,
 Like pollution-nourished worms
 To the corpse of greatness cling,
 Murdered, and now mouldering.
 But if Freedom should awake
 In her omnipotence, and shake
 From the Celtic Anarch's hold
 All the keys of dungeons cold,
 Where a hundred cities lie
 Chained like thee, ingloriously,
 Thou and all thy sister band
 Might adorn this sunny land,
 Twining memories of old time
 With new virtues more sublime;
 If not, perish thou and they,
 Clouds which stain truth's rising day
 By her sun consumed away.

Earth can spare ye: while, like
flowers,
In the waste of years and hours,
From your dust new nations spring
With more kindly blossoming.
Perish! let there only be
Floating o'er thy heartless sea,
As the garment of thy sky
Clothes the world immortally,
One remembrance, more sublime
Than the tattered pall of time,
Which scarce hides thy visage wan;—
That a tempest-cleaving swan
Of the songs of Albion,
Driven from his ancestral streams
By the might of evil dreams,
Found a nest in thee; and Ocean
Welcomed him with such emotion
That its joy grew his, and sprung
From his lips like music flung
O'er a mighty thunder-fit,
Chastening terror: what though yet
Poesy's unfailing river,
Which through Albion winds for ever,
Lashing with melodious wave
Many a sacred poet's grave,
Mourn its latest nursing fled?
What though thou with all thy dead
Scarce can for this fame repay
Aught thine own,—oh, rather say,
Though thy sins and slaveries foul
Overcloud a sunlike soul!
As the ghost of Homer clings
Round Scamander's wasting springs;
As divinest Shakespeare's might
Fills Avon and the world with light
Like omniscient power, which he
Imaged 'mid mortality;
As the love from Petrarch's urn
Yet amid yon hills doth burn,
A quenchless lamp, by which the heart
Sees things unearthly; so thou art,
Mighty spirit: so shall be
The city that did refuge thee.

Lo, the sun floats up the sky
Like thought-wingèd Liberty,
Till the universal light
Seems to level plain and height;
From the sea a mist has spread,
And the beams of morn lie dead
On the towers of Venice now,
Like its glory long ago.
By the skirts of that grey cloud
Many-domèd Padua proud
Stands, a peopled solitude,
'Mid the harvest shining plain,
Where the peasant heaps his grain

In the garner of his foe;
And the milk-white oxen slow
With the purple vintage strain,
Heaped upon the creaking wain,
That the brutal Celt may swill
Drunken sleep with savage will;
And the sickle to the sword
Lies unchanged, though many a lord,
Like a weed whose shade is poison,
Overgrows this region's foison,
Sheaves of whom are ripe to come
To destruction's harvest home:
Men must reap the things they sow,
Force from force must ever flow,
Or worse; but 'tis a bitter woe
That love or reason cannot change
The despot's rage, the slave's revenge.

* * * *

In thine halls the lamp of learning,
Padua, now no more is burning;
Like a meteor, whose wild way
Is lost over the grave of day,
It gleams betrayed and to betray:
Once remotest nations came
To adore that sacred flame,
When it lit not many a hearth
On this cold and gloomy earth;
Now new fires from antique light
Spring beneath the wide world's might
But their spark lies dead in thee,
Trampled out by tyranny.
As the Norway woodman quells,
In the depth of piny dells,
One light flame among the brakes,
While the boundless forest shakes,
And its mighty trunks are torn
By the fire thus lowly born:
The spark beneath his feet is dead,
He starts to see the flames it fed
Howling through the darkened sky
With myriad tongues victoriously,
And sinks down in fear: so thou,
O tyranny, beholdest now
Light around thee, and thou hearest
The loud flames ascend, and fearest:
Grovel on the earth! ay, hide
In the dust thy purple pride!

Noon descends around me now:
'Tis the noon of autumn's glow,
When a soft and purple mist
Like a vaporous amethyst,
Or an air-dissolved star
Mingling light and fragrance, far
From the curved horizon's bound
To the point of heaven's profound,
Fills the overflowing sky;
And the plains that silent lie

Underneath, the leaves unsodden
 Where the infant frost has trodden
 With his morning-winged feet,
 Whose bright print is gleaming yet ;
 And the red and golden vines,
 Piercing with their trellised lines
 The rough, dark-skirted wilderness ;
 The dun and bladed grass no less,
 Pointing from this hoary tower
 In the windless air ; the flower
 Glimmering at my feet ; the live
 Of the olive-sandalled Apennine
 In the south dimly islanded ;
 And the Alps, whose snows are spread
 High between the clouds and sun ;
 And of living things each one ;
 And my spirit, which so long
 Darkened this swift stream of song,
 Interpenetrated lie
 By the glory of the sky :
 Be it love, light, harmony,
 Odour, or the soul of all
 Which from heaven like dew doth fall,
 Or the mind which feeds this verse
 Peopling the lone universe.

Noon descends, and after noon
 Autumn's evening meets me soon,
 Leading the infantine moon,
 And that one star, which to her
 Almost seems to minister
 Half the crimson light she brings
 From the sunset's radiant springs ;
 And the soft dreams of the morn
 (Which like winged winds had borne
 To that silent isle, which lies
 'Mid remembered agonies,
 The frail bark of this lone being),
 Pass, to other sufferers fleeing,
 And its ancient pilot, Pain,
 Sits beside the helm again.

Other flowering isles must be
 In the sea of life and agony ;
 Other spirits float and flee
 O'er that gulf : even now, perhaps,
 On some rock the wild wave wraps,
 With folded wings they waiting sit
 For my bark, to pilot it
 To some calm and blooming cove,
 Where for me, and those I love,
 May a windless bower be built,
 Far from passion, pain, and guilt,
 In a dell 'mid lawny hills,
 Which the wild sea-murmur fills,
 And soft sunshine, and the sound
 Of old forests echoing round,

And the light and smell divine
 Of all flowers that breathe and shine :
 We may live so happy there,
 That the spirits of the air,
 Envyng us, may e'en entice
 To our healing Paradise
 The polluting multitude ;
 But their rage would be subdued
 By that clime divine and calm,
 And the winds whose wings rain balm
 On the uplifted soul, and leaves
 Under which the bright sea heaves ;
 While each breathless interval
 In their whisperings musical
 The inspired soul supplies
 With its own deep melodies,
 And the love which heals all strife
 Circling, like the breath of life,
 All things in that sweet abode
 With its own mild brotherhood :
 They, not it, would change ; and soon
 Every sprite beneath the moon
 Would repent its envy vain,
 And the earth grow young again.

—o—

HYMN OF APOLLO.

THE sleepless Hours who watch me as I lie,
 Curtained with star-enwoven tapestries,
 From the broad moonlight of the sky,
 Fanning the busy dreams from my dim
 eyes,
 Waken me when their Mother, the grey
 Dawn,
 Tells them that dreams, and that the moon
 is gone.

Then I arise, and climbing Heaven's blue
 dome,
 I walk over the mountains and the waves,
 Leaving my robe upon the ocean foam ;
 My footsteps pave the clouds with fire ;
 the caves [the air
 Are filled with my bright presence, and
 Leaves the green earth to my embraces
 bare.

The sunbeams are my shafts, with which
 I kill
 Deceit, that loves the night and fears the
 day ;
 All men who do or e'en imagine ill
 Fly me, and from the glory of my ray
 Good minds and open actions take new
 might,
 Until diminished by the reign of night.

I feed the clouds, the rainbows, and the
 flowers
 With their ethereal colours; the moon's
 globe
 And the pure stars in their eternal bowers
 Are cinctured with my power as with a
 robe;
 Whatever lamps on earth or heaven may
 shine,
 Are portions of one power, which is mine.

I stand at noon upon the peak of heaven,
 Then with unwilling steps I wander down
 Into the clouds of the Atlantic even;
 For grief that I depart they weep and
 frown:
 What look is more delightful than the
 smile
 With which I soothe them from the west-
 ern isle?

I am the eye with which the Universe
 Beholds itself and knows itself divine;
 All harmony of instrument or verse,
 All prophecy, all medicines are mine,
 All light of art or nature;—to my song
 Victory and praise in their own right
 belong.

—o—

HYMN OF PAN.

FROM the forests and highlands
 We come, we come!
 From the river-girt islands,
 Where loud waves are dumb
 Listening to my sweet pipings,
 The wind in the reeds and the rushes,
 The bees on the bells of thyme,
 The birds on the myrtle-bushes,
 The cicale above in the lime,
 And the lizards below in the grass,
 Were as silent as ever old Tmolus was,
 Listening to my sweet pipings.

Liquid Peneus was flowing,
 And all dark Tempe lay
 In Pelion's shadow, outgrowing
 The light of the dying day,
 Speeded by my sweet pipings.
 The Sileni, and Sylvans, and Fauns,
 And the Nymphs of the woods and
 waves,
 To the edge of the moist river-lawns,
 And the brink of the dewy caves,
 And all that did then attend and follow
 Were silent with love, as you now, Apollo,
 With envy of my sweet pipings.

I sang of the dancing stars,
 I sang of the dædal Earth,
 And of Heaven—and the giant wars,
 And Love, and Death, and Birth,—
 And then I changed my pipings,—
 Singing how down the vale of Menalus
 I pursued a maiden and clasped a reed:
 Gods and men, we are all deluded thus!
 It breaks in our bosom and then we bleed:
 All wept, as I think both ye now would,
 If envy or age had not frozen your blood,
 At the sorrow of my sweet pipings.

—o—

THE PAST.

WILT thou forget the happy hours
 Which we buried in Love's sweet bowers,
 Heaping over their corpses cold
 Blossoms and leaves, instead of mould?
 Blossoms which were the joys that fell,
 And leaves, the hopes that yet remain.

Forget the dead, the past? Oh, yet [it,
 There are ghosts that may take revenge for
 Memories that make the heart a tomb,
 Regrets which glide through the spirit's
 And with ghastly whispers tell [gloom,
 That joy, once lost, is pain.

—o—

SONG OF A SPIRIT.

WITHIN the silent centre of the earth
 My mansion is; where I lived ensphered
 From the beginning, and around my sleep
 Have woven all the wondrous imagery
 Of this dim spot, which mortals call the
 world;
 Infinite depths of unknown elements
 Massed into one impenetrable mask;
 Sheets of immeasurable fire, and veins
 Of gold and stone, and adamant iron,
 And as a veil in which I walk through heaven
 I have wrought mountains, seas, and waves,
 and clouds,
 And lastly light, whose interfusion dawns
 In the dark space of interstellar air.

—o—

LIBERTY.

THE fiery mountains answer each other;
 Their thunderings are echoed from zone
 to zone;

The tempestuous oceans awake one
 another,
 And the ice-rocks are shaken round winter's
 zone
 When the clarion of the Typhoon is blown.

From a single cloud the lightning flashes,
 Whilst a thousand isles are illumined
 around,
 Earthquake is trampling one city to ashes,
 An hundred are shuddering and tottering;
 the sound
 Is bellowing underground.

But keener thy gaze than the lightning's
 glare, [tramp;
 And swifter thy step than the earthquake's
 Thou deafenest the rage of the ocean; thy
 stare [lamp
 Makes blind the volcanoes; the sun's bright
 To thine is a fen-fire damp.

From billow and mountain and exhalation
 The sunlight is darted through vapour and
 blast;

From spirit to spirit, from nation to nation,
 From city to hamlet thy dawning is cast,
 And tyrants and slaves are like shadows of
 night
 In the van of the morning light.

—o—

DIRGE FOR THE YEAR.

ORPHAN hours, the year is dead,
 Come and sigh, come and weep!
 Merry hours, smile instead,
 For the year is but asleep.
 See, it smiles as it is sleeping,
 Mocking your untimely weeping.

As an earthquake rocks a corpse
 In its coffin in the clay,
 So White Winter, that rough nurse,
 Rocks the death-cold year to-day;
 Solemn hours! wail aloud
 For your mother in her shroud.

As the wild air stirs and sways
 The tree-swung cradle of a child,
 So the breath of these rude days
 Rocks the year:—be calm and mild,
 Trembling hours, she will arise
 With new love within her eyes.

January grey is here,
 Like a sexton by her grave:

February bears the bier,
 March with grief doth howl and rave,
 And April weeps—but, O ye hours,
 Follow with May's fairest flowers.

—o—

TIME.

UNFATHOMABLE Sea! whose waves are
 years, [woe
 Ocean of Time, whose waters of deep
 Are brackish with the salt of human tears!
 Thou shoreless flood, which in thy ebb
 and flow
 Claspest the limits of mortality!
 And sick of prey, yet howling on for more,
 Vomitest thy wrecks on its inhospitable
 shore,
 Treacherous in calm, and terrible in storm,
 Who shall put forth on thee,
 Unfathomable Sea?

—o—

SONG OF PROSERPINE,
WHILST GATHERING FLOWERS ON THE
PLAIN OF ENNA.

SACRED Goddess, Mother Earth,
 Thou from whose immortal bosom
 Gods and men and beasts have birth,
 Leaf and blade, and bud and blossom,
 Breathe thine influence most divine
 On thine own child, Proserpine.

If with mists of evening dew
 Thou dost nourish these young flowers
 Till they grow in scent and hue
 Fairest children of the Hours,
 Breathe thine influence most divine
 On thine own child, Proserpine.

—:O:—

JOHN KEATS.

1796—1820.

FANCY.

EVER let the Fancy roam,
 Pleasure never is at home:
 At a touch sweet pleasure melteth,
 Like to bubbles when rain pelteth;
 Then let wingèd Fancy wander [her.
 Through the thought still spread beyond

Open wide the mind's cage-door,
 She'll dart forth, and cloudward soar.
 O sweet Fancy! let her loose;
 Summer's joys are spoiled by use,
 And the enjoying of the Spring
 Fades as does its blossoming;
 Autumn's red-lipped fruitage too,
 Blushing through the mist and dew,
 Cloys with tasting. What do then?
 Sit thee by the ingle, when
 The sear faggot blazes bright,
 Spirit of a Winter's night;
 When the soundless earth is muffled,
 And the caked snow is shuffled
 From the ploughboy's heavy shoon;
 When the Night doth meet the Noon
 In a dark conspiracy
 To banish Even from her sky.
 Sit thee there, and send abroad,
 With a mind self-overawed,
 Fancy, high-commissioned:—send her;
 She has vassals to attend her:
 She will bring, in spite of frost,
 Beauties that the earth hath lost;
 She will bring thee, all together,
 All delights of Summer weather;
 All the buds and bells of May,
 From dewy sward or thorny spray;
 All the heaped Autumn's wealth,
 With a still, mysterious stealth:
 She will mix these pleasures up
 Like three fit wines in a cup,
 And thou shalt quaff it:—thou shalt hear
 Distant harvest-carols clear;
 Rustle of the reaped corn;
 Sweet birds antheming the morn.
 And, in the same moment—hark!
 'Tis the early April lark,
 Or the rooks, with busy caw,
 Foraging for sticks and straw.
 Thou shalt, at one glance, behold
 The daisy and the marigold;
 White-plumed lilies, and the first
 Hedge-grown primrose that hath burst;
 Shaded hyacinth, alway
 Sapphire queen of the mid-May;
 And every leaf, and every flower
 Pearlèd with the self-same shower.
 Thou shalt see the field-mouse peep
 Meagre from its cellèd sleep;
 And the snake all winter-thin
 Cast on sunny bank its skin;
 Freckled nest-eggs thou shalt see
 Hatching in the hawthorn-tree,
 When the hen-bird's wing doth rest
 Quiet on her mossy nest;
 Then the hurry and alarm
 When the bee-hive casts its swarm;

Acorns ripe down-pattering,
 While the Autumn breezes sing.

O sweet Fancy! let her loose;
 Everything is spoiled by use:
 Where's the cheek that doth not fade,
 Too much gazed at? Where's the maid
 Whose lip mature is ever new?
 Where's the eye, however blue,
 Doth not weary? Where's the face
 One would meet in every place?
 Where's the voice, however soft,
 One would hear so very oft?
 At a touch sweet pleasure melteth
 Like to bubbles when rain pelteth.
 Let, then, wingèd Fancy find
 Thee a mistress to thy mind:
 Dulcet-eyed as Ceres' daughter,
 Ere the God of Torment taught her
 How to frown and how to chide;
 With a waist and with a side
 White as Hebe's, when her zone
 Slipped its golden clasp, and down
 Fell her kirtle to her feet,
 While she held the goblet sweet,
 And Jove grew languid.—Break the mesh
 Of the Fancy's silken leash;
 Quickly break her prison-string,
 And such joys as these she'll bring—
 Let the wingèd Fancy roam,
 Pleasure never is at home.

—:O:—

FELICIA HEMANS.

1793—1835.

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

I COME, I come! ye have called me long.
 I come o'er the mountains with light and
 song!

Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening
 earth,

By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
 By the primrose-stars in the shadowy grass,
 By the green leaves, opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the south, and the
 chestnut flowers
 By thousands have burst from the forest
 bowers,

And the ancient graves, and the fallen fanes,
 Are veiled with wreaths on Italian plains;
 But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
 To speak of the ruin or the tomb.

I have looked o'er the hills of the stormy
north,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth ;
The fisher is out on the sunny sea, [free,
And the reindeer bounds o'er the pastures
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright where my foot
hath been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a
glowing sigh, [sky ;
And called out each voice of the deep blue
From the night-bird's lay through the
starry time
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note by the Iceland
lakes, [breaks.
When the dark fir-branch into verdure

From the streams and founts I have loosed
the chain,
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain-
brows, [boughs,
They are flinging spray o'er the forest
They are bursting fresh from their sparry
caves, [waves !
And the earth resounds with the joy of

Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come !
Where the violets lie may be now your home.
Ye of the rose-lip and dew-bright eye,
And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly !
With the lyre and the wreath, and the
joyous lay,
Come forth to the sunshine, I may not stay.

Away from the dwellings of careworn men,
The waters are sparkling in grove and glen ;
Away from the chamber and sullen hearth,
The young leaves are dancing in breezy
mirth ; [strains,
Their light stems thrill to the wild wood
And youth is abroad in my green domains.

But ye ! ye are changed since ye met me last !
There is something bright from your fea-
tures past ;
There is that come over your brow and eye
Which speaks of a world where the flowers
must die. [yet—
Ye smile ! but your smile hath a dimness
Oh ! what have ye looked on since last we
met ?

Ye are changed, ye are changed ! and I
see not here
All whom I saw in the vanished year.

There were graceful heads, with their ring-
lets bright, [light ;
Which tossed in the breeze with a play of
There were eyes, in whose glistening
laughter lay
No faint remembrance of dull decay.

There were steps that flew o'er the cowslip's
head,
As if for a banquet all earth were spread ;
There were voices that rung through the
sapphire sky,
And had not a sound of mortality.
Are they gone ? is their mirth from the
mountains past ? [last
Ye have looked on Death since ye met me

I know whence the shadow comes o'er you
now, —
Ye have strewn the dust on the sunny brow,
Ye have given the lovely to earth's embrace,
She hath taken the fairest of beauty's race,
With their laughing eyes and their festal
crown, [down.
They are gone from amongst you in silence

They are gone from amongst you, the
young and fair, [hair ;
Ye have lost the gleam of their shining
But I know of a land where there falls no
blight, [light.
I shall find them there, with their eyes of
Where Death 'midst the blooms of the
morn may dwell,
I tarry no longer—farewell, farewell !

The summer is coming, on soft winds
borne, [corn ;
Ye may press the grape, ye may bind the
For me, I depart to a brighter shore ;
Ye are marked by care, ye are mine no
more. [dwell,
I go where the loved who have left you
And the flowers are not Death's—fare ye
well, farewell !

—o—

ENGLAND'S DEAD.

SON of the ocean isle !
Where sleep your mighty dead ?
Show me what high and stately pile
Is reared o'er Glory's bed.

Go, stranger ! track the deep,
Free, free the white sail spread !
Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,
Where rest not England's dead.

On Egypt's burning plains,
By the pyramid o'erswayed,
With fearful power the noonday reigns,
And the palm-trees yield no shade.

But let the angry sun
From heaven look fiercely red,
Unfelt by those whose task is done!
There slumber England's dead.

The hurricane hath might
Along the Indian shore,
And far, by Ganges' banks at night,
Is heard the tiger's roar.

But let the sound roll on!
It hath no tone of dread,
For those that from their toils are gone;—
There slumber England's dead!

Loud rush the torrent-floods
The western wilds among,
And free, in green Columbia's woods,
The hunter's bow is strung.

But let the floods rush on!
Let the arrow's flight be sped!
Why should *they* reckon whose task is done?
There slumber England's dead.

The mountain-storms rise high
In the snowy Pyrenees,
And toss the pine-boughs through the sky,
Like rose-leaves on the breeze.

But let the storm rage on!
Let the forest wreaths be shed;
For the Roncesvalles' field is won,—
There slumber England's dead.

On the frozen deep's repose
'Tis a dark and dreadful hour,
When round the ship the ice-fields close,
To chain her with their power.

But let the ice drift on!
Let the cold-blue desert spread!
Their course with mast and flag is done,
There slumber England's dead.

The warlike of the isles,
The men of field and wave!
Not the rocks their funeral piles,
The seas and shores their grave?

Go, stranger! track the deep,
Free, free the white sail spread!
Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,
Where rest not England's dead.

CASABIANCA.

Young Casabianca, a boy about thirteen years old, son to the Admiral of the *Orient*, remained at his post (in the battle of the Nile), after the ship had taken fire, and all the guns had been abandoned; and perished in the explosion of the vessel, when the flames had reached the powder.

THE boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but him had fled,
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud though childlike form.

The flames rolled on—he would not go
Without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud—"Say, father, say,
If yet my task is done?"
He knew not that the chieftain lay,
Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father!" once again he cried
"If I may yet be gone!"
—And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair;
And looked from that lone post of death
In still yet brave despair.

And shouted but once more aloud,
"My father! must I stay?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and
shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendour wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child,
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound—
The boy—oh! where was he?
—Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strewed the sea!

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part—
But the noblest thing that perished *there*,
Was that young faithful heart.

THOMAS HOOD.

1798—1845.

RUTH.

SHE stood breast-high amid the corn,
Clasped by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush
Deeply ripened;—such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell,
Which were blackest none could tell,
But long lashes veiled a light
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim;
Thus she stood amid the stooks,
Praising God with sweetest looks.

Sure, I said, Heav'n did not mean,
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean:
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
Share my harvest and my home.

—:O:—

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

1797—1835.

WEARIE'S WELL.

IN a saft simmer gloamin,
In yon dowie dell,
It was there we twa first met
By Wearie's cauld well.
We sat on the brume bank
And looked in the burn,
But sidelang we looked on
Ilk ither in turn.

The corn-craik was chirming,
His sad eerie cry,
And the wee stars were dreaming
Their path through the sky.
The burn babbled freely
Its love to each flower,
But we heard and we saw nought
In that blessed hour.

We heard and we saw nought
Above or around;
We felt that our love lived,
And loathed idle sound.
I gazed on your sweet face
Till tears filled my e'e,
And they drapt on your wee loof—
A warld's wealth to me.

Now the winter snaw's fa'ing
On bare holm and lee;
And the cold wind is strippin'
Ilk leaf aff the tree.
But the snaw fa's not faster,
Nor leaf disna part
Sae sune fra the bough, as
Faith fades in your heart.

Ye've waled out anither
Your bridegroom to be;
But can his heart luvae sae
As mine luvit thee?
Ye'll get biggings and mailins,
And mony braw claes;
But they a' winna buy back
The peace o' past days.

Fareweel, and for ever,
My first luvae and last,
May thy joys be to come,
Mine live in the past.
In sorrow and sadness
This hour fa's on me;
But light, as thy love, may
It fleet over thee!

—:O:—

EDWIN ARNOLD.

THE VOICES OF THE WIND.

From "The Light of Asia."

ONCE they set
A stringed gourd on the sill, there where
the wind
Could linger o'er its notes and play at
will—
Wild music makes the wind on silver
strings— [that;
And those who lay around heard only
But Prince Siddārtha heard the Devas
play,
And to his ears they sang such words as
these:

We are the voices of the wandering wind,
Which moan for rest, and rest can never
find;

Lo! as the wind is, so is mortal life,
A moan, a sigh, a sob, a storm, a strife.

Wherefore and whence we are ye cannot
know,

Nor where life springs, nor whither life
doth go;

We are as ye are, ghosts from the inane,
What pleasure have we of our changeful
pain?

What pleasure hast thou of thy changeless
bliss?

Nay, if love lasted, there were joy in this;
But life's way is the wind's way; all these
things

Are but brief voices breathed on shifting
strings.

O Maya's son! because we roam the earth,
Moan we upon these strings; we make no
mirth,

So many woes we see in many lands,
So many streaming eyes and wringing
hands.

Yet mock we while we wail, for, could they
know,

This life they cling to is but empty show;
'Twere all as well to bid a cloud to stand,
Or hold a running river with the hand.

But thou that art to save, thine hour is
nigh!

The sad world waiteth in its misery;
The blind world stumbleth on its round of
pain;

Rise, Maya's child! wake! slumber not
again!

We are the voices of the wandering wind:
Wander thou, too, O prince, thy rest to
find;

Leave love for love of lovers, for woe's
sake

Quit state for sorrow, and deliverance
make.

So sigh we, passing o'er the silver strings,
To thee who know'st not yet of earthly
things;

So say we; mocking, as we pass away,
These lovely shadows wherewith thou dost
play.

—o—

AN EASTERN MORNING.

THEN slept he* for what space the fleet
moon asks

To swim a tenth part of her cloudy sea;
But rose ere the False-dawn, and stood
again

Wistful on some dark platform of his hill,
Watching the sleeping earth with ardent
eyes, [things,

And thoughts embracing all its living
While o'er the waving fields that murmur
moved

Which is the kiss of Morn waking the lands,
And in the East that miracle of Day
Gathered and grew. At first a dusk so dim,
Night seems still unaware of whispered
dawn. [twice,

But soon—before the jungle cock crows
A white verge clear, a widening, brightening
white. [floods

High as the herald-star, which fades in
Of silver, warming into pale gold caught
By topmost clouds, and flaming on their
rims [brink

To fervent golden glow, flushed from the
With saffron, scarlet, crimson, amethyst;
Whereat the sky burns splendid to the blue,
And, robed in raiment of glad light, the
King

Of Life and Glory cometh.

—o—

THE REJOICING OF NATURE AT BUDDHA'S VICTORY.

Lo! the Dawn
Sprang with Buddh's Victory; lo! in the
East

Flamed the first fires of beauteous Day,
poured forth

Through fleeting folds of Night's black
drapery.

High in the widening blue the herald-star
Faded to paler silver as there shot

Brighter and brightest bars of rosy gleam
Across the grey. Far off the shadowy hills
Saw the great Sun, before the world was
'ware,

And donned their crowns of crimson;
flower by flower

Felt the warm breath of Morn, and 'gan
unfold

Their tender lids. Over the spangled grass
Swept the swift footsteps of the lovely
Light,

* Buddha.

Turning the tears of Night to joyous gems
 Decking the earth with radiance, 'broider-
 ing [fringe,
 The sinking storm-clouds with a golden
 Gilding the feathers of the palms which
 waved
 Glad salutation; darting beams of gold
 Into the glades; touching with magic wand
 The stream to rippled ruby; in the brake
 Finding the mild eyes of the antelopes,
 And saying, "It is day;" in nested sleep
 Touching the small heads under many a
 wing, [light of day."
 And whispering, "Children, praise the
 Whereat there piped anthems of all the
 birds,
 The köil's fluted song, the bulbul's hymn,
 The "morning! morning!" of the painted
 thrush,
 The twitter of the sunbirds starting forth
 To find the honey ere the bees be out,
 The grey crow's caw, the parrot's scream,
 the strokes [chirp,
 Of the green hammersmith, the myna's
 The never-finished love-talk of the doves:
 Yea! and so holy was the influence
 Of that high Dawn which came with victo-
 tory, [spread
 That far and near in homes of men there
 An unknown peace. The slayer hid his
 knife; [shroff
 The robber laid his plunder back; the
 Counted full tale of coins; all evil hearts
 Grew gentle, kind hearts gentler, as the
 balm
 Of that divinest Daybreak lightened earth.
 Kings at fierce war called truce; the sick
 men leaped [smiled
 Laughing from beds of pain; the dying
 As though they knew that happy Morn was
 sprung [East;
 From fountains farther than the utmost
 And over the heart of sad Yasôdhara,
 Sitting forlorn at Prince Siddârtha's bed,
 Came sudden bliss, as if love should not
 fail,
 Nor such vast sorrow miss to end in joy.
 So glad the world was—though it wist not
 why— [songs
 That over desolate wastes went swooning
 Of mirth, the voice of bodiless Prets and
 Bhuts,
 Foreseeing Buddh; and Devas in the air
 Cried, "It is finished, finished!" and the
 priests
 Stood with the wondering people in the
 streets, [the sky,
 Watching those golden splendours flood

And saying, "There hath happed some
 mighty thing;"
 Also in Ran and jungle grew that day
 Friendship amongst the creatures: spotted
 deer [cubs,
 Browsed fearless where the tigress fed her
 And cheetahs lapped the pool beside the
 bucks; [scoured,
 Under the eagle's rock the brown hares
 While his fierce beak but preened an idle
 wing; [beam,
 The snake sunned all his jewels in the
 With deadly fangs in sheath; the shriek
 let pass
 The nestling finch; the emerald halcyons
 Sate dreaming while the fishes played be-
 neath;
 Nor hawked the merops, though the
 butterflies—
 Crimson, and blue, and amber—fitted
 thick
 Around his perch.



A DEAD MAN'S MESSAGE. *Paraphrased from Arabic verses.*

See Palgrave's "Arabia."

He who died at Azan sends this, to comfort
 faithful friends.

FAITHFUL friends! It lies, I know,
 Pale and cold, and still as snow;
 And you say, "*Abdullah's dead!*"
 Weeping at its feet and head.
 I can see your falling tears,
 I can hear your sighs and prayers;
 Yet I smile, and whisper this,
 "I am not the thing you kiss;
 Cease your wail and let it lie,
 It was mine;—it is not I!"

Sweet friends! what the women lave
 For its last bed in the grave
 Was a hut which I am quitting—
 Was a garment, no more fitting—
 Was a cage, wherefrom, at last
 Like a bird, my soul hath past.
 Love the inmate, not the room,
 The wearer, not the garb—the plume
 Of the eagle, not the bars
 Which kept him from the splendid stars.

Loving friends! be wise and dry
 Straightway every weeping eye!
 What you lift upon the bier
 Is not worth a single tear;

'Tis a simple sea-shell, one
 Out of which the pearl is gone ;
 The shell is nothing—leave it there—
 The pearl, the soul—was all—is here !
 'Tis an earthen pot, whose lid
 Allah sealed, the while it hid
 That treasure of His treasury—
 A mind that loved Him ; let it be !
 Let the shards be earth's once more,
 Since the gold goes to His store !

Allah glorious, Allah good,
 Now Thy world is understood !
 Now the long, long wonder ends,
 Yet you weep, my foolish friends ;
 While the man you say "is dead"
 In unspoken bliss instead
 Lives and loves you ;—lost, 'tis true,
 For any light that shines with you ;
 But, in that light you do not see,
 Raised to full felicity,
 In a perfect Paradise,
 And a life which never dies.

* * * * *

Farewell friends ! yet not farewell :
 Where you are I too shall dwell ;
 I am gone beyond your face,
 A moment's march, a single pace.
 When you come where I have stepped,
 You will wonder why you wept ;
 You will see by true life taught,
 That *here* is all, and *there* is nought.
 Weep a while, if you are fain,
 Sunshine still must follow rain,
 Only, *not at death* ; for death
 Now, I see, is that long breath
 Which our souls draw when they enter
 Life that is of all life-centre.

Be ye certain—all seems love
 Viewed from Allah's seat above ;
 Be ye stout of hope, and come
 Bravely onward to your home.
 From its happy gate my ken
 Sees you, struggling "souls," not "men,"
 All for nameless joys decreed,
 Which your wills may stay or speed ;
 But not one—at last—to fail,
 Since at last Love must prevail.
 "*La Allah, illa Allah,*" yea,
 Thou Love divine ! thou Lord alway !

He that died at Azan gave
 This—to those who made his grave.

—:O:—

EDWARD WALFORD, M.A.

GRISELDA.*

"Ye who believe in affection that hopes and
 endures, and is patient,
 Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of a
 woman's devotion,
 List to the mournful tradition."
 —LONGFELLOW.

PART I.

'MONG the gay nobles of Firenze's plains,
 Though still a ruddy stripling with fair
 cheek
 And raven locks, not one in prowess vied
 With Gualtiero, by ten male descents
 Count of Saluzzo. For he sat his steed
 As none beside ; and when he blew the
 horn,
 And sallied to the field with hawk and
 hound,
 All people cried, "Behold the noble son
 Of noble sires, the glory of his race,"
 Proud was Saluzzo of her youthful Count :
 And sooth he was of a right ancient line
 The only hope ; and fear was in the hearts
 Of Gualtiero's vassals, day and night,
 That should some accident by flood or field
 Betide their lord, that fair domain should
 pass [fierce]
 To distant strangers—men both rude and
 Now thrice six years had passed since first
 he played
 A tiny infant at his mother's knee
 In fair Saluzzo's halls ; but she, worn down
 With saddest heritage of widowed woe,
 All broken-hearted when scarce past her
 prime,
 To her last rest had gone. Gualtiero mused
 Upon her memory, oft would dwell upon
 The soft, dark lineaments of her sweet face.
 Such thoughts would temper and subdue
 to tears
 The pride which smouldered in his breast ;
 for she
 Had ruled his wayward temper as a child.
 And as he grew to boyhood. He recalled
 The long dark tresses of her raven hair,
 Which she would bind across her marble
 brow,
 Her tender, loving eyes, her princely mien,

* It is scarcely necessary to tell the well-informed reader that the story of Griselda forms the concluding Novel of the Tenth Day in the "Decameron" of Boccaccio, and that it has been often quoted as the most touching of all the tales which make up that most witty and amusing book.

And the white flowing veil which swept
athwart
The sable tokens of her widowed state.

And he would cry when weary of the chase,
"Oh! the drear sadness of this lonely state,
The vacant chamber where my mother
spun,

The vacant chair wherein my mother sate,
She whom they say my father 'Constance'
called!

When shall these halls such other inmate
As shall be fit to stand where Constance
stood?

No, that can never be: I'll hie me then
Back to the chase, and in my hounds and
hawks

Find some poor solace for a mother's loss.
I see no maidens, and I care to see
None, who resemble her in beauty, or
In priceless, peerless worth: and yet 'tis
hard

To live unloved, to see no loving face,
To feel no loving hand, to know no heart
That beats and throbs responsive to one's
own.

My mother's peer is far to seek; and I
Will ne'er disgrace her memory, or take
A partner to myself unworthy her."

Meantime a murmur in Saluzzo's streets
Is buzzed, then noised abroad; then
rumour wakes
Her hundred tongues; and wrathful citi-
Cry out in discontent.

"It shames us much
Year after year to see untenanted
Those halls in which the noble Constance
shone.

Our gracious Countess cheered each
burgher's heart

By kindly word or deed of charity.
See how unpeopled now our market-place,
Our streets, our shops, once busy haunts
of men,

And hives of industry; how stand our
All idle, and how idleness breeds sloth,
And sloth breeds poverty and discontent.
Oh that our Count would choose some
noble bride

Of Venice, Padua, or of Modena,
And give us back a Constance in his
choice."

It happened thus one day, one festival:
High mass was over, and, as wont it was,
The burghers of Saluzzo and their wives,
Children and all, a goodly retinue,

Walked on the terrace 'neath the castle
wall

To greet the Count upon his natal day.
And Gualtiero stood amid the crowd
Conspicuous by gay dress and manly gait,
And easy courteous bearing; and he spake
Kind words of friendship now to this, now
that,

Waving his plumed bonnet to the crowd.

Stepped forth six burghers from the rest,
and said,

"Most noble Count, son of a noble sire,
Nor a less noble mother's son, we crave
Audience and due attention at thine hands.
We were thy father's vassals; we are
thine;

And that allegiance that we paid to him
We owe his son; nor shall it e'er be said
That we were wanting in due loyalty.

We love thy mother's and thy father's
child,

And we would shed for thee, if need, our
Thou wilt not therefore turn a cold, deaf
ear

To our entreaty if plain words we speak.

"Our city prospers, as thou seest, amiss:
Its trade, its commerce, and its populace
Are not as once they were, and still might
be;

And much it troubles us lest aught befall
Our youthful Count, and this free, loyal
state

Pass to the appanage of unworthy lords.
There is no heir to thine ancestral line;
And, reft of her who queenlike should pre-
side

Over thy court, whose presence should be
Like that of the meridian sun, to shed
Light, warmth, and plenty round, our city
pines.

'Tis but a little step from murmurings deep
To discontent, and wrath rebellion breeds.
Leave us not then without a lord, nor live
Heirless, but think thee of our earnest
prayer.

And if thou lov'st the chase, and still wilt
The wild boar's lair, a huntsman, nor wilt
heed

Thoughts of young love, to us entrust the
To find a mate well worthy of thy bed."

"Right worthy friends and neighbours,"
he replied,

"That which ye bid me do I had resolved
Wary to shun; for though full many a
maid

Of Northern Lombardy or our Tuscan towns

Would gladly call her Gualtiero's bride,
Saluzzo's Countess, yet my love to her
Who gave me birth, whom still ye burghers love,

Forbids me to ambition aught that is
Inferior to herself; and many a mile
Well might I traverse both by land and sea,
Ere I beheld her equal, or in mien,
Or in a loving, loyal, trusting heart.
Peerless she was, and peerless yet remains,
Nor can ye point to her that is her peer.
Yet it mislikes me that this city fair
Should risk its being or its weal on one
Who bears and carries no enchanted life.
So, masters, if it please ye, I will strive
Against mine inclination, and will seek
A maiden who shall be unto your hearts:
And if beside she be to me, good sirs,
A loyal friend, submissive, fond, and true,
It may be that I even shall rejoice
To give a Countess to this city fair.
But stay, one warning. Whom I choose
as bride

Of Gualtiero, be she who she may,
Of royal, noble, or ignoble blood,
Ye swear to me, right worthy sirs, that ye
And all my people loyally accept
And reverence, as though she were a queen
Of gay Ravenna, or of Milan proud,
Ay, or of fair Firenze, come what may."

He spoke: the burghers swore, and
straight retired; [path
The gay crowd parted, and the terrace-
Lay lonely and deserted as in knots
Of twain and three the burghers home-
ward paced,
Much pondering in perplexèd wonder-
ment.
And Gualtiero called his hound, and
stroked
His courser's arched neck, then as half in-
clined [maze;
To wish his words unsaid, stood in a
Like erst Adonis, when he heard the voice
Of Aphrodite by his hunter's side,
And heedless spurned and scorned her
proffered love.

PART II.

On the grey slope of an Abruzzian hill,
Where a steep bridle-path leads from the
road
To the grim convent's portal, and a cross
Marks limit to the consecrated ground.

Fringed with a scanty flower-bed and o'er-
hung

By a dark grove of olives, intermixed
With pale ceringos and acacia bowers,
A humble cottage stood. Giannuculo,
Its tenant, was a labourer of the soil,
And sixty summer suns had bronzed his
cheek. [fair,

With him there dwelt a daughter, passing
The envy of each youthful villager
On this side and on that. Her girlhood
now

Was scarcely passing into womanhood,
And yet she showed a woman's care of
him [lips

Who was her sire, and who with duteous
Said daily, "*De profundis*," for the soul
Of her departed mother. She was fair;
But not so fair as modest, pure, and chaste.
A violet from beneath a moss-clad stone
Peeping in early spring-tide did not cast
Its glance more shyly forth upon the vale
Than did Griselda when she spoke and
smiled. [sire,

And prized was she much by her rustic
Who called her his fair flow'et; and his
friend,

The *padre* of the hamlet, vowed with pride
That ne'er was beauty more allied with
worth.

"Thrice happy!" would he say, "the swain
whoe'er [call
Shall win her heart's affection, and shall
Griselda mistress of his humble home."

It chanced one day, one summer eventide,
A stranger gay, with horses, hawks, and
hounds, [town,

Weary with sport, rode homeward to the
And down the western slope of the tall hill
Nearing the convent portal, reined his
steed, [rein.

Then lighting, walked along and held his
Passing the cottage of Giannuculo,
The stranger stayed a moment, and ad-
dressed

A word of greeting to the old man's ear,
As basking in the evening sun he sat.

"How now? what, all alone? and hast
thou none,

Or wife or child, to cheer thy loneliness?
'Faith, by the Virgin, you and I, good sir,
Are our own masters."

Scarce the word was spoke,
When, singing as she tripped along the
path,

From the pure fountain at the garden side
Bearing a draught of water fresh and clear,

Nay, if thou wilt be hard of heart, then take
My tender infant; cast her to the wolves
That prowl around th' Abruzzi. She is
thine. [tears]

Yet cast her not unto the wolves, with
I do implore thee; with a mother's tears;
*Unless it be thy will; and if so be,
Thy will and God's be done.*"

Stepped forth at this
Two men, fierce scowling, and with
threatening glance [a word.
Drew daggers from their sides, nor spake
Yet stood Griselda still, and kissed her
babe,
And made the holy sign upon her brow,
And bound a tiny cross around her neck,
And only cried, "*Thy will and God's be
done!*"

It may be that the holy saints who guard
Our marriage bed, will to my prayer give
ear,

And grant me yet a son in face and form
To image forth his father's lineaments;
That son shall be a bond between us yet,
And recompense my loss. *Thy will be
done.*"

Twelve months, twelve anxious months
have rolled on,
And to the vacant cradle of the babe
Succeeds a son. Fair was his cheek, and
bright

His eye, and dark his hair, like Constance's.
He grew to prattle on Griselda's knee,
And know her voice, and call her "mother
dear,"

Nor shrank in terror at the plumed crest
Of Gualtiero.

As she sat one day
Upon the terrace, playing with her boy,
The father stern approached, and threat-
ening spake. [true,

"Griselda, thou art pure, and good, and
Nor ever hast thou failed in loyalty

To me thy lord. My will is thine. 'Tis well
It should be so. Then hear. My burghers
Mutter in silence, or complain aloud, [all
A humble peasant's child should be my
heir, [that thou

Their future lord. 'Tis therefore meet
Give up this boy to share his sister's fate,
And then return to that which was thy home
Hard by the convent gate; Giannuculo
Will give thee welcome, and his aged heart
Haply thou mayest cheer. Meantime my
my soul [wilt,
Yeans for a nobler mate. Say what thou

My mind is fixed; and ere to-morrow's sun
Hath set, thy father's door receives thee
back

As naked as thou camest thence to me.
And for thy son——"

"Nay, good my lord, I bow
Unto thy voice, thy word, thy will—my law.
I bow, obedient; though it wrings my heart,
My very heart of hearts, not to lay down
The coronet thou didst place upon my brow,
But the dear name of mother, and to see
Thy whenmen bear the sweet fruit of my
womb

To perish on the hills. Nay, cast him not
Unto the wolves, as erst—But nay, my
tongue

Shall ne'er give utterance to reproachful
word.

Gualtiero's wife shall ever worthy be
Of her who was his mother. But my son—
Cast him not to the wolves, *unless it be
Thy will; and then thy will and God's be
done.*

Yet ere I go upon my lonely road,
A wife disrowned, yet scarce dishonoured,
One word I crave. This crown, these
jewels bright,

This silk attire, yes, and this golden ring.
With which thou didst espouse my maiden
hand,

I give thee back, for they are thine—no gifts,
But only lent me for a little space.

You bid me take the dowry that I brought:
You need no teller for to count the dross,
Nor I a purse to wrap it in, far less
A sumpter-horse or mule to carry it.

Naked you took me from my father's hands,
And naked I return, such as I came,
Bereft of nought, save only maidenhood;
That jewel thou can'st ne'er give back to
me.

One little boon I ask: to hide my shame
Grant me one body-robe in lieu of that
Which thou, my lord, didst take. *Thy
will be done.*"

* * * * *
Clad in one modest smock of simple white,
Ere that the morrow's sun had set, rode forth
In tears, Griselda, to her father's gate,
Weeping herself, yet more her infant son;
One faithful servant her sole retinue;
And, bathed in tears, heled her palfrey back.
Then quick she donned again her beggar
dress, [swept

And fetched the pitcher from the well, and
Her father's floor, and cheered his aching
heart,

Forgetful of her woe; or, if she thought.

'Twas for her children—were they dead and gone, [they ?]
 Torn by fierce wolves, or men as fierce as
 Or did they live? And she would cross her
 breast,
 And cry, "O Holy Mother of the Christ,
 Grant me the gift of patience, to control
 The throbbings of a wife's, a mother's heart.
 God's will and thine be done, and his to
 whom
 I still am true, a wife and yet no wife."

Ten years, ten weary years have rollèd on ;
 Griselda sits within her father's cot,
 And save unto the village chapel, or
 The convent gate, ne'er hath she wandered
 forth,
 But ever-patient and without complaint,
 Bearing the silent burden of her woe,
 Hath lived an angel's life. Giannuculo
 Blessed day by day his child, so pure, so fair,
 So woe-worn, yet so meek amid her woes ;
 And cried, "Heaven pardon him who did
 thee wrong!"

One summer morn, twelve years the very
 day

Since that Griselda in her cottage home
 Had first beheld her lord—in hottest haste
 A horseman reins his steed before the door,
 Where sits Giannuculo in pensive mood.
 "The Count, my lord and master and thine
 own,

Hath sent to call thy daughter, fair Griselde,
 Upon the pain of fealty, to appear
 This day within his palace gates. Once more
 Saluzzo joys to learn its lord, the Count,
 Our gracious Gualtiero, hath prepared
 His halls to welcome a new bride, as fair
 As was Griselda, and of nobler blood.
 To-morrow—for the Court of Rome mean-
 while

Hath granted dispensation for the deed—
 God's priest before God's altar shall stand
 forth

And publicly proclaim our noble chief
 And a fair daughter of Count Panago,
 In God's name and the Church's, man and
 wife.

And need there is that every chamber shine
 Beswept and garnished, that the palace
 smile

Resplendent, as befits a bridal day.
 Griselda's hands are not ill used to toil ;
 Griselda's eyes will keep good watch and
 ward

Over the kitchen and the banquet-hall.
 Say, shall she come obedient to my voice?"

To-morrow's sun arose. Griselda went,
 She swept the palace halls, garnished the
 floor,

The couches, each familiar guest-chamber
 Dressed in its gayest colours, and came forth
 To greet the Countess as she stepped from
 off [there,

Her palfrey at the gate. The guests are
 And all is expectation, and the feast
 Will soon begin.

"And now, what thinkest thou,
 Griselda, of my bride?" the Count exclaimed.
 "Sooth she is fair, yes, passing fair, and fit
 To deck these halls, as none afore her was.
 And, if she be as good as she is fair,
 You may reign happy in Saluzzo's halls,
 And hand your heritage to a long line
 Of noble sons, sprung from your princely
 loins.

But oh! if I may breathe one prayer, I pray
 Thou mayst not rack this youthful maiden's
 heart

As thou hast racked another's. Yet withal
*Thy will, my lord, and God's own will be
 done.*

Young is thy bride, and nurtured tenderly ;
 I was a tougher sapling, and I knew
 To bend me to the storm, as one who
 learnt [schooled
 Life's fitful moods, and as a child was
 To hardships, ay, from earliest infancy.
 Yet stay—what mean this locket, and this
 cross?

It is the same which twelve long years ago
 I bound about that neck—the neck of her,
 My first-born child! O God and saints of
 heaven!

Do I yet see my own, my long-lost child?
 And by her side, so like their father's face,
 Her brother? or does sight bemoek my
 heart,

My mother's heart, or is it all a dream?
God's will and Gualtiero's will be done!"
 She spoke, and swooning, sank upon the
 ground.

Then rose the Count, and every lip was
 still,

Hushed in amazing silence; and he spoke:
 "Ye burghers of Saluzzo, trusty friends,
 Worshipful sirs, ye see before ye here
 Griselda, my most spotless, noblest bride.
 This lady who hath stepped from off her
 steed,

And sitteth in the seat of honour there,
 Is not a child of noble Panago, [see
 But sprung from me, her sire. Griselda,
 In her thy long-lost daughter, and in him,

This noble youth, thy well-belovèd son.
 Oh, fair thou art, Griselda, passing fair,
 Yet not so fair as noble. Say, was ere
 Daughter of Eve, who could so far forget
 Herself, her children, all save loyalty
 To her espousèd lord? who patient thus
 Could brook to see her children wrenched
 perforce

And cast unto the wolves, nor yet complain,
 Nor utter word of tenderest reproach?
 Nay, that which saints and angels could
 not do,

Griselda, thou hast done; therefore to me
 Dearer thou art than all the world beside;
 And once more I do greet thee here before
 Th' assembled burghers of this city fair
 The partner of my crown, my bed, my life.
 And here in token of my words, I vow,
 This day unto the very end of time
 Hallowed shall be through all my wide
 domains;

And thou, Griselda, saint and wife in one,
 Shalt stand in marble in our city's streets,
 Patient Griselda, fair, and good, and great.
 Much have I wronged thee; but 'tis thine
 to cast

A tender eye, forgiving all that wrong.
 It is for man to err; but to forgive
 Belongs to woman and high Heaven alone."

And is Griselda but a thrice-told tale?
 And can we read no lesson in her life?
 Yes, such a thing there lives as biding faith,
 Undoubting and unswerving loyalty,

In wedded love, yes, and in friendship too.
 Be it a man's, be it a woman's heart,
 Let time go on, let months roll on to years,
 And years to ages, yet he conquers who
 Ever endures and patiently abides,
 Till Heaven doth righteously "defend the
 right."

In every sufferer in the sacred cause
 Of loyalty and love, Griselda lives;
 For pure affection "seeketh not her own,
 Is not provoked by trifles, evil none
 Doth think, but bideth patiently, all
 things

Suffereth, endureth, beareth," to the end.

Yes, years may come, and years may glide
 away,

Fashions and forms may change, and raven
 locks

Turn grey with care, and hearts grow dull
 and cold

That once did beat responsive to our own;
 But loyal friendship, friendly loyalty,
 Holds on its even course, steers to the port
 Of peace and rest, though storms may rage
 without.

Then fret not, loyal and devoted soul.
 The fiery torment that long time did wrack
 Griselda's heart, may wrack thine own;
 and yet

There is a silvery lining to each cloud,
 And who "in patience doth his soul
 possess"

Or soon or late he will the victor be.



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